

JULY

1931[★]

The American
MERCURY



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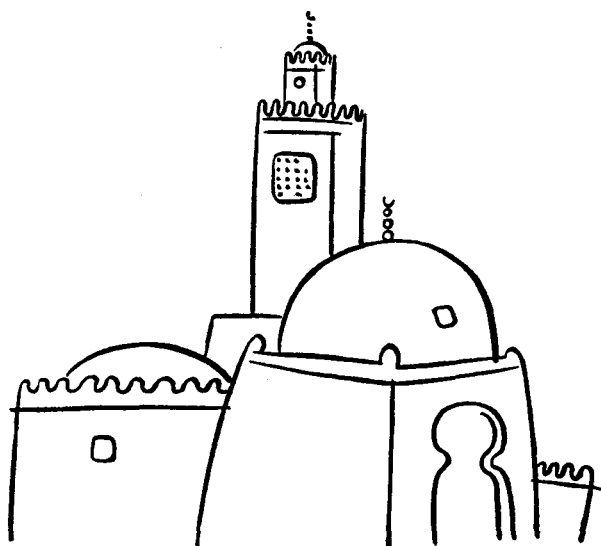
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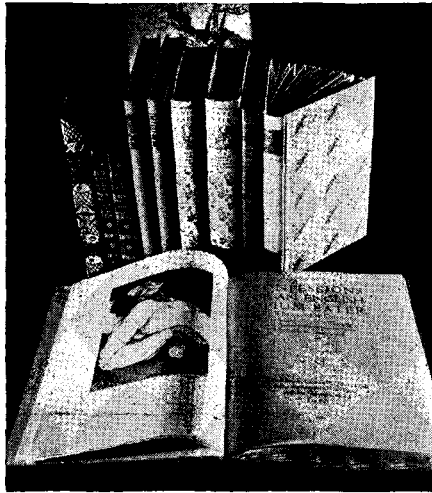
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXIV

November 1931

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

SOCIOLOGY

PERHAPS WOMEN.

By *Sherwood Anderson.* *Horace Liveright*
\$2 7½ x 5½; 144 pp. *New York*

Mr. Anderson's thesis and argument here are somewhat vague. He believes that "modern man cannot escape the machine: he has already lost the power to escape" and that "it is time now for women to come into power in the Western world, to take over the power, the control of life," but just how this is to be accomplished he does not say. Nor does he say clearly why he believes that women would make a better job of the business than men. The book is short, and consists mainly of an account of a visit to a Southern cotton-mill. There is a somewhat sketchy description of what was seen there, but a great deal more space is given over to pondering upon it. The little volume is charmingly printed and bound, and has a woodcut frontispiece by J. J. Lankes.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR THINKS OUT LOUD.

By *Julian P. Price.* *D. Appleton & Company*
\$1.50 7½ x 5¼; 187 pp. *New York*

There is precious little here that has not been said before, and far better said. Dr. Price mainly rehearses what is generally known—that the cost of a medical education has become very heavy, that internes in hospitals are badly paid, that establishing a good practice is a difficult matter, that free dispensaries offer cruel competition to the practitioner, that most medical graduates of today disdain general practise and try to set up as specialists, and so on. He adds little out of his own experience and observation, but is content to generalize. Such of his generalizations as appear to be more or less original are certainly not marked by anything properly describable as acumen. Altogether, he has made a poor book, and it is not improved by the foreword by Dr. Wilburt C. Davison, dean of Duke University Medical School.

PAYING YOUR SICKNESS BILLS.

By *Michael M. Davis.* *The University of Chicago Press*
\$2.50 8½ x 5¾; 276 pp. *Chicago*

Most of the ground covered by this book is familiar. Mr. Davis shows how greatly the cost of medical care has grown, how difficult it is for persons of moderate means to meet it, and how public dispensaries have cut into the income of doctors.

He believes that "it is the unevenness of the burden of sickness, not its total amount, which creates most of the present financial problems." He argues that hospital and doctors' bills should be amalgamated, and that it should be possible for a prospective patient to know in advance, at least approximately, what he will have to pay in the end. He favors insurance against sickness, but believes that it should be on the group plan, with groups as little selected as possible—that individual insurance tends to select out the least healthy, and thus costs too much. His book is well documented, and there is an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE WRITTEN CONSTITUTION & THE UNWRITTEN ATTITUDE.

By *Charles Edward Merriam.* *Richard R. Smith*
\$1 7½ x 5; 89 pp. *New York*

Dr. Merriam is professor of political science at the University of Chicago. His present book was first delivered as three lectures in March, 1930, under the James C. Cutler Foundation of the University of Rochester. He begins with a study of the origin and development of the Federal Constitution, and then deals with the influence that document has had upon State and municipal politics and upon the history of political parties. His major remarks about the Constitution are the following: that it was revolutionary, experimental and adventurous in nature; that many fundamental changes in our present government have occurred under it; that its guarantee of person and property "are slender and inadequate protection against the public will"; and that "the present danger in America is not that of lack of stability, but of mobility, failure to make prompt adjustments to the new era in industry and science."

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASES.

By *Rosamond W. Goldberg.* *The Columbia University Press*
\$4.50 9 x 6½; 280 pp. *New York*

Many workers are exposed to occupational diseases, particularly those employed in dusty trades and in metal and chemical industries. Among the metals causing such disabilities are lead, arsenic, brass, iron, mercury, and zinc; the chemicals include a number of toxic gases, vapors, and fumes. The average number of days a year lost by the average industrial worker because of occupational illness

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

has not yet been statistically determined, but it is probably ten. In nearly all American States such involuntary idleness falls wholly upon the worker: he is not paid by his employer for the time he is out, and he is not entitled to benefits provided by the workman's compensation laws. Dr. Goldberg takes up all these questions individually, and deals with them in the most comprehensive manner ever attempted before in the United States. She is in favor of a state health insurance plan similar to the one in force in Germany. There the state stands a good deal of the expense, but a charge is also put upon employes and employers. A long bibliography and an index are appended.

THE INTERNATIONAL COURT.

By Edward Lindsey.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3.75 8½ x 6; 347 pp. New York

The World Court, or, to give it its official title, the Permanent Court of International Justice, held its first meeting on February 15, 1922, at The Hague. In the nine years that have elapsed it has rendered sixteen judgments and eighteen advisory opinions. Judge Lindsey, who was formerly a member of the Court of Common Pleas of the thirty-seventh judicial district of Pennsylvania, begins with a rapid survey of the development of international law, then describes the organization of the World Court, and ends with a critical discussion of its work. He says: "A review of the work of the court demonstrates, not only that at last we have a true international court in operation and normal functioning, but that its work is contributing broadly and vigorously to the development and the unification of international law." Important documentary material is appended, including the statute of the court, the revised rules, a list of the judges, and a list of the judgments and opinions. There is an index.

CONCENTRATION IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

By Harry W. Laidler.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3.75 9 x 5½; 501 pp. New York

Dr. Laidler, whose sociological and historical writings are well known, has here written a very useful book. He begins with a general discussion of the development of big business in the United States, and then describes in detail the monopolies that have grown up in the following industries: oil, iron and steel, coal, copper, lead, radio, telephone and telegraph, railroad and steamship, natural gas, to-

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bacco, meat, fruit, wool, and paper. His general conclusion is that "the Sherman Anti-Trust Law has . . . failed to stop the development of corporations which control a major part of the business in any one line of industry, providing the corporations in question observe certain technicalities. It has thus failed to prevent the development of virtual monopolies in a number of lines." In the public utilities, to be sure, there is a certain amount of governmental regulation, but thus far "it has failed to protect consumers in any adequate fashion, and new devices must be found to prevent monopolies . . . from using their positions of vantage to exact high and unconscionable tribute from the common man." There is a selected bibliography, and also an index.

THE MASQUERADE OF MONOPOLY.

By Frank Albert Fetter.

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.75 8½ x 5½; 464 pp. New York

Dr. Fetter, who is professor of political economy at Princeton and a former president of the American Economic Association, believes that the war upon monopolies in the United States has failed so far, and that it will continue to fail hereafter unless the Federal courts acquire a better understanding of the devious and often disarming ways in which monopolies are established and operated. He holds that the so-called Pittsburgh-Plus Plan is one of the most effective devices ever invented by Big Business to exterminate competition. He proposes that it be prohibited, and that all companies engaging in interstate commerce be compelled to post public price-lists, like the tariffs of the railroads. He presents detailed accounts of the tricks and dodges of such monopolists as the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation and the Guggenheims. His experience in such matters is very large, and he has frequently appeared before the Federal Trade Commission as an expert. His book is chiefly addressed to lawyers and economists. It is well documented and has an index.

EUROPEAN DICTATORSHIPS.

By Carlo Sforza.

Brentano's
\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 257 pp. New York

Count Sforza is a member of the Italian Senate and leader of the democratic opposition to Fascism. He was formerly Italian ambassador to France, and foreign minister in the Giolitti government. He also did diplomatic service in Serbia, Turkey, and China. In the present book he gives brief historical surveys of the current dictatorships in Italy, Russia, Poland,

Continued on page viii

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*By Isabel Drummond
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Continued from page vi

Hungary, and Yugoslavia, and he also discusses the possibilities of dictatorships in Germany, Spain, and Turkey. The modern European dictatorships, he thinks, "are simply the natural continuance of the state of mind which the war let loose," and are thus similar in origin to those which followed the Napoleonic wars. The dictators will all fall in the end, but even with a good one "a nation is sooner or later bound to pay terrible penalties for having endured his rule." There is an index. Col. Edward M. House supplies a foreword.

GRAFT IN BUSINESS.

By John R. Flynn. *The Vanguard Press*
\$3 8½ x 5½; 318 pp. New York

The first part of Mr. Flynn's instructive narrative is devoted to the minor sort of business corruption—commissions taken by purchasing agents, the lavish entertainment of customers, and so on. The second part deals with more serious matters—the looting of the St. Paul Railroad by some of its own directors, the bleeding of the moribund Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company by the bankers called in to resuscitate it, the celebrated Continental Trading Company transaction, whereby four eminent oil men rooked the companies they served, and the lurid case of the Bank of United States. These picaresque tales make excellent reading. At the end Mr. Flynn proposes several remedies for the evils he has described, but unfortunately they seem to be somewhat utopian. Most of the material in the volume was first printed serially in the *New Republic*.

CRITICISM

CREATIVE CRITICISM & Other Essays.

By J. E. Spingarn. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2 7¾ x 4¾; 221 pp. New York

The first four essays in this book formed the substance of a work of the same title, published by Mr. Spingarn in 1917. They had a powerful influence upon the course of American criticism at that critical time, and served to introduce the ideas of Benedetto Croce in this country. They are followed in the present collection by four later essays—"The Younger Generation," "The American Critic," "The American Scholar" and "The Growth of a Literary Myth"—and by an appendix containing four shorter pieces. In "The Growth of a Literary Myth" Mr. Spingarn amiably sets right certain critics who misunderstood his exposition of Croce, and so did unwitting injustice to both Croce and himself. In

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"Notes on the New Humanism" he deals very effectively with the sophistries of Professor Irving Babbitt. Mr. Spingarn is a man of great learning, but there is no pedantry in his writing. His book suffers badly from the want of an index.

EMERSON TODAY.

By Bliss Perry. *The Princeton University Press*
\$2 8¾ x 5½; 140 pp. Princeton

Dr. Perry has been an admirer of Emerson his life long, and during the last two decades has been one of his staunchest defenders against the increasing number of scoffers. His present essay constitutes a mass attack upon the enemy. After three brief biographical chapters, he plunges into a lengthy consideration of the criticisms that have been leveled against the Sage of Concord and attempts to answer them for all time. Has it been said that Emerson is naïve? "I hazard the possibly rude query whether some of his critics may not really be more naïve than he!" Are the "Essays" of platitudes all compact? Not at all. They are full of the same "clarity and wisdom" for which "men turn back to De Tocqueville and Bryce." Emerson, says Dr. Perry, was a very great man and writer. His books "are purely literary, written by a gifted literary artist rather than a moralist, and they may be read with the detached, timeless pleasure with which we read Lamb and Hazlit." He was also a great teacher. The mere mention of his name, "like the name of George Washington, reinforces in many men their belief in the power of the will, their faith in the unseen." There is a chronological table, but an index is missing.

HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF WORLD CIVILIZATION,

From Prehistoric Times to the Middle Ages.
By Herman Schneider. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$10 9¾ x 6½; 2 vols.; 908 pp. New York

Dr. Schneider, who is professor of philosophy and pedagogics at Leipzig, writes as a thorough-going evolutionist, and approaches his subject from what is predominantly an anthropological standpoint. Civilization, he says, "proceeds through a multitude of peoples, not continuously but with great breaks, by fits and starts." The periods and places which see the greatest advances are those distinguished by a mixture of races. As soon as a race begins to show any homogeneity there is a tendency to put the brakes on progress, and after that a decline sets in. Dr. Schneider's first volume is devoted to prehistoric

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AMBROSE BIERCE

That master of style — the only author about whom five books of biography have been published in a single year — had this important work in preparation throughout his long career in literature, taking notes on the misuse of words by eminent writers only, and ignoring the diction of those meriting no place in Letters. Happily, he brought this volume to completion, as the culmination of his literary activities — his last word — and entitled it

Write It Right

All of. "He gave all of his property." The words are contradictory: an entire thing cannot be of itself. Omit the preposition.

But. By many writers this word (in the sense of except) is regarded as a preposition, to be followed by the objective case: "A! went but him." It is not a preposition and may take either the nominative or objective case, to agree with the subject or the object of the verb. All went but he. The natives killed all but him.

Executed. "The condemned man was executed." He was hanged, or otherwise put to death; it is the sentence that is executed.]

Fail. "He failed to note the hour." That implies that he tried to note it, but did not succeed. Failure carries always the sense of endeavor; when there has been no endeavor there is no failure. A falling stone cannot fail to strike you, for it does not try; but a marksman firing at you may fail to hit you.

Got Married for Married. If this is correct, we should say, also, "got dead" for died; one expression is as good as the other.

Gubernatorial. Eschew it; it is not English, is needless and bombastic. Leave it to those who call a political office a "chair." "Gubernatorial chair" is good enough for them. So is hanging.

Juncture. Juncture means a joining, a junction; its use to signify a time, however critical a time, is absurd. "At this juncture the woman screamed." In reading that account of it we scream too.

Lengthy. Usually said in disparagement of some wearisome discourse. It is no better than breadth, or thickness.

Roomer for Lodger. See *Bedder* and *Mealer* — if you can find them.

Self-confessed. "A self-confessed assassin." Self is superfluous: one's sins cannot be confessed by another.

Shades for Shade. "Shades of Noah! how it rained!" "O shades of Caesar!" A shade is a departed soul, as conceived by the ancients; one to each mortal part is the proper allowance.

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Continued from page viii

times, and to the Egyptian, Babylonian, Cretan, Jewish and Persian civilizations. In Vol. II he proceeds to the Greeks and Romans, with glances at the Indians and Chinese. His work is the product of twenty-five years of study, and is marked by an immense learning and a steady flow of interesting and ingenious ideas. It is clearly written, and the translation by Margaret M. Green is adequate. There is no documentation, but there is a good index.

IRELAND IN AMERICA.

By Edward F. Roberts. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 218 pp. New York

There are fifteen essays here dealing with the influence of the Irish in the political and social history of the United States. Mr. Roberts does little more than touch the high points, and his discussion is not marked by unusual information or sharp insight. The Irish played an important part in the founding of the Republic, both from the military and political standpoints. From about 1850 to the signing of the new immigration law, their influence increased proportionately to their increasing numbers. The Irish vote was then a telling factor in the politics of many American cities, particularly along the Atlantic Coast. It is still a significant factor, but it is decreasing in force because of the dwindling Irish immigration. In the Civil War period one-fourth of the population of New York City was Irish. Today it is probably not one-tenth, and more and more Jewish, Italian, and Slav names are appearing on the Tammany lists. Culturally, the Irish have probably given less to the Republic than any other dominant race. Claude G. Bowers contributes a harmless introduction. There is an index.

VENICE & BONAPARTE.

By George B. McClellan.
\$3.50 The Princeton University Press
9½ x 6; 307 pp. Princeton

The first eight chapters of this book deal with the life and government of the Venetian Republic in the Eighteenth Century; the other eleven are concerned with the causes which led to its downfall in 1797 and the part Napoleon played in them. Venice, an unarmed neutral state at the time, lay between the French lines and the Austrian lines, and in order to conquer Austria in the quickest and surest way Napoleon had to cross it. The problem presented to him was very similar to that which faced Germany in

Belgium in 1914. Napoleon offered his alliance to the little Republic four times, but was rebuffed, so he marched through by force, and thus put an end to the city's independent existence. "The task did not cost him a qualm, for he believed that Venice had by the incompetence of her rulers and the collapse of her government forfeited her right to live. . . . Can we be greatly surprised that Bonaparte should have sold Venice to win the world?" Dr. McClellan is professor of economic history at Princeton. A bibliography and an index are appended.

PHILOSOPHY

LUCIAN, PLATO & GREEK MORALS.

By John Jay Chapman.
\$2 The Houghton Mifflin Company
7½ x 4¾; 181 pp. Boston

Mr. Chapman is for Lucian and against Plato. The former, he says, was a man of sound common sense, a lover of every sort of decency, including the intellectual. The latter was a spinner of pretty gossamers, and without too much conscience. His writings are full of contradictions and other absurdities. He never grappled seriously with a problem, whether moral or philosophical. His Symposium, which pedagogues now force upon schoolboys, is in reality an elaborate apologia for the worst vices of the Greeks. It has become a sort of Bible in those circles wherein such vices are being revived today. Plato interested the early Christian Fathers because of his very lack of intellectual integrity; in his blowsy speculations they found support for their theology. But Lucian, in disposing of the Greek gods, disposed at the same stroke of all other gods, and thus got the bad name among Christians which he still holds. Mr. Chapman writes very plausibly, and has made an interesting book. He knows more about Greek literature than many of its professors.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

By Edward Zeller. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$5 8½ x 5½; 324 pp. New York

Zeller's *Grundriss* was first published in 1883; like his earlier and larger work, "Die Philosophie der Griechen" (1844-52) it has long been a standard text. The present translation, by L. R. Palmer, of Cambridge University, is from the thirteenth German edition, revised after Zeller's death by Dr. Wilhelm Nestle of Stuttgart. The merits of the work are too well known to need statement. It is well arranged, it is simply and clearly written, and

Continued on page xii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

it covers everything of any importance whatsoever. The introductory chapter, on the sources and nature of Greek philosophy, is a truly admirable essay. The translation includes a brief bibliography of English, German and French books, and there is an index. The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method.

BIOGRAPHY

CICERO.

By *Gaston Delayen*. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
\$4 8¼ x 5½; 303 pp. *New York*
THE LIFE & TIMES OF MARC ANTONY.

By *Arthur Weigall*. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$5 9½ x 6½; 475 pp. *New York*

M. Delayen's book, which was crowned by the French Academy in 1929 and is here introduced by Raymond Poincaré, former President of France, is more a series of essays on the great Roman than a connected biography. There is confessedly no new material in it; the author's aim is primarily one of interpretation. Cicero, he says, "kept before him that consciousness of good and evil which had been so obscured by the politicians of that epoch, and throughout retained the spirit of equity and humanity which was lacking in the Romans of the time. . . . In all the history of Rome he was the first statesman who was purely and solely an intellectual." Mr. Weigall's biography of Antony is the first full length study of him since Plutarch. It is heavily documented, clearly written, and ably organized. In the main it is a vindication of Cleopatra's great lover. He emerges from the present book as a great soldier and administrator, a curious mixture of the utmost cruelty and almost superhuman generosity, a first-rate drunkard and a lover of women on the grand scale. Mr. Weigall thinks that "had he not been upset by a lovers' quarrel at the time of the battle of Actium, he would in all probability have become the sole sovereign lord of the earth." Both books are illustrated. Mr. Weigall's also has an index; the Delayen has not. The latter is translated by Farrell Symons.

SISTER AIMEE.

By *Nancy Barr Mavity*. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
\$2.50 8 x 5¼; 360 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Mrs. Mavity's somewhat heavy attempts to psychologize the celebrated Aimee Semple McPherson sometimes damage her narrative of the lady's career, but the story she has to tell is intrinsically so dramatic that it remains immensely readable.

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Of all the religious mountebanks who have ever feasted upon American half-wits, La McPherson is the most successful by far. She has collected from them, first and last, more than \$1,000,000, and despite the large expenses of her endless lawsuits she probably retains a considerable fortune today. Mrs. Mavity gives major attention to the kidnapping episode of 1926. It is a tale full of incredible episodes. The issue, legally speaking, was favorable to Aimee, but it left her crippled as an evangelist, and ever since she has been at odds with her followers, including her mother. Mrs. Mavity makes good use of the stenographer's report of the hearings. There are four illustrations, including an unfamiliar portrait of Aimee and one of her gallant friend, Ormiston. The narrative ends before her recent third marriage.

POETRY

ON WIND OF CHANCE.

By *Virginia Kent Cummins*. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$2.50 8 x 5¼; 189 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Cummins's poems are divided into two sections entitled respectively "On Wind of Chance" and "Rhymes and Reasons." The following pieces are fair examples:

EARTH

Whither I go I do not know,
With laurel-leaf and rose
To dust, or be it down below!
Or venture to suppose
A heaven waits on high for me,
Yet even there above,
Still I shall sing, nor secretly,
Warm Earth gave me her love!

TRUTH

Only the true is beautiful
Only for truth I sigh
Give me the truth, the brutal truth
Nor any honeyed lie!

There are four full-plate illustrations in color from water-colors by Ruth Reeves. They are pretty terrible.

THE POEMS OF WILFRED OWEN.

The Viking Press
\$2 7½ x 5; 135 pp. *New York*

A new and complete edition of poems first published in 1920, containing a few unpublished pieces, together with a memoir of the author by Edmund Blunden. There are notes giving alternate readings.

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SCHEDULE OF RATES: Seven lines (one-half inch), 28 words—\$7, one time; \$6.50, three times; \$6, six times; \$5, twelve times. Larger space in proportion. Dept. L. B., THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

At the end there is a brief impression of the poet by Frank Nicholson, librarian of Edinburgh University.

THE CICADAS, *and Other Poems.*

By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$2 8 x 5½; 63 pp. Garden City, L. I.

A trade edition of "Arabia Infelix," a volume of poems published in 1929 by the Fountain Press in a limited edition. Despite occasional flashes, they are, in the main, minor pieces.

ARROWS OF DESIRE.

By Mary Hoxie Jones The Macmillan Company
\$1.50 7¾ x 4¾; 94 pp. New York

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REPRINTS

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90 cents 6¾ x 4¾; 280 pp. New York

THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE.

E. P. Dutton & Company
90 cents 6¾ x 4¾; 290 pp. New York

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD BAXTER.

E. P. Dutton & Company
90 cents 6¾ x 4¾; 312 pp. New York

THE POSSESSED.

By Fyodor Dostoevsky. E. P. Dutton & Company
New York

90 cents a volume 6¾ x 4¾; 2 vols.; 316 + 309 pp.

CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

E. P. Dutton & Company
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90 cents a volume 6¾ x 4¾; 2 vols.; 320 + 296 pp.

OSCAR WILDE: *Plays, Prose Writings, and Poems.*

E. P. Dutton & Company
90 cents 6¾ x 4¾; 428 pp. New York

All of these books belong to the excellent Everyman's Library. The Donne contains all of his poems, and is prefaced by a critical and biographical essay by Hugh L'Anson Fausset, perhaps the shrewdest Donne critic alive. The Baxter volume has an introduction by J. M. Lloyd-Thomas. The Wilde includes "The Critic as Artist," "The Picture of Dorian Gray," "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Importance of

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Being Earnest," and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." There is also a brief foreword by Hesketh Pearson. J. Middleton Murry contributes an introduction to the Dostoevsky; the translation used is that by Constance Garnett. Rousseau's "Confessions" is complete and unabridged.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS RABELAIS.

Edited by Albert Jay Nock & Catherine Rose Wilson.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$15 9¾ x 6½; 2 vols.; 952 pp. New York

The text offered here is the classical one of Urquhart and Motteux as it appeared in Ozell's edition of 1727, reprinted in the Bohn Library a century or more later. The editors have made some changes, but not many. Notes on the actual text, mainly definitions of archaic words, are printed at the bottoms of the pages; those on allusions are gathered together at the end of each volume. All of them are useful, and they are not too numerous for comfort. Dr. Nock's critical life of Rabelais, hitherto published as a separate book, is reprinted as a general introduction. Besides the five books of Gargantua and Pantagruel, all of the authentic minor writings of Rabelais are given in Motteux's translation. The two volumes are handsomely printed, and there are thirty-four full-page illustrations, besides some maps. The two editors have done their work in an admirably competent and unpedantic manner. No more attractive reprint of the Urquhart-Motteux translation of Rabelais has ever been published.

MAGGIE *Together with* GEORGE'S MOTHER & THE BLUE HOTEL.

By Stephen Crane. Alfred A. Knopf
\$2 7¾ x 5½; 218 pp. New York

These three excellent stories probably represent Crane's best prose work. One of them, "Maggie," is one of the most honest, uncompromising, and skilful tales ever to come from an American. Crane was only twenty-two when he wrote it, and he had to publish it himself on borrowed money, but there is no doubt that it will be read a hundred years from today. Henry Hazlitt, literary editor of the *Nation*, contributes a brief introduction.

WAR & PEACE.

By Leo Tolstoy. The Modern Library
\$1 8¾ x 5½; 1146 pp. New York

This is the first of the Modern Library's Giant Volumes. In the series will be included books which ordinarily are issued only in two or three volumes. The Tolstoy novel is here handsomely

Continued on page xvi

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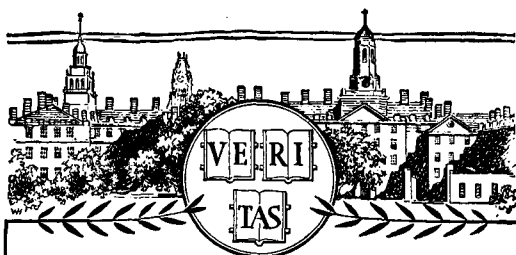
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TRAVEL

TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD & BACK.

By J. Walker McSpadden.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

\$3 8 1/2 x 5 3/8; 362 pp. New York

Mr. McSpadden here recounts the adventures of fifteen field men of the American Museum of Natural History, beginning with Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, the director. The scenes of their travels in search of specimens for the museum range from the Congo jungle to the Antarctic ice-pack, and from the Rocky mountains to the interior of China. The men represented include Nels C. Nelson, prehistoric archeologist; E. W. Gudger, ichthyologist; H. E. Anthony, zoologist; James L. Clark, taxidermist and animal sculptor; Clyde Fisher, astronomer and ornithologist; Clark Wissler, anthropologist; Robert C. Murphy, marine zoologist and oceanographer; Barnum Brown, paleontologist and geologist; and Richard Archbold, photographer. The stories make lively reading and there are plenty of good illustrations.

IN THE WORLD'S ATTIC.

By Henrietta Sands Merrick.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$5 9 3/4 x 6; 259 pp. New York

While visiting Srinagar in the Vale of Kashmir Mrs. Merrick decided somewhat casually to cross the Zoji-La pass into Ladakh, a mountain dependency formerly belonging to Tibet, but now controlled by the British. The authorities refused to let her travel alone, so she recruited "a Mr. Phelps, whom I had met down in India", to accompany her. Eventually, a Mrs. Duncan, "a woman whom I had seen several times in Calcutta", also agreed to go along. The three met with no adventures of any seriousness, and Mrs. Merrick's account of the journey is undistinguished save by frequent banality. Her photographs are mainly bad and the four water-colors by Mrs. A. E. Berry are even worse. But she introduces something not common in such books: a detailed account of her expenditures. The total cost for three people for two and a half months was \$900—and "we traveled à la Ritz." This was a good deal cheaper than traveling in Europe. There is a glossary at the end, followed by a good index, and an excellent map.

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W. Graham Robertson

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Continued from page xvi

PSYCHOLOGY

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MEN OF GENIUS.

By Ernest Kretschmer.

Harcourt, Bruce & Company

\$4.50

8 1/2 x 5 1/4; 256 pp. New York

Dr. Kretschmer believes that men of genius almost always come from superior families, and that they represent final flowerings of long lines of talent. What produces them immediately is often a cross with a notably disparate stock. Thus they are not infrequently more or less pathological, and the incidence of disease and insanity among them is higher than in the general population. Their instability is shown by the fact that they seldom leave descendants of their own quality. The most favorable location for their appearance is where two great racial strains meet and mingle. Dr. Kretschmer's examples are mainly drawn from Germany. He discusses in detail the extraordinary density of men of genius in Swabia, and says that a large proportion of them descended from a single family, the Burkhardt-Bardilis. His book shows a great deal of original work in the subject. At the end he prints a portfolio of portraits of men of genius.

WHAT LIFE SHOULD MEAN TO YOU.

By Alfred Adler.

Little, Brown & Company

\$3

8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 300 pp. Boston

Dr. Adler here attempts to apply the principles of his psychology to the problems of everyday, and in terms comprehensible to the general reader—even to the newspaper reader. After preliminary chapters on the interactions between mind and body, on feelings of superiority and inferiority, on the influence of early memories, and on dreams, he proceeds to a discussion of the problems of adolescence, of crime and punishment, of industry and social life, and of marriage. His fundamental position is that failure in life is mainly due to incapacity for coöperation—that man is essentially a social animal. The way to reduce crime, he says, is to make popular education a deliberate training in coöperative effort. His book is pleasantly written, and he illustrates his argument with many cases. He mentions a number of American authorities. There is an index.

FICTION

THUNDER BELOW.

By Thomas Rourke.

Farrar & Rinehart

\$2.50

7 1/2 x 5; 292 pp. New York

The scene is San Mateo, a small village in South America, where a group of young American en-

Continued on page xx

The Temple of the Warriors

by Earl H. Morris

The dramatic adventure of exploring and restoring a masterpiece of native American architecture in the ruined Maya city of Chichen Itza in Yucatan.

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by E. M. Oddie

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gineers are gathered under Walt, a blind man, but an amazingly competent boss. There are Ken, a decent young man, Walt's oldest friend, hopelessly in love with Susan, Walt's wife, who tells the story; Horner, a hateful, sloppy drunkard; Webb, the most despised man in town, who seduces Lolita, a charming little native girl, as proof of his superiority; Scotty, a likable rummy; Frank, a bit bookish but understanding, an excellent engineer; Steve and Bamberger, two wild newcomers out to see the sights; Davis, an Englishman who tries to make Susan, and is sent packing by Walt; and Susan herself, a gallant, beautiful person whom they all adore. She loves Ken but is loyal to Walt. Ken, who tries everything to cure his love for her—work, drink, native women—goes out to the field on a last desperate trip. He is delayed by rains, and after incredible hardships finally arrives at a little town in the hills. There he receives word from San Mateo that there has been an earthquake, the wires are down, and every one is killed. He struggles back over the trail to find that Susan, Scotty, Horner and Frank are dead. Walt is alone, sitting very straight, in the plaza. They walk over the river-bridge after a while, where Ken describes the relief-boats putting off their loads of food, and doctors, and coffins. A good first novel, and of real importance.

THE OPENING OF A DOOR.

By George Davis. Harper & Brothers
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There are seven MacDougalls, sons and daughters of Grandmother MacDougall, a beautiful invalid old lady, her memory failing, but crafty, acquisitive and poisonous beneath her sweet exterior: Aunt Flora, a gabby old maid, completely victimized by her mother, whose "greatest gift was undoubtedly an ability to state the exact incensing word"; Uncle Daniel, the erring son, who reads agnostic books and sees his mother clearly, the main support of the family yet never considered a true MacDougall; Uncle Lincoln, Grandmother's baby, a mean sot; Aunt Theodora, a passionate, restless Amazon who marries Souren Dulkanian, a sanctimonious Syrian; Aunt Alexandra, a rabid theosophist with "God-hopping" notions, who helps Aunt Flora with the dear invalid; Uncle Albert, a rapid little barber who was once done in by a big luscious blonde; and Aunt Martha, meek and kindly, who has married and moved away. In addition there are Aunt Josie, Uncle Lincoln's wife, with her hoggish appetite and subtle cruelty, and Edward, Aunt Martha's son, who lives with the family the year before he goes to college. All of them, excepting Edward, who alone

Continued on page xxii

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Dr. Stemmerman's Great New Book **INTESTINAL MANAGEMENT** *Will Bring You Longer and Happier Life*

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Continued from page xx

escapes the old lady's tyranny, are slaves to her slightest whim, and all are miserable eccentrics. A distinguished first novel.

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By Upton Sinclair Farrar & Rinehart
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The hero of this moral tale is Kip Tarleton, a young Southerner whose father, old Powhatan Tarleton, dies of drink, and whose boss, Mr. Fessenden, is a Long Island rum-runner. There is a fatal clash with Prohibition agents at Mr. Fessenden's place, and Kip blabs to the law. Soon afterward he becomes a Prohibition agent himself, and in the course of a year or so is butchered by bootleggers. The moral would seem to be that enforcing Prohibition is a dangerous and hopeless job, but Mr. Sinclair will not have it so. Instead he closes his narrative with the battle-cry: "Prohibition has not failed! Prohibition has not been tried! Try it!" The book cannot be ranked with the author's masterpieces. His gift for unconscious humor, which has been growing in late years, here reaches a really extraordinary development.

DOÑA BARBARA.

By Rómulo Gallegos.
Johnathan Cape & Harrison Smith
\$2.50 7 1/2 x 5; 440 pp. New York

Doña Barbara is the fatally beautiful daughter of a white river-trader and his Indian mistress, who was betrayed by an old river pilot. She becomes a kind of ogress whose name is feared in the far reaches of the Arauca river valley, in Venezuela, "with a cemetery of her own." She is filled with an insatiable hatred for all men, in whom she sees only the image of the brutal old pilot. But at last she meets her match in her daughter's lover, Santos Luzardo, her own young cousin. A fairly interesting piece of regional fiction.

THE SONS OF MRS. AAB.

By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Horace Liveright
\$2.50 7 1/2 x 5; 340 pp. New York

Mrs. Aab is the unattractive daughter of a prosperous South African farmer who marries a handsome but idiotic farmhand. Her father turns them out and they settle in the adjacent diamond diggings, at Sheba, and begin grubbing. Her husband dies, and leaves her with two sons to support—Gideon, the elder, handsome but intrinsically worthless like his father, and Hercules, an idiot. This is Gideon's story: his life-long struggle to free himself of the burden of his brother, and get a thousand pounds from the insurance company with which he has insured Hercules's life. It is a very effective story.



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The American MERCURY

November 1931

TRAVELOGUE

BY ROBERT LITTELL

THEY push an awning on wheels up to the door of the plane, so that the wind from the propellers won't knock you down and make any premature casualties. Last of all the pilot gets in, a neatly uniformed young man with a healthy magazine-cover face, and a revolver strapped about him. You can't tell when the plane leaves the ground except by looking at the space between the landing wheel and the concrete runway. In a few minutes the world, which just lately was full of trees and houses hiding behind other trees and houses, has become a map. A neutral colored map, cut up into squares by roads. In between the squares the fields spread themselves out like stained and faded carpets, showing where water has been and has run away; like the carpets on the floor of a boarding-house hallway.

Now we are climbing. We are above a great fleet of motionless white clouds half way between us and the limitless pattern of boarding-house carpets. We land at Indianapolis, take off again and land at St. Louis. In the distance the city is a heap of spikes, factory chimneys and clean white skyscrapers.

There are ash-trays beside each seat, and under the seats neat cardboard cylinders in case of seasickness. But that feeling one has isn't seasickness. It is boredom, faintly coated with fear. Not animal fear, but a limp-bellied sensation such as one has before making a speech. The co-pilot, also in uniform, also off a magazine cover, passes boxes of lunch, and goes back to his cockpit, where, through the glass door, one can see dozens of marvelous dials and instruments.

Across the aisle, tandem, are a husband and wife. Solid Americans. In a train they would be reading short stories and talking about whether Cousin Nettie got that wire. Here it is different. They look out of the window at ten thousand square miles of brown land, and once in a while he leans forward and pats her face, silently, and a few minutes later she reaches back her hand over her shoulder, and he kisses it.

On the mudguard above the big landing wheel, which hangs motionless two thousand feet above the ground, are a few drops of oil. I watch them, to see if any more oil drips down. If more oil drips, it may be a leak, and if it is a leak,

who knows? . . . The plane that went over this same course yesterday hit a hill and killed seven people.

Kansas is an alternation of black flags and tan flags pasted to the ground. The black flags are ploughed, the tan probably mean mortgages, and deserted farms. At the rear of the cabin is a door. Behind that door is a small compartment, where there is another door, and a toilet. Through the door one could jump off into space.

In Oklahoma the Cimarron river winds weakly, like a mud-colored, wounded snake. In Texas it is hot. At Amarillo all the men who take tickets and load mail and fill the gasoline tank are young, very young; in their twenties.

Over the mountains into New Mexico it is bumpy. One's insides flap and sink as they do in an express elevator. One never knows how far down a bump is going to take one. Gosh, I was a fool to take this trip. Way down there, that caterpillar crawling along a wire is a train. I start reading the *American Magazine*. The stories of big executives, of little auto mechanics who have made good, take my mind off the bumps, and the oil on the mudguard. But not for long.

Albuquerque. Men in big hats standing around. The great metal bird, roaring with all three motors, taxies away to its hangar. I shake hands with the pilot. He seems surprised. Would I shake hands with a train conductor at the end of a safe trip?

An automobile. Four wheels, each one hugging the ground. The country is no longer a map. The car hisses along narrow gravel. It bumps, it shaves other cars coming at it, it swerves away from ditches, it swoops down and out of dips so that the springs hit the frame. My hand clutches at the seat, my foot involuntarily presses the floor. Yesterday one hundred and

eleven people were killed by automobiles in various parts of the United States.

They call it the cactus forest. The road goes straight north. Big black birds sail and cruise in the air: buzzards. They are waiting for something to die. They hover above this road because every once in a while a jack rabbit with long ears is squashed by an automobile. Gophers dash across the road too, with a fat awkward motion, just in front of the car. And in the furnace heat great black wasps, with their tails curved down, fly slowly a foot above the ground.

II

There are a dozen kinds of cactus on either side of the road, and if one had eyes for cactus one would tell them apart. Barrel cactus, like green spiny water butts. You cut off the top, mash the pulp inside, and eventually get a mouthful of water. And cactus with multiple flat oval arms, like green hair-brushes growing one out of another. And the giant sahuara, solitary spiny fingers pointing toward heaven. Half way up they branch off, forming crosses, and signposts, and headless men with their arms folded or extended in wild despair.

The dry bushes have learned how far apart from each other they can grow and still live. In between them, sand, sand—or rather fine, brown, powdered earth, that blows away by the ton, in slowly rising and sinking clouds, with every wind. A little water, only a little water, and corn and tomatoes and oranges and lemons would grow where now are dead jack rabbits and the cactus sentinels, and the sharp black shadows of buzzards on the sand.

The skyline wavers and trembles in the heat. That farthest line of jagged blue

is a hundred miles away—more than that, it is in another State, in California. The nearer mountains are black, savage piles of old lava.

It is marvelous, nightmare country, perhaps as near to mid-summer on Mars as we shall ever see. But suddenly not only one's tongue, but one's whole brain goes thirsty, and one longs to be, if only for a minute, in the cushioned, the vegetable and spongy East, where the hills don't blow away in sand, where cattle stand up to their knees in green marshes, and where water in the Springtime squelches in one's wet, wet shoes.

III

This has been called "the finest example of erosion in the whole world," and is generally known, to tourists and recipients of a million postcards, as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is a thousand-layer cake, and, like cake, should be consumed in small mouthfuls, for a view of the whole business cannot easily be digested. Better work up to it gradually, with glimpses, by approaching it from the East, where the Little Colorado seems to be a winding crease in the plains, but is, when you get to it, a sheer chasm two thousand feet deep. Westward from here then, over rocky roads, until you suddenly strike asphalt, suburban and magnificently wide. Here begins the National Park. Along this road, through a curtain of pines, there is an occasional rift, and a suggestion of blue depths, winding and ragged. Five minutes later it bursts upon you, and your eye can rake it.

It can't be true—all the postcards lied. They didn't tell half of it. They didn't suggest that the earth committed slow hari-kari and exposed all her rainbow-colored guts.

Further along is the hotel. This is the view that trippers and honeymooners see, but it isn't as good as the glimpses further East. Yet it is so wonderful that there is nothing that can possibly be said about it.

How many thousands have come here, in those Pullmans on the railroad siding, and walked to the edge and said Gosh, or Land's Sake, or just nothing, and walked up and down with their mouths open, and then gone indoors and sent postcards? It sure is a marvelous sight.

The hotel dining-room is ablaze with electric light, though outside burns the high Arizona noon. Food comes in a flock of small dishes. Down the halls are dozens of attempts of artists to get all the canyon's thousand stripes and receding battlements on to canvas.

Here and there on the concrete parapet are brass tubes on swivels, with notches in a brass ring, and lettering to show what you are looking at. Bright Angel Trail, or the Battleships. Some impartial admirer of nature and the world's religions has named some of the more conspicuous knobs and castles: Temple of Buddha, Temple of Zoroaster, Temple of Osiris. . . . On that distant table-top a daring aviator once managed to land his plane. . . . A child's voice behind me says "Mama, can I go to the curio store?"

On a bench facing the finest example of erosion in the whole world sits a woman in a white skirt. She is reading. She is reading the *Cosmopolitan*.

IV

And here is copper country. A great vein runs westward. For miles it goes deep under the ground. For miles it turns upward and is to be found only among the centuries that ate and washed it away. What is left over from the copper, a level

mountain of whitish sand, advances year by year and ton by ton over the countryside. Nothing grows on it except, way up at its summit, the hoists and contraptions and smoking chimneys of the refinery. Down below it there is a little town, which lives or dies by copper, and is now nearer death than life. The local newspaper, with a sigh of hope behind its page-wide headlines, announces that the State's representative in Congress has opened a vigorous campaign for a tariff on copper.

On the edge of the town are the wigwags of the Apache Indians, some of whom work in the mine. Cone-shaped tents, made of pieces of tin, blankets, shirts, flour bags, anything that comes handy.

Over the mountains, where a convict-made road curves boldly above the scar of the old horse trail, used to be a fine place for holdups, and a hangout for outlaws. Now the worst that can happen is a puncture, and a long walk back.

Down the other side is another town, another refinery. There is no wind in the bright blue sky, and the smoke from the chimney rises almost motionless, like a mile-wide ostrich feather stuck into the town.

V

Two inhabitants per square mile. Cities of ten thousand gnawing feebly at the desert with their lawn sprinklers and new hedges. Ranches far out under the blue sky where half a dozen men with faces burned the color of an old suitcase ride and ride to brand shaggy cattle. The new West, and the old. Chambers of Commerce and Elks and Lions and soda clerks in the towns, and men with cowboots under their trousers and silver on their

belts, walking toward newsstands where one can buy, but they don't buy, *Western Stories*, *Cowboy Stories*, *Wild West Stories*, and *Outlaw Stories*.

I remember chromos of the desert trail, with hollow-eyed skulls of long-horns beside the wagon tracks. And now I have seen that trail, graded and ditched, with signs marked "Soft Shoulders" and "Speed Limit: 45 Miles". There are skeletons beside the road now too—the rusting, crumpled, wheelless skeletons of old Fords, upside down.

On that blue mountain, blue from here, but white sand and pale olive brush when you get to it, the miners used to make little holes and tunnels in hope of precious metal. Now there is a great white A on its crest, visible for miles around. A tribute to Alma Mater from the students of the University of Arizona.

The new tenants of the land of adventure and straight shooting. The scientific grapefruit grower. The director of the desert laboratory. The professor of Romance languages. The manager of the hotel with white-tiled bathrooms, who is a member of the Hotel Greeters' Association. The lady in a smock who sells Indian Art Goods. The owner of twenty-two chain grocery stores throughout the State. The income-tax expert. The golf professional. The A.P. correspondent. The wild young pitcher, who hopes that a scout from Los Angeles is looking at his curves and not at the beautiful deranged sun setting over the mad blue mountains. . . .

And the ghosts. The Spanish missionaries who made friends with the Indians. The Mormon farmers who marched months from Utah, and died under a cactus. The bad man, trotting into town with his finger on the trigger. The old-time sheriff, with notches in his gun. The prospector, pouring gold dust onto the bar.

The mining town whore with short skirts, and some of that same gold in her teeth. . . .

The fans in the transcontinental express are humming. There are almost no passengers. The old colored porter, benign and spectacled, is reading the Bible. In the section behind me a woman's dress hangs wrapped in a sheet, like a ghost. The owner is looking out of the window at a galvanized tin town, all shacks and water towers, huddled in the lap of the thirsty hills, as if it had slid down there into a heap from the summit. My shirt sticks to my back.

VI

I walk to the club car, down swaying corridors, past half-opened compartment doors with glimpses of ginger-ale bottles, of feet propped up on the opposite seat. From way ahead comes the long lonely cry of the locomotive whistle. In the club car an old lady is turning the pages of the time-table back and forth, perhaps to the page where it says that Circus Scrip, Tourist and Banana Messenger tickets will not be honored on this train. The ruined country slides by, peppered with little pines, eaten with the ravages of dead rivers. We stop for water at little desert towns, where Indian women—wide skirts, shy eyes, black hair—come down to the station to sell baskets. . . .

A man with anxious eyes is carrying blankets through the train. Indian blankets, with rhomboids and lightning strokes of uncooked colors. He hangs them, one by one, on the rods under the car windows. Soon he will come along with trays of Indian jewelry, of silver bracelets carefully hammered out of Mexican pesos, studded with turquoises of pale milky blue. . . .

Little trees rise from the plain, queer solitary shapes, like green boxes standing on one leg. Nothing but sand and brush in sight, with jagged mountains on the skyline. And then suddenly it all changes, and goes mad, and cliffs stick out into the valley like great red ships, and beautiful nightmare shapes rise into the sky, like teeth and triangles and toadstools, like old quarries and dying camels and forgotten castles, and a low sun shines on the exposed ribs of the earth and fills the gashes with black shadows.

And tomorrow the washroom will be full of men with lather on their faces, and a mad mineral world will stare at us through the windows, and the Arizona sun will blaze, and the old porter will read the Bible all day on the shady side of the car.

VII

The long train stops for half an hour to let the passengers eat, at the new hotel strung along the platform, a hotel all plain stucco and iron work, in a style its builders thought of as Spanish, but a style a Spaniard would probably call *Elsie MacDougall*. In the lobby is a newsstand, where you can get *Life-Savers* and *College Humor*; and an Indian store, full of blankets, belts, bracelets and bows and arrows. It is a long, long platform, wide and peaceful and bright with sun, and past the Pullmans, past the smoke of the railroad shops, is a blue mountain sugared with snow.

There is just time enough to take a turn around the town. Down each street one sees the desert, home of invisible cattle, about one to every forty acres. Some of the houses have trees, and a square yard or two of lawn. A little girl cries across the street, "Mabel, have you got the

measles yet?" A small boy with an enormous hat and a red handkerchief around his neck is calling plaintively, "Alvin, Alvin, come on over and play cowboy."

The train's next stop is a hundred miles away.

VIII

In California one can go at seventy, seventy-three miles an hour and hardly know it. Until a State trooper comes alongside and says "If you went along at forty you'd see more of the scenery." He's right, there is a lot to see. Along the coast, blue, steep and bare like the Italian Riviera, a Riviera punctuated with filling-stations and advertisements for gasoline and oil. "The oil most productive of penetrative lubricity."

Lots of lubricity around here. This is the beach cottage colony where the Hollywood stars come out for week-ends and have wild parties on the sand at midnight. Out of the slate grey Pacific sprouts a porcupine of oil derricks. Further on, inland, is a walnut grove, in ranks and regiments of trees. "The largest walnut grove in the world."

As one gets near Hollywood one notices that everything calls itself a ranch. Alligator pear ranch, orange ranch, egg ranch, perhaps even a big We Fix Flats Ranch. The country is beautifully shaped, and naked under its thin hair of brush and scrub pine.

They have a new way of advertising along these roads. A word or two every fifteen feet. By the time you have read one, if you are going at normal California speed, the next batch of words is rushing past you. If you are passing in the wrong direction, you can amuse yourself trying to unscramble somebody's attempt to sell something.

WITH BURMA SHAVE
OF THE ROUGH
KEEP OUT
YOU CRAVE
PERFECT SCORE
IF FOR A

Every ten miles or so is an advertisement for a new hotel, in the form of a life-size statue of a bellboy.

In the station at Los Angeles there are fifteen hundred Mexicans waiting for a train to take them to the border. A friendly sort of deportation. The station cops are nice to them, and the Mexicans don't look bothered or afraid. Large families with suitcases tied around with string, and belongings done up in newspapers, and odd parcels and battered black hats and trousers that don't match the coat and stretches of thin brown wrist and deep wrinkled necks and startling black eyes swimming in white eyeballs.

High on one of the Beverly Hills is a great house. It belongs to a famous movie director, and is about nine miles from the sea. Sea water is pumped through a private pipe line up those miles into the movie director's swimming pool.

IX

Once upon a time there was a gold mine in a mountain in Nevada. Water flooded it and couldn't be pumped out. A man named Sutro offered to do it for half the profits. He was an engineer, a Swiss, and the Swiss, even then, knew all about tunnels. Sutro dug a tunnel under the mountain, and the mine was dried, and Sutro made millions and built himself a house and a big park high on a cliff above the Pacific, west of the Golden Gate. The park is open to the public, but San Franciscans, perhaps because automobiles are not admitted, seldom go there. One can wander

quite alone through its dark alleys, green and gloomy with evergreens. The flower beds are fenced off with interlacing wires stuck in the ground like croquet hoops. A wet wind hisses through pines and firs and gigantic hedges. Every alley, every steep wet bank, every darkened, dripping corner, has a statue of some kind.

All kinds. Venus de Milo, with a patch of moss on her shoulder, stands armless in the rain. Putty-colored stone lions laugh at you from the shelter of a hedge. Through thickets, and under branches, are seen the heads of gods and goddesses, battered and green with age and not quite plumb on their pedestals. An oval of turf stands in the middle of the gravel like a loaded boat, whose passengers are dwarfs, and goblins, and grinning gnomes and

trolls with hats and horns and cornucopias, and still another Venus, about two feet high. Overlooking the ocean is a battlement, with old iron cannon pointing at the Pacific, and high on the parapet between the cannon, Ceres and Aphrodite and other mossy figures from mythology with broken noses. Half way up a steep bank stands Mercury, on one foot. Some of the statues are falling, others have already fallen.

I am told that whenever one falls, it is taken away to some pile where cupids and lions and beer-garden gnomes and armless residents of Olympus lie on top of one another, still laughing, still blowing horns and pointing bows and arrows, with patches of brown fungus on their foreheads and their backsides.

SUICIDE NOTES

BY HOWARD WOLF

A MAN drank poison in front of the detention home for women at Akron, Ohio, on March 13, 1931. Police who picked up the body found four scrawled sheets of paper. From this letter, from his wife's words and from other testimony his story was reconstructed.

He was twenty-five and an out-of-work grocery clerk. She was twenty-two. Crushing poverty made a third in their rented room. Peggy, a four-month-old pup raised on a bottle, made a fourth. The young man walked the streets but could find no work. The girl wife wasted away from hunger and hardship. A suggestion that the wife enter a house of assignation found lodgment in the husband's mind. The wife was won over. They continued to live together, but when the proprietor of the house telephoned, the man would escort his wife to the resort and wait until she had her percentage of the dollars for which she had sold herself. There was a raid, with the wife arrested and sent to the detention home. The husband haunted a law office but the attorney told him that no *habeas corpus* action could be started until Board of Health reports had been made.

There was an afternoon when the husband was permitted to visit the wife. For two hours he poured out his incoherent anguish. He left, roamed the streets. At midnight a long-distance telephone call wakened his mother in a Pennsylvania town. She heard her son shouting that he

was going to kill himself. For a half hour she clung to the telephone, pleading, praying, weeping. He hung up and went from the telephone to the detention home. Because of the hour, his request for admittance was refused. He walked to the street curb, swallowed poison and knew no more.

The letter found on the man's body read:

Dear Dear Betty.

Oh how I love you but I am not fit to be your husband or live. I have just gotten the most Deadly Poison there is & When you read this letter I will be gone thank God. I am giving Peggy to the Landlady to keep for you and one Dollar to feed her to Thursday & also just Paid the room Thursday. The receipt is enclosed.

I am also bringing over to the Detention home \$23.00 in Cash, your ring, my ring & my watch for them to give you when you get out. I told the Landlady I would not be here this week but probably you would be here Monday, if you are not here I gave her the Attorney's phone number & told her to ask him to see you & let her know what you want done with the things.

I am also writing him a letter & telling him of the money & rings that I am bring over to you & I am also giving him orders to send you out home or back to my mother which ever place you want to go. But I demand that you go straight as you have not got me to blame any more & Do not believe what these fellows tell you when you go out with them.

I know you can forget me but I can

not forget you only in death, sweetheart. I called ——— tonight & had them call your father, but he was not there, so V— answered the Phone & I asked them to send your Dad in to stay with me as I was afraid I would do this, but they could not come until Friday A.M. & so you see that is too late. I also told them about you & that it is my fault.

If ——— [the operator of the house of prostitution] Does not pay fine call my mother or serve it out. I am going to call her long Distance & tell her to send you money & look out for you if you want her to. Please Pay this long Distance call over here, hon. I gave the Landlady orders not to let nobody touch this stuff only on your attorney's order & you know his fee has been taken care of. And sweetheart Please Hold on to these few things you have here & do not give them to V—— or your people or V——.

You will be your own boss now so act according. [The brotel keeper] told me to jump off the High Level bridge as nobody was holding me. He is also too tight to pay \$25 to get you out on bond. You better have my body shipped back to my mother & do not worry as I am a coward and cannot help it. If I only could hold you, in my arms again sweetheart I love you, love you, love you, love.

On the margins of the pages were these added remarks:

Your people will be in town at 10 A.M., Friday.

May you have a much more prosperous life than you had with me.

The back door is open to the kitchen.

I am now Dying believing there is no God.

The Landlady has your attorney's Phone.

You know where the key is hid, Betty.

I am not doing this because I want to hurt you but because I love, love you & only you. I hate ——— [his father.]

II

In 1928 two brothers, members of the United States Marine Corps, were introduced to a girl in Philadelphia. Four

months later she became the wife of one of them. By April, 1930, the husband arrived at a realization of the fact that his wife and his brother were in love. He went to his room in Newark, N. J., sat down on the bed, attached a gas tube to his mouth and died. His last letters were written as the gas was overpowering consciousness. A note to the wife said:

I used to love you, but I die hating you and my brother, too. My head is hot and I'm beginning to feel dizzy. I hope it's soon over.

On the back of her photograph, he wrote:

I present this picture of another woman—the girl I thought I married. May you always remember I loved you once but died hating you.

The diary of death was addressed "To whom it may concern." It read:

I loved and trusted my wife and trusted my brother. Now I hate my wife, despise my brother and sentence myself to die for having been fool enough to love anyone as contemptible as my wife has proved to be.

Both she and my brother knew that I intended to die and they were quite pleased at the prospect.

It is now 1:20 A.M. All the drunks and night owls are in, so I'm off—no reprieve.

Still the same—1:45. Hope I pass out by 2 A.M.

It's now 3:25. Gee, I loved you so much, F——. It is hard to die when one is young. How I wish oblivion would hurry.

As though in answer to the invitation, oblivion came.

"She didn't love him," the brother said when notified of the suicide. "She married him out of pity. We told him we loved each other. He said: 'All right, I can do you more harm dead than I can do you alive.'"

The widow said she had married the

man because he threatened suicide if she did not. By August she was wed to the brother. "We are happy," she said. "I feel that this time I have done the right thing."

III

A woman had been in ill health since the birth of her son eight years before. For the last year of that time she had lived apart from her husband because she "wanted to be alone." On January 15, 1930 she went to her rented room, locked the door, took poison and then set fire to the place. Firemen of the Ohio town smashed down the door and found her body in the flame-filled room. In a pocket-book was a note to the husband:

Dear ———

I simply cannot live any longer without you. I hope you will forgive me for what I am about to do. I love you dearly and will always be near you.

There is no use trying to live longer, everything is against me. I hope to have it better where I am going. I'm not afraid to die. That is simply a great adventure and we all have to face it some day. Do not get married again. I think you will be better off single. Love D—— [the son] and tell him his mother always loved him. I have never been anything but a bother to you and you will be happier knowing I am at rest.

I know that they say you are doomed to Hell for suicide, but I do not believe it. I think the Lord knows and understands the heart and will forgive. The Lord knows I have suffered enough. I would love to see you before I go, but I guess it wasn't to be. Now you will have to come. If you only could have come before—kiss me for old time's sake and remember the dream ship stories I used to tell you—and love me just a little.

I do so love you, dear, and want you. I shall always be near you. I know no one will love you like I always will. It's

because of love that I am here, and that I loved too well and unwisely. Don't cry for me but try to live like I would want you to live and all will be well.

When I am cold in death, remember I wanted everything good for you. D—— has been home with his grandmother and she loves him dearly and he will not miss me. He will soon forget me.

Now I must get busy—all my love is for you for all eternity.

IV

A girl bought oblivion for five dollars. Her name was Ruth Rockwell, her age was eighteen, and her obituary is preserved in the newspaper reference libraries because she was the first airplane suicide.

When she approached the traffic manager of the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service at Curtiss Field, New York, she said, "I want to go for a five-dollar flight. That is all I have." At 2,000 feet she opened the door of the cabin monoplane and stepped out. In the purse she left in the cabin of the ship was found this note:

Most people end their lives because something sad has happened to them. I end mine because it seems not only futile but wrong to go on existing. I blame no one and feel I have no enemies. I will probably be considered insane as anyone taking his life is supposed to be slightly insane.

I would like to send my regards to Miss S—— in Drew Seminary. My check for \$175 in the suitcase in the closet at home may help pay my burial expenses. I am very happy now.

I am wondering if the newspapers will decide to devote any space to me. I am wondering if I will find time to think of the past as I whirl through space as it is said that a drowning man does when struggling in the water. I am wondering if I will find anything in death. If so, what?

Everything has always been discord when I long so for harmony. Maybe yet I will find it, maybe sweet music.

If I find any sort of life or corresponding time after death, I will try to communicate with my immediate relatives at nine o'clock some evening for a while. During my lifetime, I think my one fault was deception. I have lied repeatedly about small things, but unfortunately I forget what these small things were. I have no guilty conscience whatsoever.

V

On October 27, 1929, Dr. Ernst Watzl of Cleveland, a chemist by profession and a painter by inclination, drove away from the home of his wife and two children on a business trip to Philadelphia. Letters came back almost daily until November 8, when the chemist's blazing auto was found on the banks of the Schuylkill river. Police fell to work on the theory that he had been murdered by agents who lusted to lay hands on some secret chemical formula. This lasted until they learned that he had been seen in Philadelphia trying to buy the use of another man's name in obtaining a passport.

The investigation lapsed, to be revived again in February of the following year, when it was learned that insurance companies had been receiving envelopes containing payments on the chemist's life insurance policies. A few days later it was revealed that on December 8 there had vanished from Cleveland Mrs. Mary McGranahan, the chemist's secretary, who also posed as his model in the studio he maintained under the name of Vanderau. When her husband filed a divorce suit and an action for alienation of her affections the mystery was dissipated save for the question of the whereabouts of the chemist and his employé. The answer came on March 24, 1930, when a man and a girl were found in a Viennese hotel, shot to death in a suicide pact.

A note written by Dr. Watzl to a friend in Vienna told of the travels which had brought him back to Austria and then continued:

But the \$5,000 I took from my bank at Philadelphia after my automobile escapade was soon eaten up. We were faced with two alternatives: either to go to my parents and relatives and ask assistance and confess my misdemeanors, or to commit suicide. I preferred the latter. I was also influenced by the thought of my wife and children in trouble in Cleveland. Knowing the customs of insurance companies, I realized that my wife would be unable to cash my policy of \$35,000 unless she could officially establish my death. But I also knew that the claim would fail if my premiums were not paid regularly to my death. Then I remembered the insurance instalment falling due tomorrow, which I am unable to meet. Thus my wife will be robbed unless I die today.

To his wife the chemist wrote:

My Dear Marie: I want to thank you for all your kindness, love and patience and loyalty that you have shown me for so many years. Forgive me if you can for what I did. I thought honestly that you and the children would be happier with me gone and some safe income, even if small, in case my "accident" had turned out luckily. As it didn't, I think I lost my head, made a thousand plans, foolishness, but could not drown that feeling of *Ehre* [honor] that somewhere must have been in my system all along. I have tried to keep Mary out of the unhappy ending but she wants also to pay the price and thinks you won't think so harshly of her on that account. I hope that your children will make you happy. Goodbye, Dear.

Mary McGranahan, the stenographer who deserted an American husband to sweep through Tokyo, the Riviera, the Austrian mountains and the Vienna cafés with a monocled duellist of graceful continental bearing, wrote home:

Dearest Mother: Today we came to Salzburg and Ernst went to see his sister who lives here to find out how Marie and the children are coming along. His sister told him that Marie was having a very hard time, that she had no money and couldn't get any. Ernst and I think we could never be happy together when Marie and the children are suffering. So we are going to die and she will get his insurance and everything will be all right.

I have decided to die with him. He asked me whether I would rather go home to you, but I think and I know you will believe me when I say that I love Ernst more than my life and I want to die with him. You know I always wanted to die before you or any of the kids did, so please don't be sad about it. It is really nothing. I will not be alone. Ernst is going with me to take care of me. I am so happy. I know you and the kids and Ernest and Ethel will think I did the right thing. I am very proud that I am not afraid of dying.

We went almost over the whole world. It has been like Heaven. We went to the southern part of the United States, the Pacific Ocean, Japan, China, Sumatra, India, Arabia, Egypt, France, Italy and Vienna. I should say Europe is nicer than the United States. So you see I did live about thirty years in this three months. I was happier than I have ever been before.

I hope all my things will be sent home. I am not sure. I am writing letters to each one of the kids. Tell Ethel and Ernest I love them very much and I want to thank them for everything they did for me. Ethel is an angel. Really, I am only waiting for you.

VI

The woman, forty-four years old, sold newspapers on the streets of Columbus, Ohio, to support her ten children. The eleventh was in the Army. She was white, as were five of the children. One was a mental defective. The other six were mulattoes. The first husband was dead.

The second husband, colored, was serving a sentence in the State penitentiary after conviction under what the newspapers call "a statutory charge." On May 6, 1930, the woman called a taxicab and had the family hauled to a photograph gallery. Mother and ten children posed for a group picture. They returned home. The woman fed them all, prepared them for bed.

Then she picked up a .22 caliber rifle and went to another room. One by one she called in the six mulatto children and the defective son by the white husband. As each came in she lifted him or her into bed and fired a shot. They all died. She had saved one bullet for herself. It did not pierce the heart as the others had done. She lived ten days.

Three letters were found on a table in the house of slaughter. One, addressed to an eighteen-year-old surviving daughter, gave instructions for the disposal of the household goods and trinkets. "Lots I want to say but can't think," it concluded. "Do the best you can, dear. Time will heal. On account of the blood, Alice is better gone, too. Try to feel that way. That it is all for the best. Goodbye. Mother."

One written for the other children she had spared, said:

I am so tired I can't go on. Don't think too hard of mother for this, please. Just always try to do what is right. Listen to older advice. It will always be for your good whatever is told you. I want you to go to church, do as you are taught, and try to live this down.

A note to an old friend said:

I think there is enough insurance for everything. If you want to do something get blankets for the babies. No fuss or feathers. Keep the public out. You take care of insurance and all papers until settled.

VII

A middle-aged Los Angeles gardener handed a prayer-book to his middle-aged bride of two months, shot her twice through the abdomen, and then shot himself through the head. In his coat pocket detectives found a letter addressed to a friend:

Dear Sir: Your my only friend. Notify my daughter and baby, my brother and [here follow a number of names and addresses.] Mr. F—, this women—everybody—she is dishonest. She told me not to have anything to do with you. I bin so mistreated I can't stand it no longer. There is money in bank. Poor Unkel, if he knew how I got treated. Mr. F—, feed chickens an half can of grain at night and keep malt in boxes.

Our lawyer is Mr. S— and Mr. H—. Tell them to take care of my little girl. Did you and Mrs. F— tell my wife to get rid of me? She told me to get out. She's going to rent house and Mrs. P— told her to come there. Have my body cremated if you can and my brother can take the ashes and scatter them in the valley. Goodbye, Mr. F— and Mrs. F—, tell my little girl to be good and forgive me.

VIII

A fortune-teller told a young Chicago wife and mother that her oldest boy was going blind and that her husband was about to leave her. The woman went to a hotel, registered, and was assigned to a ninth floor room. Before leaping from the window she wrote this note to her husband:

Dear L—: I don't want to stand in the way of your folks. May God bless them. Take care of the children very good. Have Harold's eyes tested twice a year. He might get a cold if he sits on the wet ground. Have Edward's tonsils removed

and he will be all right. Be good to the children and they will be all right. You always were wonderful to me. I love you with all my heart until death. May God bless you. Don't forget about the children, be very good to them.

IX

Ernest Pagnuelo, a fifty-seven-year-old San Francisco attorney and Carnegie hero-medal winner, left a letter for the press when he swallowed poison at his law office on June 27, 1931. It was as follows:

For every act there is a cause. In this instance the act is justified, at least, I believe so. The following statement will establish if my contention is right or not. I have been practicing law in this State for thirty years. Have been and still am connected with fraternal and other organizations. I have always received the esteem of my fellow men.

For several years I have been mistaken for another party, the reason for which is a similarity of names and by being in the same profession. My full name is Ernest Pagnuelo and my offices are at 519 California street, a lawyer by profession, aged fifty-seven, height five feet seven inches. The other person is younger and six feet in height but because of his name has been continually mistaken for me. As a fact, even people with whom I am in close contact at the Hall of Justice and the City Hall have often mistaken me for him.

A few days ago he was charged with a statutory charge. Under the law I give him the right of presumption of innocence. However, that does not eradicate the fact that since that time I have realized from actions of many people that they seem to be under the impression that I am the one involved. A victim of circumstance, to say the least. Some people even, thoughtlessly joking, have remarked about the charge involving this man.

It seems nothing could well be done to establish the fact that I am not involved in that statutory charge. The only way is to give it publicity and I feel the act

I am about to do will solve the problem. Personally, I care not. My life has been lived. My family is of the highest moral character and I feel that a stigma would attach unless I let the public at large know, through this deed, that I am a victim of circumstance by reason of mistaken identity.

I have been brooding over this matter, and the seriousness of the matter involving this other man makes it mandatory that I, Ernest Pagnuelo, should protect the reputation of my family in the only available and possible manner. Respectfully submitted.

At the time of Pagnuelo's suicide, police say, an attorney of somewhat similar name was awaiting trial on a charge of permitting his wife to frequent a house of ill fame.

X

Just as the Rev. Dr. Robert E. Speer, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, was concluding a sermon on the world depression, a one-eyed man in a rear pew of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York lifted a vial of carbolic acid to his lips and swallowed the contents. The congregation thought the man had fainted. An usher called a policeman from his beat and the policeman called an ambulance. The man died in a hospital. It was found that, once prosperous, he had been ruined by the expense of defending himself against an arson charge of which he had been acquitted. He had been unemployed seven or eight months. The note clutched in the dead hand was scribbled in pencil and read:

To whom it may concern: I am on the way to face my creator, God. I hope He forgives me for committing suicide. I have had loads of trouble. I tried to carry it. I could stand it no more. Enclosed you

will find a card. Ask this man [his attorney] and he will tell you all my troubles. I hope somehow this man will some day get paid for his good and honest work for me. I tried everything to go through life. My wife could not help me because she is a sick woman. She has eczema in the Summer and she could do little work in the Winter. Otherwise she would carry me through.

My friends and relatives have been helping me and lending me money and they cannot do it any more. They are poor and have children. Lately I placed my wife with her brother and I stayed in New York looking for work. I took out a license for selling things on the street and from house to house. I tried everything but could not make my living. I am blind in one eye for more than twenty years. And I have had trouble with the other for about three years. For all other information, ask my wife. She will tell you everything. And as I am on the way to face God, everything I said in court was the truth, so help me God.

XI

A. D. Payne, an Amarillo, Texas, attorney, conceived a passion for his stenographer. He placed a bomb in the family automobile and it exploded, killing the wife who had been his college sweetheart and maiming his nine-year-old son. Payne, a direct descendant of the composer of "Home, Sweet Home," went to jail with a vial of nitroglycerin tied to a string about his neck. On August 30, 1930, he blew himself into what the newspapers call eternity. To his wife's mother he had written:

I am writing to say goodbye. This is the best way out. Eva and I will await you over yonder. I did all this because I loved her and the children.

The message to his own mother was:

I am writing a few words to say goodbye. I will await you over yonder. It

was His will that I go this way. It is best that I close the last chapter of this horrible thing in this way.

XII

A forty-year-old trained nurse with a wooden leg sat down in a chair beside an open gas jet in her Brooklyn apartment. Near her body the police found duplicate notes dated July 12, 1931, and addressed to her two sisters. They read:

I just can't stand this life any longer. I'm all worn out trying to walk and work. I cannot do it, so I think it is best for me to end it all. Pray for me and tell all my friends to pray for me. Love.

XIII

A girl, blonde and twenty, turned on the gas jets before lying down on the bed in a New York City rooming house on July 4, 1931. The soles of her shoes had been worn through. On a chair near the bed she had placed a purse containing nineteen cents and a penny Fourth of July card. Beside the purse was a note reading:

This is my Independence Day—from life. Love and holidays are not for me. I'm tired and no one wants me.

XIV

On June 27, 1931, a forty-two-year-old Hartford spinster shot and killed herself at the grave of her father, a noted physician. A message addressed to "The Press" was pinned to the ground beside her body with a hairpin. It follows:

There is nothing, on my word of honor, nothing in the slightest of a sensational or melodramatic nature or sinister motive in what I am about to do—nothing not

understood. I am just a completely discouraged young girl leaving a beautiful home in which I live, a mother I worship, and a sister I am tremendously proud of.

Now, please—no newspaper writeup. That is too terrible—to place a girl of fine character as a subject of making money for the newspapers. I have never had a young man call on me. I have never been to a night club. I do not even drive a car. I feel a bang-up nervous breakdown coming on and I am doing this to head it off.

Don't forget that when one decides to commit suicide it takes a real courage to do it. I am doing it because I worship my mother and she adores me. Yet I will be of no use to her much longer with these crazy nerves. No one who has not experienced the utter discouragement of a nervous collapse is any judge whatever and cannot realize that that alone can make one wish to die.

XV

These are the letters the suicides wrote before swallowing the poison, turning on the gas, or leaping out of the hotel window. They come from coroners, the police and the newspapers and they are all real. What do they signify? That will have to be left for the psychologists to decide. I don't pretend to know. I am interested in the notes simply because I consider them Americana of the highest order. It seems to me that a valuable book might be made of such material.

We have numerous anthologies builded from the speeches, state papers, journals and autobiographies of Presidents, explorers, philosophers, poets and patriots. But it seems to me that the real voice of the United States is not to be found in the writings of such men, but in the scribbles of waitresses, truck drivers, beauty-parlor operators, stenographers, pimps, realtors, taxi drivers, morticians, pool hustlers, chiropodists and bootleggers.

There is a generally accepted theory that the America of these folk is inarticulate. I have reason to believe that that is an error. The Americano seems to me one of the gabbiest fellows among all the races of men. If he decides to commit suicide, he invariably leaves a letter. If he wants a woman or if she wants a man, the recourse is, often as not, the penning of a note to a newspaper lovelorn column. Cast into the muddy pool of American thought some such rock as a melodramatic Lindbergh flight or wholesale death by hurricane, fire or ship-founding, and there will be a splashing geyser of poesy sending ripples of sweet singing to the furthest border.

Of all such documents, I am especially interested by the suicide notes because, when confronted by death, the Americano who goes through life talking a pretense usually blurts out a truth. And sometimes, in addition to writing honestly, he writes well. In the handful of letters I have presented I believe you will find an astonishing amount of information concerning American life and the secret springs of its being. The first of my case histories tells of the sort of poverty that the average man believes is possible only in London or

Armenia. The letter quoted lays bare the soul of a coward in all his shame and ignominy. I have not seen this done as well anywhere in our literature.

Counterbalancing it I give the letters of Dr. Watzl, American resident if not American born, which seem to me to well and truly depict the man of honor. And for this same sense of honor carried to fantastic lengths I recommend the statement of Attorney Pagnuelo, whose claim of fidelity to an extreme code seems to be supported by considerable evidence.

For a study in Christian morality I refer you to the final messages from Attorney A. D. Payne. Pursuer of women, murderer of his wife, mutilator of his son, he maintained that the song, "Home, Sweet Home," had been his inspiration throughout life and died confident that he was to be a party to a joyous reunion on that other shore. Love for his wife and children was responsible for everything, so he said. His story was that he killed his wife to spare her the shock of ever learning that he loved another woman. Find me a fiend in all Gothic literature to compare with this respected American citizen who believed in all the right things!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SIOUX

BY CHIEF STANDING BEAR

SIXTEEN years ago I left reservation life and my native people—the Oglala Sioux—because I was no longer willing to endure existence under the control of an overseer.

For about the same number of years I had tried to live a peaceful and happy life; tried to adapt myself and make readjustments to fit the white man's mode of existence. But I was unsuccessful. I developed into a chronic disturber. I was a bad Indian, and the agent and I never got on. I remained a hostile, even a savage, if you please. And I still am. I am incurable.

I was born during the troublous days of the 60's, the exact year is not known, when the Sioux were succumbing to the trickery of the whites and the undermining of their own tribal morale. My first years were spent living just as my forefathers had lived—roaming the green, rolling hills of what are now the States of South Dakota and Nebraska. I well remember the first white habitation I ever saw. It was a dugout in Northern Nebraska, whither we had gone on a buffalo hunt. Prior to that time there was not a fence, a field nor even a log-cabin to break the natural beauty of the land. That too, was the first time I ever saw dead buffalo lying around on the plain.

After the death of Crazy Horse in 1877 abrupt changes came for the Sioux. As long as this great leader lived there was a Sioux nation, but his passing meant

its death knell. There was no other leader with his power to uphold the integrity of the people. Up to the time of his death some of them were still pursuing their life of freedom, but after that tragic and disrupting incident quick and drastic changes came for the Oglalas. Two years afterward I saw the agency buildings erected at Rosebud. Reservation life then became an actuality for me.

In 1879 I was sent, with some eighty other boys and girls, to Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania, to be made over into the likeness of the conqueror. I went dressed in the traditional apparel of the Plains tribes—moccasins, breechclout, leggings and blanket. My hair was long. I left my people trying to settle down and put the ancestral life back of them—the older with resignation or with bitter, resentful memories; the young with wonderment and bewilderment. When, some three or four years later, I returned, things were different. I heard the old men talking of the last buffalo hunt and everyone was learning to eat "spotted buffalo." Instead of the council of chiefs to guide us the White Grandfather (in Washington) sent his emissaries; then came the agent and the white soldiery. The white soldier has always stayed close to us; he is there today.

But it was upon the Indian police, perhaps, that we looked with most disdain. With them was injected into our lives the idea of physical force—something not

known in our intertribal life. The Indian police compelled a conduct contrary to all our ancestral notions of lawful and manly action. In organized Sioux society there was no punishment—no jailing, no whipping, no denying of food, no taking away of personal liberty. But there was a very effective system of ostracization: the wrongdoer was ignored—and Sioux society was peculiarly free from crime. A few weeks ago, as I left the reservation for my return to the city, one of my relatives expressed his concern for my safety on the journey, and especially after I reached the city. He asked me if I had a weapon and I said no. He thought that I should be prepared to protect myself against the robbers and thieves that infest the city!

Always, in the tribal days, the young deferred to the old, and were so trained from babyhood. It was the old who held the wisdom of the tribe—they were the teachers and instructors.

But under the agency system, oftentimes the policeman was a young fellow who was sent out, by order of the agent, to handcuff and bring in an old man. This happened in the instance of one of my brothers. I felt dishonored and asked him to quit the force, which he did.

There was still another influence that came, almost as soon as the agency buildings were established, and took a place in routing the old life—the church. These things were very foreign, very upsetting, to minds and bodies that had, out of centuries of struggle, achieved a harmony with their surroundings. The Indian fitted the broad plains and loved them just as did the buffalo; and those great grassy spaces, even today, are fit only for the raising of the four-footed beast.

The country at large little knew what these sudden changes meant to my people

—both as individuals and as a nation. It simply felt safe in the thought that a “warlike” race had been quelled and quieted; that it had been led into ways of peace and progress; that the “savages” were being kindly treated and their well-being carefully considered by a beneficent government.

There is not and never has been a human attitude taken toward the Indian; no acknowledgement of his virtues; no friendly acceptance of his native abilities. He has been made to feel his segregation. Since the Indian wars ended the white man has so busied himself wresting riches from the land that its people have been forgotten. Forgotten save for a few friends and humanitarians whose sensitive souls are uneasy and irritated as long as the voices of the oppressed are audible.

II

A few weeks ago I went back to my people for the first time in sixteen years. In the intervening time I have lived constantly in the society of white men, ostensibly one of them, but in spirit and sympathy still living with my people, working for them, listening to their entreaties, and trying to help them with their problems. So, almost as soon as I sat in camp on the reservation, many old friends, hearing of my return, came to see me. They greeted me with tears of gladness in their eyes, but with discontent and dejection in their hearts.

I found the destruction of my people continuing; I found conditions worse than when I left them years ago. I knew, of course, that the Sioux were in desperate straits last Winter—that they suffered from cold and insufficient food, so my first inquiry was about food. An old-time friend pointed to a house from which he

had just come. He said, "See that meat drying on the line? That is horse meat. I have just had a meal of it."

Everywhere we went horse meat was drying in the sun. We came to one place—a log cabin near Medicine Root creek—and there was the usual line of it hung up to dry. A fine young colt had just been killed. My friends came out from the house, trying to be happy to see me. The older people were stalwart, the strength and vigor of their forefathers still apparent. But the young—they showed weakness coming on. Their cheeks were hollowed and their lower jaws drooped down—the inevitable sign of hunger. What will my friends do this Winter when the snows drift high?

Further on we stopped to see more friends. Three men leaned against the car as they talked. An older one looked thin and weak. A member of the party inquired if he were ill. He replied that he was not ill but that he did not get enough meat to eat. A Sioux, especially an old Sioux, must have meat. They have been raised on meat and their bodies cannot now be denied.

Another day we knocked at the door of a dirt-floored log cabin where a woman lay sick. We asked her if she would not like to go to the nice new hospital just completed at Pine Ridge. She said that nothing could induce her to go there, for she had heard that the patients were not given enough to eat. We asked what she desired to eat and she said a fresh raw kidney would please her. The ladies of our party lost no time in getting the raw kidney, a delicacy with the old Sioux.

Nancy Red Cloud told us that she was in an agency office one cold wintry day when an old Indian whose money was on deposit there came in. He told the agent that he would like to have some

money, for he had been without food for several days and was hungry. The agent put him off, saying he would see about it. The old Indian, Big Head by name, while sitting in a chair, waiting, toppled over dead, Nancy catching him in her arms. The death was pronounced heart failure by the agency doctor. Nevertheless, so much talk was caused by the agent's treatment of Big Head that he resigned.

I went to see my old-time friend, Chief Black Horn. He said, "Conditions last year were very bad. The rations allowed were insufficient. The amount which was supposed to last two weeks was actually enough for just one day. If an old person sells a piece of ground the money is placed in the hands of the agent and rations are at once stopped. When the money has been exhausted, rations are again resumed." I asked Black Horn why more land was not cultivated by the Indian farmers and his reply was: "The white farmer can beat us farming because he has tractors. We can't farm extensively, so we raise small gardens. If our land is not leased to the white man it lies idle." Then I inquired about the cattle situation. He corroborated what I had heard from others: "There was a time when all the Indians had plenty of cattle, but after the white man was allowed to bring his stock in on our reserve there was much confusion. We would like to raise cattle but it's useless to try in the present condition of things."

Food! Meat! Everyone wanting meat! Yet the Sioux live in the finest cattle country in the land. The white farmers scattered liberally all through their reservation have fine-looking cattle, as well as pigs, chickens, turkeys and horses. But not the Indian; he is poverty-stricken!

The truth is that the Sioux has been disinherited; there *is* no reservation. The

fence that once surrounded it, defining its territory, has been torn down. White cattlemen have been allowed to bring their cattle on Sioux grazing ground on the promise to pay twenty-five cents a head for pasturage. But it was not long after the white man's cattle came that the Indian's cattle began to disappear, and the white man's herds began to increase. The Indian's herds have now ceased to exist. My party and I tried to purchase a steer for the feast which we gave for our Indian friends. But no Indian owned one, so we made our purchase from a white man.

We talked of a solution to the cattle question. The country is manifestly a cattle country. The Sioux are not farmers. They can raise cattle and if given a chance will become independent. The logical procedure is to give back their reservation to them. Remove the white man entirely. Fence the reservation if necessary. Stock the land with cattle and let the Sioux do the rest.

III

The old Indians today are pictures of lost hope. Many of them travel daily to the agency office and sit there. Day in and day out—sit and wait. The office is where they draw, now and then, a pittance in tribal money. Last year the amount was \$7.50 a head for the sick, disabled and all. The agent told us that it came at a most needed time, but what is \$7.50 in purchasing power at a trader's store, where prices are two and three times as high as they are off the reservation?

Most of the old people wear canvas moccasins and almost without exception they need dental treatment. In fact, the most noticeable thing about the Sioux people in general is their dire need of

dentistry. Spiritual deterioration is in an advanced stage also. Incentive is gone. Old and young are meek to the point of docility, obeying every command of the agent. They settle no questions for themselves; their overseer decides everything. The system has crushed them; they are nonentities.

For years the Oglala council had been meeting, attended by most of the old men, until recently. Some time ago a meeting had been arranged, and some of the members traveled a distance of fifty miles to attend, when word came from the agent through an Indian policeman forbidding the meeting to take place and ordering the visiting members to return home. During my sojourn at the reservation word came from the agent again, saying that the Oglala council could meet once more. Last Fourth of July the people of several districts wished to get together for a big celebration, but were commanded to hold only district celebrations. This dictatorial order was still causing much comment when I left.

If an Indian wants to leave the reservation he must get permission. Even free-born American citizens—the people who assist in making the laws of the land and pay taxes to keep petty officials in office—are under surveillance once they walk on the ground of this government prison. My party and I were summoned by the agent to make statements concerning the reasons for our presence in the reservation. Not deigning to answer his inquiries over the telephone, we called in person at his office at Pine Ridge and answered the following questions:

What are your names?

What are you doing while on the reservation and what were your purposes in coming? [Here the agent remarked that we had been seen writing in a book.]

Who heads the party?
 Who finances the party?
 Who owns the car in which you travel?
 What is the license number?

Chief Turning Hawk is one of the fine old councilors—as splendid a character as one meets in any society, and in spirit of the old school. He is tall, has clear-cut features, and wears his poverty with the same quiet grace as he wears his tribal garments. He showed me a document in embellished writing which was sent to him after the World War:

The
 United States of America
 E Pluribus Unum

*To All To Whom These Presents Shall
 Come, Greetings:*

The thanks of the Nation are extended through the President, Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, to the people of

THE DAKOTA OF THE PINE RIDGE RESERVATION

for their unswerving loyalty and patriotism, the splendid service rendered, the willing sacrifice made, and the bravery of their sons in the military and naval service of the United States when the nation was in peril during the World War of 1917-1918.

I asked Turning Hawk if the powers of the medicine men were as strong as ever. He said they could no longer perform their wonders; that the presence of the white people and the rule of the agent had destroyed the faith of the Indians. There had been a time when everyone ate or no one ate; when a man's word was never broken; when there was plenty, for no man killed except for food.

It is this loss of faith that has left a void in Indian life—a void that civilization cannot fill. The old life was attuned to nature's rhythm—bound in mystical ties to the sun, moon and stars; to the

waving grasses, flowing streams and whispering winds. It is not a question (as so many white writers like to state it) of the white man "bringing the Indian up to his plane of thought and action." It is rather a case where the white man had better grasp some of the Indian's spiritual strength. I protest against calling my people savages. How can the Indian, sharing all the virtues of the white man, be justly called a savage? The white race today is but half civilized and unable to order his life into ways of peace and righteousness.

IV

Against the young there are many complaints. The government school is changing everything and the young are losing their tribal ideals and manners. One old lady said: "With all the education of the young they do not read or study the treaties in order to help us. We sometimes ask them, but they pay no attention to us." There is undoubted need for the young Indians to help the old ones, who cannot speak English and are bewildered by the routine of an office and legal phrases.

Here is an instance: Mrs. Big Boy brought to me a paper regarding her widow's allotment of \$500. Not understanding the correct procedure, she had been holding the paper since early in 1929. She asked me to go to the agent for her and see if it granted her the allotment. I did so and in fifteen minutes the matter was straightened out in favor of Mrs. Big Boy.

Here is an instance which shows how the white farmer is favored: About a year ago I received a letter from one of my friends saying that a white man had taken his horse and would not return it. My friend appealed to the agent but

after months of waiting nothing had been done. I at once wrote to the agent asking for an investigation of the matter but my appeal also was ignored. I was on the point of writing to the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington when I suddenly arranged to go to the reservation. I had been there but a few days when my friend came to me saying that his horse had mysteriously reappeared and was in his corral. I have reason to believe that my presence had something to do with the matter.

The government school—the segregated school—is a curse and a blight. The mission school is credited by both parents and pupils with being far better than the government school, for all its fine buildings and equipment. But all cannot get into the mission schools. Applications for admittance far exceed the capacity. After graduation from the government school most girls find their life's work in city kitchens and most boys who do not drift back to the reservation lose their identity in a shop.

There are great possibilities in the young Indians. They are capable of becoming doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects and road-builders on the reservations. Then too, they should be trained in the history and arts of their people; it is they who should perpetuate the native dances, songs, music, poetry, languages and legends, as well as the native arts and crafts. Music and dancing are talents peculiar to the Indian—no other people on this continent sing and dance for the same reasons that he does, or in the same way.

With this sort of training the young Indian would be better able to cope with the discrimination he now encounters. In my motion-picture work I have come in contact with much of this discrimination. Always a white actor is given preference and no Indian girl is given a chance to

lead, even in an Indian picture; and I want to say that I know of instances in which no Indian girl could exhibit more stupidity than the white girl who was being coached and actually shoved into a star part in a picture. This discrimination is not based on looks either. The Indian girl, and especially the mixed blood, is sometimes very handsome.

Both sexes of the young are addicts to drunkenness and cigarettes and their language has become profane. These things fill the old Indian with shame. Black Horn said that vices were destroying their young. Self-mastery—which the old Indian knew so well—is weakened and the young have not the strength to deny themselves. When Black Horn was asked if the training of the white man could be offset he answered: "No, they have been taken too far away. Their faith is gone. We are powerless to save them."

But they can be saved. If the public conscience can be brought into action against the slavery of the American Indian it can be wiped out of existence. When the enormous sum of \$20,000,000 has been supplied by the taxpayers of this land to uphold an evil system it is manifestly their business to look into it.

When I was handed my papers of citizenship in the Washington office, the commissioner, Belt I think it was, said as he extended his hand: "Here, Standing Bear, are your papers. You are now a citizen and a free man. The cloud from over your head is gone." I walked out of the office feeling an exaltation I shall never be able to describe—feeling once more the sweet freedom of my youth.

But the clouds are not yet gone from over the heads of my people—they are not free. And as long as they are in bondage I shall never cease to be a hostile—a savage, if you please.

EDITORIALS

The Machinery of Progress

My mail has been filled of late with elegantly printed proposals for a reform of the calendar. They come from two separate sets of world-savers, one of which advocates a year of thirteen months and the other a week of six days. Both schemes sound plentifully foolish to me, but I am too far gone in prudence to laugh at them, for if either ever gets the backing of enough fanatics, backed by sufficient *mazuma*, it will become the law of the land inevitably, and almost automatically. Indeed, it may even get into the Constitution.

For all that is needed in the United States to put over any great reform, no matter how preposterous it may be, is enough enthusiasm and enough money. The calendar reformers, I believe, already have the former, for their literature is copious and cocksure. As for the latter, I see no reason for them to despair, for they seem to have interested George Eastman, the kodak magnate, and if they can heat him up a bit more they will have all the backing they need. Moreover, there is always Henry Ford. He is, to be sure, very tight, but he is considerably less tight when it comes to nonsense than he is when it comes to sense. Let him be convinced that in a year of thirteen months people would buy more flivvers and drink less hooch than in a year of twelve, and his millions will convert themselves very readily into acres of stealthy and persuasive stuff for the newspapers and a flood of telegrams to Congress.

If I were asked to advise these calendar reformers I'd counsel them to go softly about the material advantages of their reform, if it has any, and to concentrate all their eloquence upon its moral virtues. What those moral virtues are I don't know: maybe there are none. But it should be easy enough to invent them, and whether it is easy or not it is plainly necessary, for no reform ever prospers in America unless it has a definitely moral smack. The American people, indeed, have a libido for virtue that is a great deal more powerful than their libido for either money or glory. They long to do good, and so they are always in favor of any man who shows them the way. It was thus that they were taken in by the Prohibitionists, and it was thus that they were fetched by the daylight savers. Viewed calmly, daylight saving seems to be as devoid of moral content as golf, arithmetic or pole sitting, but its proponents somehow managed to prove that there was something altruistic about it—that it would greatly benefit and improve certain indefinite persons—and so they inflamed the public and had their way with the lawmakers, and presently their reform was being enforced by the secular arm, to the amazement and inconvenience of all rational men.

Once any such scheme to uplift and ennoble the Americans has got upon the books it is practically impossible to get it off. The Harrison Act offers a convenient case in point. According to the testimony of persons who should know, it has promoted drug addiction in the Republic far more than it has hindered it; nevertheless,

it is almost as secure as the statute against piracy on the high seas. Let any man raise his voice against it, proposing that it be repealed or modified, and he is denounced at once as an advocate of morphine and cocaine, and it is pretty plainly hinted that he snuffles both drugs himself, and is eager to extend their use to college students, the rev. clergy, and children in arms. So with Prohibition. Any one who protests today that it has increased drunkenness is accused automatically of defending drunkenness. And in precisely the same way anyone who argues that daylight saving has benefited no one and put a great many helpless people to cost and trouble must reconcile himself to being charged with a complete lack of public spirit, and a secret yearning to afflict the poor and distressed.

Thus I prepare myself philosophically to seeing the calendar reformed. If we escape a year of thirteen months, then we'll have a week of six days, depending upon which of the two parties of reformers first discovers a moral sanction for its cause. If the thirteen-month-year boys get to the scratch first, then not only the present twelve-month-year will become immoral, but also the six-day-week of the rival camorra. Who recalls that the advocates of the government sale of intoxicants were once serious rivals to the Prohibitionists? Now that Prohibition is on the books, and all the moral assumptions run with it, they have gone down the chute with the defenders of the old-time saloon, and when, a short while ago, their plan was revived by a member of the Wickersham Commission, he was belabored as violently as if he had argued for cannibalism. So I wait patiently to see which of the two gangs of calendar reformers grabs the moral offensive. Whichever does so will have the other on the hip.

Statecraft and Theology

The chief objection heard against Al Smith in the last campaign was that the Pope had him by the ear and would not let go if he got to the White House. That objection was voiced mainly by frauds; nevertheless, there was a certain plausibility in it. The more Al and his spiritual advisers tried to prove that there was no conflict between the American idea and the Roman idea, the more they made it plain that there was. No doubt the Pope, if the returns had gone the other way, would have been careful to make no embarrassing suggestions to his liegeman, and maybe Al himself, if the Pope had favored him with inconvenient counsel, would have flouted it and repudiated it, but that is only saying that in human affairs prudence often takes precedence of theory. The fact remains brilliantly plain that the Roman notion of the sound and virtuous relation between church and state is wholly at odds with the American notion, and that there is no way to reconcile them. Either the one or the other must yield. If Al had gone for the American notion then he must have made himself, at least to that extent, a bad Catholic.

The same dilemma confronts every other subscriber to the Latin rite in this great Republic. Most of them, fortunately, never have to choose formally, but whenever a choice is forced upon them they must turn their backs on either the church or the state. My belief, often expressed, is that the average American Catholic, put to that test, would decide against the church, if only because he has had longer and more intensive training in the American scheme than in the Roman scheme; furthermore, I believe that the whole body of American Catholics, if they are ever tried hard enough by Rome, will

abjure its authority in such matters altogether, and set up what will amount substantially to an American church. Meanwhile no one can deny that, whether they know it or not, they are carrying water on both shoulders.

But this conflict between theology and patriotism is encountered on the Protestant side quite as well as on the Catholic side, and experience has proved, fortunately enough, that it seldom does any practical damage. I point to the conspicuous but little noticed example of the Hon. Mr. Hoover. Born a Quaker, he fell away from the faith during his wanderings in far places, but when he was nominated for the Presidency he returned to it, and ever since then, save when detained by fishing or politicking, he has been a regular attendant at the *pianissimo* orgies which Quakers patronize. One must assume, of course, that he subscribes to the doctrines he hears there, for the alternative makes him a bald and intolerable hypocrite. Well, those doctrines are almost as much at odds with American principles as the dogmas of Rome. No Quaker, in the strict sense, can be a good American, for one of the fundamental ideas of the sect is that war is "unlawful to the Christian," and that no member in good standing can engage in it. But it is a firm maxim of the American law that engaging in war is the inescapable duty of the citizen, and this has been reaffirmed of late, in the most solemn manner, by the Supreme Court of the United States; in fact, the court has decided formally that the duty to engage in war transcends all other duties, whether sacred or profane, and that no one who thinks otherwise is worthy of American citizenship.

Thus Dr. Hoover is in precisely the same hole that Al would have occupied if fortune had run differently in Novem-

ber, 1928. As a good Quaker he is quite as uncomfortably beset by the "Book of Christian Practise" as Al would have been by the encyclicals of Leo XIII. Yet he shows no sign of perturbation, and neither, it may be added, do his fellow Quakers. Sunday after Sunday, whenever more racy sport does not offer, he sits in that demure meeting-house in Washington, listening to the moral homilies and pious ejaculations of men who are sworn to resist what he is sworn to enforce. If a Western Union boy should appear suddenly with a message announcing that England had declared war upon the United States, he would have to scuttle back to the White House to prepare for shoving millions of young Americans into the trenches, and at the same moment all his fellow Quakers would begin to consider ways and means of keeping out of them. How are these facts to be reconciled? They are to be reconciled, on the part of Dr. Hoover, on the ground that no sensible man ever puts his hopes of Heaven tomorrow above a safe and fat job today. And they are to be reconciled on the part of his Quaker brethren on the ground that it is a small price to pay, for the honor and advantage of having a friend in the White House, to have to condemn him to Hell when he gets out.

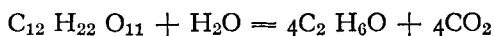
I suspect that Al, had he been elected, would have got away with the difficulty in exactly the same way. That is, he would have taken his chances with the Pope's encyclicals in order to make sure of a second term. And the Pope, considering the blessing of having a more or less faithful son at the head of a great state, would have overlooked the days when that son was less faithful in consideration of the days when he was more. His Holiness would have had, indeed, impressive historical precedents for that for-

bearance. And now the magnanimous indulgence of the Quakers provides him with another, though from outside the pale. Thinking of these things somehow reassures me. I confess that, in the last campaign, the loud alarms of Monsignor Cannon, Ma Willebrandt, Colonel Mann and the other confidants of Dr. Hoover gave me a certain uneasiness. I began to vision a Torquemada in the White House. But if Al runs again next year, as I hope he will, I shall vote for him without fear or mental reservation.



Malt, Hops and Civilization

All over the East beer is coming back. Five or six years ago, at the height of Law Enforcement, it seemed doomed to be driven out by bad gin and worse Scotch, but of late it has won its old high place in the regard of American bibuli, and as the demand has increased there has been a corresponding advance in quality. No doubt needle beers still exist, but they are certainly not encountered in saloons to which a prudent man would take his grandmother. The brews on tap in such places, though they may be a trifle young, are nevertheless made of honest malt and hops, and the motive power in them is authentic ethyl alcohol, contrived of maltose and water by Yahweh's busy little agents, the yeast plants (*Saccharomyces cerevisiæ*), according to the beautiful formula:



One molecule of maltose, it will be observed, makes four of alcohol. A mystical and potent number: there are four points of the compass, four limbs to every mammal, four chambers to the heart, four Gospels. In the Garden of Eden there

were four rivers. The holy Zechariah, in his vision, saw four horns, four carpenters, and four chariots. St. John the Divine, in his trance on Patmos, was bedazzled by four "beasts full of eyes", each chanting "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty", and four angels of destruction, and heard four "horns of the golden altar which is before God." The best malt liquor runs, and always has run, to 4% alcohol, no more and no less. This is the precise content of Pilsner Bürgerbräu and of the most esteemed brands of Münchner. The heavy English and Irish beers, some of them close to 7%, are too strong for civilized drinking, and the 2.75% hog-wash that prevailed under war-time Prohibition was too feeble. In Munich, at the time of the Oktoberfest, they tap a 12-Grad beer, *i.e.*, 6%. It floors the whole town in a few hours. I have seen it reduce a beer-hall full of Tyrolese, the most dignified men on earth, to the maudlin imbecility of a gang of Methodists at a revival, scoured of sin by the Holy Spirit.

How the brewers managed to come to terms with the Prohibition agents I do not know, and do not propose to inquire. Suffice it to say that the business has been accomplished, and that the booticians, in consequence, are selling less hard liquor than at any time since January 16, 1920. It is, perhaps, the first real sign that the curse of Prohibition is lifting. For if the tide of beer which now laves the Eastern seaboard works its way westward and southward, then the time may come when even the howling boozers in the Kansas country clubs will give up their vile moon-shines and astound their gizzards with decent drinks. Let the nation have sound malt liquor and it will purge itself of gastric ulcers, gun-men, and Hoover. If needle beer could produce so stately a character as Al Capone, then actual beer will

bring us another Lincoln, or maybe even a Jefferson. For there is something about the fragrance of genuine hops that is extraordinarily inspiring and ennobling. When you hear a beer-drinker singing it is not the alcohol that operates him, but the hops (*Humulus lupulus*). And in the hops the active principle is lupulin, an aromatic resin, not unrelated to myrrh and frankincense. Lupulin is a respiratory stimulant, and facilitates both speech and song. It is poison only to servile nations and anti-social men.

The Methodists hate it without having heard of it: if they knew about it they would bring it under the Harrison Act, along with hashish and cocaine. For beer has ever been their especial abomination, even above that they call rum. The fact that it is completely harmless, that its effects are comforting and refining, and that it has always been a favorite among men of the more elevated and æsthetic orders—this is sufficient to set them against it with great ferocity. When they discover what a long march the brewers have stolen upon them they will be frantic with Christian indignation, and their bishops will go running to Lord Hoover for redress. But there is not the slightest chance that they will get it. Beer, I believe, has come back to stay. In all the great centers of enlightenment an overwhelming sentiment is in favor of it. Where the public brewers lag it is made at home, and the makings are on sale in the very chain groceries and ten-cent stores. It has become a symbol of life, liberty and the pursuit of happi-

ness to multitudes of superior Americans. The last time it was snatched from them by a swindle. The next time they will fight.

Who invented beer only God knows. The books say that the ancient Egyptians made and drank it, but that seems somewhat improbable, for there is no sign of maltiness in their literature, or in their theology. Up to the time of Shakespeare the English had only a kind of ale without hops—what the Germans call *Malzsuppe*. The introduction of hops was stoutly resisted by patriotic men: they saw a foreign plot in it. But presently Kent was abloom with hop-fields, and ever since then English beer has been at least drinkable, though not many connoisseurs would say more for it. The question whether light or dark beer is the better must await the Judgment Day. Some say one thing and some another. My private belief is that both are perfect. There are moods which call for the palest *Weissbier* and there are moods which would be desecrated by anything save Kulmbacher. Sometimes it is necessary to experiment. If so, start with black Kulmbacher, and then proceed to Münchner, to Würzburger, to Dortmunder, to Pilsner. Somewhere along the way your soul will respond. If it fails at the first trial, then begin with a second *Lis'l* of Pilsner and return along the road to Kulmbacher. If you remain uncertain after the round trip it may be that Omnipotence never designed you for a beer-drinker. Not everyone, of course, can have so precious a gift.

H. L. M.

AMERICAN DOCTORS IN VIENNA

BY MARTHA FOLEY & NOAH FABRICANT

STATISTICS are lacking on just how many medical specialists Vienna has turned out for the United States since Beer and Jaeger in ophthalmology, Boër in pediatrics and obstetrics, Rokitsky in pathology and Skoda in clinical medicine made the city famous early in the Nineteenth Century. It is known, however, that since the founding of the American Medical Association of Vienna on Thanksgiving Day, 1903, no less than eight thousand doctors have arrived in Vienna as mere M. D.'s and left the Association's coffee-house headquarters as high-powered specialists.

The great majority of doctors who now go there to study are affiliated with the American Medical Association of Vienna. The Association is not to be confused, of course, with the mighty American Medical Association of the United States, which, indeed, views the lesser organization somewhat coolly. The Vienna Association is purely local. It coöperates with the University of Vienna in arranging courses, and it handles all the cash transactions between the seekers after knowledge and the dispensers of it. American doctors may do their studying independently of the Association if they wish, but very few do.

The American Medical Association of Vienna, it appears, has tried to be affiliated with the association at home. Only recently, on March 7, 1931, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published this item:

A request that the American Medical Association assume directorship and sponsorship over the American Medical Association of Vienna was refused, since it would not be possible, under the terms of the charter or under the provision of the constitution and by-laws, for the American Medical Association to comply with the request.

The enmity concealed in this formal statement is based chiefly on the home doctors' opposition to the *Zeugnis*, the elegant certificate which automatically rewards the doctor who goes to Vienna to study, whether he spends his unsupervised three months in actual clinical sessions or only in the company of a soft-eyed *Fräulein*. And this opposition is cherished not only by the American Medical Association: the *Zeugnis* system has also been damned by the New York Academy of Medicine.

The reasons for the Vienna Association's indifferent standing in the United States are many. Its constituency is transitory. The students who compose it are a mixed bunch from city and country, men from good schools and men from Grade C schools. Some are already specialists who wish to improve their specialties, but others are general practitioners of no particular equipment. Such miscellaneous men come not only from the United States but also from the British Islands, Canada, Australia, India and China. Indeed, since the Hoover Prosperity got under way the number of American doctors resorting to Vienna has somewhat slumped.

The methods of registration and supervision at the Medical Association's offices, a sort of annex to the University of Vienna, are rather lax. There are, of course, many nice-sounding rules, such as Section 1, Clause A, of the Association's by-laws, which proclaims: "All applicants for membership shall have their credentials and their qualifications passed upon favorably by a member of the executive committee appointed by the president, before they shall be granted full membership in this Association." But as a matter of fact, no real investigation is made by the Association or by the University as to whether an applicant for post-graduate work and the resulting *Zeugnis* is a qualified candidate or not. Cases are known where men were asked for no credentials at all when they registered. The past of the would-be specialist seems to be of little concern. Nor is there any quality classification of medical schools.

The candidate for a *Zeugnis* is required (again according to the by-laws of the Association) to "have studied medicine in Vienna for at least four months and to have completed a minimum of 300 hours of work, this work to be done in a period of six consecutive months." But the Association really has no way of knowing whether the student has completed 300 hours of work. He can register for them (until recently only 216 hours were required) and then simply put in four *gemütliche* months in Vienna. There is no roll-call, save in the classes of a few professors who were once in America or who are planning to go there. And the main reason that these learned men call a roll at the beginning of their courses seems to be to get the addresses of their students for use on future visits to and lecture trips in the States.

If, after signing for his 300 hours, a

student doctor takes a little vacation on the beautiful pine slopes of Semmering or among the early baroque enchantments of Salzburg no one is the wiser. If his hygienic scruples permit, he may dally with the ladies of the right-hand side of the Kärntnerstrasse (to which the police limit their seductive strolling) and he is never missed. Or he can pass his four months in the Café Edison, the rose-curtained coffee-house where the American Medical Association maintains its headquarters. Not only is there no check-up of what he is doing, but there is no examination. It is only necessary that he pay for his 300 hours.

II

At the end of the four months the *Zeugnis* is solemnly handed to him by the University of Vienna, and the world thus receives notice that he is a specialist. The *Zeugnis* is in the form of a diploma. The signatures of all the professors with whom the student has taken courses are on it. It is an engraved sheepskin, ornate with baroque and rococo scrolls, an ornament to any doctor's office back home, the very sign and symbol of a specialist who has "studied in Europe."

The date of the beginning of the Herr Doktor's studies and their conclusion are stated on the *Zeugnis*. These dates, unfortunately, are not always cold figures of the truth. One student, for instance, arrived in Vienna on the first of January, but the date was quietly moved back into the preceding month. He departed on the first of April, but his official date of departure was given as April 13.

Any student who has been studying with a professor may buy the great man's photograph in any of the medical textbook shops, take it around, and have it in-

scribed in florid Viennese fashion, "To my dearest colleague, with the greatest esteem." On his return home he can hang a row of such portraits alongside his *Zeugnis* to show on what intimate terms he has been associating with medical eminence.

The Viennese can hardly be blamed. Their choice is between hard living or easy lying. Probably the University of Vienna would be glad to abolish the *Zeugnis*, but every proposal to do so has always brought a howl from the visiting doctors. They demand some tangible evidence of their studies to show the folks back home. Nor is the lack of supervision of attendance to be held against the Viennese. It simply shows the fundamental difference between the European and American educational systems. Everywhere on the Continent the student is left to acquire knowledge on his own responsibility. In the United States he is ushered and managed from chapel to class to exam.

If the American Medical Association of Vienna is to be criticized at all, it is for the fact that while, as a go-between, it provides competent instruction from the University, it condones the prevailing diploma-mill practices. The newly arrived student finds announcements of courses plastered all over the Association's walls, like so many For Sale signs. It is first come, first served. The man who first puts his money down gets the course. Seniority of stay in Vienna, not qualification, determines the admission of the applicant. One half of the students are eye-ear-nose-and-throat men. The courses in these subjects are the best arranged. Internal medicine, pathology, surgery, psychiatry, obstetrics, gynecology, dermatology, pediatrics and x-ray work follow in popularity.

Although didactic and clinical work are good in Vienna, there is underemphasis

on laboratory work. Consider, for example, appendicitis. It is usually accompanied by an increase in the blood count, which is thus of high diagnostic importance. In the United States there may be overemphasis on the laboratory approach (leading a doctor to rely wholly on the blood count) but in Vienna the doctor will often ignore the blood count altogether.

There are other centres in Europe where American doctors may undertake post-graduate work, among them, Berlin, Hamburg, and Rome. Vienna, however, is the best organized. Vienna offers two great advantages—experts experienced in teaching and ample cadaver work. In no other city in the world are cadavers so plentiful. Work upon them has been carried on in Vienna for at least 150 years. There are laws requiring autopsies which cover perhaps half the total deaths in the town. Every patient dying at the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, the huge municipal hospital where most of the medical courses are held, must undergo an autopsy. His family is promised that no unnecessary mutilation of the remains will take place, but in the majority of the cases all the organs are removed, and only the shell goes to the relatives. It is somewhat surprising to find autopsies on this scale in a Catholic country, where the faithful all believe in the resurrection of the body.

In America the physician has great difficulty in procuring an autopsy. To be classed as a Grade A institution, an American hospital need have autopsies performed on only 15 per cent of its patients who die. This is far too small a number to provide sufficient opportunities for the hospital's internes. The Viennese appreciate much better than Americans that cadaver work is essential in surgery. Politzer, the founder of ear surgery in Vienna, advocated at least fifty hours of

it before a single operation was undertaken on a living patient. When he was told that cadavers were difficult to obtain he said, "Well, then practise on the living."

In Austria, foreign students are forbidden to perform major operations, although this law is sometimes got around. The student, however, under the supervision of a *Hospitant*, is permitted to perform uncomplicated nose and throat operations, such as the removal of polyps, tonsils and adenoids. No mastoid surgery is permitted, but it is barely possible that if a man stays a whole year at a clinic he may finally get a mastoid case.

But major operations may be bought in Budapest, Prague, Pressburg and other smaller towns in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. In consequence, many American students in Vienna radiate out to these places for operative work. Recently the Budapest City Council passed an ordinance forbidding foreign physicians to perform operations there, following a large number of casualties. The ordinance caused a big fuss at the time, but has now been forgotten and American students continue to do their stuff there in the private hospitals. They had a run of bad luck in their operations in Budapest, but the deaths would probably have occurred anywhere. When a student doctor leaves for Budapest now his *bon voyage* is usually accompanied by a mordant thrust, "So you're off to get your man!"

The American takes to surgery better than the European. He grasps the mechanical details more quickly and thoroughly. Some of the best European surgeons seem unbelievably crude with the scalpel. Moreover, Central Europe pays relatively little attention to asepsis. American physicians have a great contempt for the sterilization methods they find in even the best clinics. In Pressburg one student

found two mastoid operative cases in the same bed. There were not enough beds to accommodate all the patients, but the surgeon was so eager to have the money that, although the cases were not urgent, rather than let them go elsewhere he crammed them two-and-two in a bed.

Obstetrics is skillfully practised in Vienna as far as the actual technique is concerned, but here again aseptic methods are ignored. American physicians are horrified to discover that obstetricians will neglect first, second and third degree tears, letting a nurse take care of the woman until the day following childbirth.

Certain Viennese surgeons take the attitude that their patients are so many laboratory animals. They permit them to be treated as such not only by their own men but by foreigners. The doctor is always to be considered first. But the physicians, as contrasted with the surgeons, are usually very kind to their patients and especially so to children.

By some of the surgeons anesthesia is often ignored. After seeing a delicate mastoid case held forcibly on the table during the last stages of the operation because the anesthetic has worn off, the American doctor realizes he has little to learn in this field. But there seems to be a lower threshold of pain in Central Europe than in America. Children in Budapest have tonsils removed without an anesthetic and seldom give a whimper.

III

The American doctors in Vienna include fellowship students from the Rockefeller Foundation and from various hospitals, universities, clinics, etc. Many of them do good work. Not all know German sufficiently to write it; in consequence they write their papers in English and pay for

the translation into German. Friends at home are properly impressed with their erudition. Some of the fellowship men simply see Europe at the expense of their fellowships, giving more time to sight-seeing than to research.

There is a wide divergence of opinion between America and Austria in regard to drugs. A certain drug that is still hailed in Vienna as a sure cure for arthritis is condemned as dangerous by American physicians and chemists. A correspondent for a New York newspaper was recently misled by the head of one of Vienna's biggest hospitals into sending a long dispatch about its wonderful effects. For weeks afterward his paper was besieged by hundreds of arthritic sufferers demanding further knowledge and complaining that the remedy was not obtainable in the United States. It was not obtainable because the best American opinion held it to be useless.

Members of the American Medical Association in Vienna have tried to combat the effects of testimonials bought from Viennese doctors by American advertisers—for example, those boosting the therapeutic merits of yeast. There have been spasmodic demonstrations by the doctors of the Association against this series, such as posting clippings of them in the Association's headquarters, and some of the more particular men refuse to take courses with doctors giving such testimonials. The Association has also protested directly to the offending professors. But the woman representative of the advertising agency continues to get the testimonials. "Yes, a lot of the doctors don't like to give them. They finally come through, though. They're poor and need the money for some books they've always wanted—or something."

Perhaps the group of medical students

which suffer most from the Vienna system are the American undergraduates. Fresh from a system which supervises them in regular classes, they are lost. Examinations are often two years apart and, as with the graduate men, there is no checking up on their class attendance or home study. So the youngsters often succumb to the temptations of Vienna—and go skiing. Many students, of course, are flunked out, but usually it is only after they have wasted a much longer period than would be possible in any American medical school.

Many of these students are in Vienna because they cannot get into American medical schools. Some are Jewish and barred by discrimination. Others just can't make the grade. The case of one student serves as an illustration. He wanted to go to a mid-Western medical school. Of the 1300 to 1400 applicants, only 125 freshmen were admitted. Four medical schools with about 500 pupils each had 6,000 applicants for admission.

Because of the large number of American students coming to Vienna, the natives have formed the opinion that there is a dearth of both doctors and medical schools in the United States. From time to time the newspapers suggest that Austrian doctors (left practiceless by the Socialist health system) be shipped to America.

The most money purchases the most training for a man in Vienna, whether he is a good physician or a bad one. With it he can buy more classes and more cadavers. Classes usually cost \$5 an hour, and a course in cadaver work for two men costs them \$25 each. The man who comes over with limited funds and cannot stay long in Vienna burdens himself with as many courses as he can possibly afford. It is to be doubted if he benefits much more than the playboy type.

Visiting students assail the Viennese instructors as commercial. But when these instructors go to America they get nothing but politeness and a tour of the hospitals. There is a tale of a professor who, when asked in his class a question concerning another phase of the same work, answered: "If you want to know, take my other course!"

One group of doctors coming to Vienna to study has little to do with the medical faculty of the University of Vienna. This is the group devoted to psychoanalysis. The fee for analysis—and all doctors who wish to be analysts must themselves be analyzed—is from \$10 to \$25 an hour. Theirs is the only known ailment which invariably requires a year of treatment and has no charity patients.

A few rebellious spirits in the American Medical Association of Vienna stage an occasional revolt. But the *Föhn*, that enervating Alpine wind which ends most efforts in Vienna, penetrates the coffee-house where the doctors assemble around mugs

of *Wiener Bräu* or coffee *mit Schlag* and the revolt evaporates.

Most of the students don't care anyway. They are in Vienna for one thing—to get their *Zeugnis* and go back to the United States as soon as possible. It is the small-town men who are most eager for the *Zeugnis*. In the big cities there are plenty of men who have it, and although it is invariably hung up in the office to impress patients, it is known at its true worth.

If adequate post-graduate facilities were provided for physicians in the United States, thousands of them would not try to find in a foreign country the training their own country fails to give them. More cadaver work and autopsy work, more centres of instruction are needed in America. The great masses of American doctors wishing to specialize are barred from what few centres there are, such as the Johns Hopkins. In Vienna courses at the Allgemeine Krankenhaus are thrown open to everyone. That is why so many Americans resort to them.

GODDESSES OF LEARNING

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

THE happy days before sororities came to the American colleges have been immortalized by George Ade in a hymn written for his own *alma mater*, Purdue University, in the lovely old town of Lafayette, Ind. In Mr. Ade's poem it is no modern coed who speaks, but an entrancing college widow—a town girl whose house has been open to generations of students without chaperons, study hours, or any of the other rigmarole which sororities have brought in. Mr. Ade's heroine sings:

I want to live in a college town,
Where the men are thick as bees,
Where the noisy boys in corduroys
Are grouped beneath the trees.
Each night a light in the parlor bright,
With a song in the key of G,
And a real Dutch lunch for the midnight
bunch—

Oh, a college town for me!

Those were the old days—and naturally they were not looked on with joy by the rising coeds, who felt that their superior intellectual achievements ought to insure them better and more frequent necking than fell to the lot of the loud and uneducated young women of the town. But the boys showed no evidence of sharing their point of view. So some bright United Presbyterian girl at Monmouth College in Illinois—history unluckily does not record her name—departed from Calvinistic fatalism long enough to devise an organization to turn the trick. (Which it did.) In 1867 the I. C. Sorosis, later to become Pi Beta

Phi, burst upon the world, and at once began to scatter chapters like stars among the educational institutions of the Methodists, Baptists, and other sex-starved sects.

Not only that, but it assured the intellectual young men of non-college towns of opportunities to associate with women of their own lofty mental level by establishing associate chapters in places "where members possessing collegiate educational attainments could be found." The latter scheme did not work, however, and the society soon abandoned the youth of such towns to the charms of members of the Order of the Eastern Star, the P. E. O., the Delphian Society, the Ladies of the Maccabees, and other such bucolic lodges. Thus freed of dross, Pi Beta Phi marched proudly on to the day when it could use as its main rushing argument that Mrs. Calvin Coolidge belonged to its chapter at the University of Vermont, leaving to gaping freshmen the inference that any one of them might meet a future Cal at any Pi Phi party.

Early birds though they were, the Pi Phis were a bit slow in sensing the advantages of a name made up of Greek letters, and that gave four girls at Indiana Asbury University—named for the sainted bishop but later renamed DePauw in memory of a rich contributor—a chance to found Kappa Alpha Theta in 1870. Thus was formed the basis for an argument about priority that has gone on ever since. The Kappa Alpha Thetas, popularly called Thetas,

claim the top place because they had the first Greek letter name, and the Pi Phis assert quite as dogmatically that the I. C. Sorosis, with which their organization is identical, was the first order in the field. Kappa Kappa Gamma was founded—like Pi Beta Phi, at Monmouth College—in 1870, but later in the year than Kappa Alpha Theta.

The waters of strife have been further muddied in recent years by two other organizations, Alpha Delta Pi and Phi Mu, which were founded in the fifties at Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga., as the Adelphean and Philomathean Societies. Twenty-five years ago they adopted Greek names, began extending into other colleges, and now claim to be the oldest sororities in existence.

Pi Beta Phi, Kappa Alpha Theta, and Kappa Kappa Gamma—eager to rival the men's fraternities, which had originated forty years earlier—installed chapters wherever they could find an opportunity, which was chiefly in the Corn Belt. Thus they entered such outlandish institutions of learning as Smithson College at Logansport, Ind.; Callanan College at Des Moines, Iowa; Lombard College at Galesburg, Ill.; and Moore's Hill College at Moore's Hill, Ind. Most of these so-called colleges are now defunct, and where they are not extinct the chapters are.

After these years of trial and error, the system went ahead rapidly with its programme of learning, mystery, and sex appeal. The sorority girls soon developed a technique for enveloping the fraternity youths in the holy estate of matrimony, in which art the town girls had always been weak, and this gave the societies irresistible appeal to every coed. So indispensable did the sororities become in the minds of their members that in 1898 the St. Lawrence University chapter of Kappa Kappa Gam-

ma engaged in an acrimonious lawsuit with the parent society to prevent withdrawal of its charter. Serious though the affair was to the members, the trial was one of the most amusing known to American jurisprudence.

Each side engaged male lawyers, carefully choosing them from prominent fraternities. Grandiloquent arguments were offered. The St. Lawrence chapter, it appeared, had done an untold amount of good to the national society; why, it had even published a songbook about the beautiful girls of Kappa Kappa Gamma and their Chi Phi, Beta, and D. K. E. sweethearts ten years before. The national society responded sourly that St. Lawrence University lacked students of sufficient culture and refinement to meet the exacting demands of the sorority. The Hon. Leslie W. Russell, J., presiding at the trial, looked the participants over carefully. The St. Lawrence girls looked all right to him—the university was in his district, by the way. In fact, he didn't see what more a sorority could ask.

"So far," he said in his written opinion, "as the masculine judgment of feminine culture and refinement can judge of such delicate subjects from the appearance of the ladies who were witnesses upon the trial, the members of other chapters would need to be of a rare order to justify holding themselves so superior in acquired and natural qualities as to render uncongenial to them the active and alumnæ members of Beta Beta chapter."

The petition for an injunction against the national officers was granted, amid the applause of the town of Canton, N. Y., and Mr. Justice Russell's entire district, the voters in which had as much antipathy to the "foreign" officers of the society as Southern Baptists have to an invasion by Communists. The case was appealed, and

the decision affirmed by the Appellate Court.

Whereupon, having won their point, the ladies of the St. Lawrence chapter, woman-like, withdrew from the sorority, and operated as a local organization. Years later, the Kappa Kappa Gamma authorities decided they wanted a chapter at St. Lawrence, so they got them back within the fold, initiating all *alumnæ*.

II

Today there are forty national sororities, with a membership, living and departed, of about 250,000. This compares with eighty male fraternities, with 800,000 members. The sororities owned in 1929 a total of 527 houses valued at \$18,000,000—one-fourth of the valuation of the men's houses.

The fraternities, however, have occupied their houses much longer—and some colleges still forbid sorority houses. Moreover, the sorority *alumnæ*, most of whom have to beg their money from their husbands, cannot contribute so lavishly to collegiate ideals as the male nobles of the fraternities. Many a loyal fraternity alumnus, who will gladly spend \$500 on liquor and poker every time he goes back to *alma mater* for a game of football, begrudges his wife \$50 to help build a house for her sorority.

Chi Omega, founded in 1895, has the largest number of chapters—eighty-seven, according to the latest statistical table. Pi Beta Phi has seventy-eight; Delta Delta Delta, seventy-six; Kappa Delta, sixty-four; Kappa Kappa Gamma, sixty-three; and Zeta Tau Alpha, sixty-one. The others range from six to sixty.

The sororities fall into much the same categories as the fraternities. There are four Jewish ones, Alpha Epsilon Phi, Delta Phi Epsilon, Iota Alpha Pi, and Sigma

Delta Tau, while Phi Sigma Sigma is avowedly for both Jews and Christians, though its membership roll and list of charities suggest that it is predominantly Jewish. The Roman Catholics also have a sorority, Theta Phi Alpha, with seventeen chapters, but the Congregationalist organization, Sigma Eta Chi, has only six. No other church has attempted to found a sorority, and the members of each of the various orders live together with more or less tolerance for one another's religious views.

Some of them, especially those founded in the South, have become inflamed by the oratory of such moral worthies as Tom Heflin and Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and view with ill-concealed alarm the willingness of their Northern chapters to admit Roman Catholics to membership. The more attractive members of such branches, they feel, are in imminent danger of being kidnapped by emissaries of the Pope and immured in nunneries to serve the pleasure of profligate priests. Sometimes they send national officers around to the erring chapters to warn the Protestant girls of their danger.

The girls who want to be assuredly free from such perils may join Phi Omega Pi, which admits to its ranks only women "whose fathers, brothers, grandfathers, husbands, or uncles of blood relationship are Masons in good standing." Originally the sorority was known as Achoth, a Hebrew word for sister, and the badge bore Hebrew characters, but despite the large number of Jews in the Masonic order, it developed a complex against being mistaken for a Jewish sisterhood and altered its name.

Many other sororities were originally known by other than Greek-letter names. Beta Phi Alpha was first Bide-a-wee, then Aldebaran, Lambda Omega was the Nor-

roena Club, and Zeta Tau Alpha originally bore the diverting title of the Three Question Mark Girls.

In recent years two sororities, Eta Upsilon Gamma and Phi Theta Kappa, have been organized for junior colleges. This is a direct result of the snootiness of the older orders in recent years toward any institution that does not confer a bachelor's degree. In their early days, as has been noted, they would enter anything that resembled a college, but the situation is different now. Kappa Delta and Zeta Tau Alpha even withdrew the charters of the chapters that founded them because the National Panhellenic Congress objected to the fact that they were in the Virginia State Normal School.

There are two Negro sororities—Zeta Phi Sigma, which is a sister organization to the Phi Beta Sigma fraternity, and Delta Sigma Theta.

Younger than most of the fraternities, the sororities have on the whole a decided inferiority complex toward the men's organizations, manifested in imitations of both the ritual and the horseplay of the fraternities and in a desire to be called fraternities rather than sororities. Most of them advocate the somewhat awkward term, "women's fraternities." The following letter, published by an indignant mother in the *Kansas City Star*, illustrates the extent to which the young ladies have both imitated and improved upon the practices of the fraternities toward their freshmen:

I wonder how many mothers are aware of what their daughters are subjected to during their freshman year by some of the sororities at our universities? My daughter has returned home after completing her first year. She was initiated into her sorority this last week-end. She reluctantly told of her year as a freshman and seemingly does not regret it. She is simply

glad that she is through with it and awaiting her chance to see that next year's freshmen lead as enjoyable a year as she.

About a week after eighteen girls were pledged to this sorority, they were placed on the auction block and sold into slavery to the upper class girls. Proceeds from this sale went toward rushing and pledging purposes; in effect these girls were now sold to make up the money spent in entertaining them. Each was purchased by an upper class girl and her duties as slave consisted in keeping her owner's wardrobe in repair, running errands, writing letters, etc. She must wash, iron and repair hose, undies and washable dresses, as well as tint them and sew on buttons and hooks. Shoes must be kept cleaned in naphtha. Pretty nice for the upper class girls, but rather hard on the freshman, who also had to do her own.

Each Monday night all freshmen were taken to the basement and subjected to a sound spanking. Thursday night court was held for those guilty of any infraction of the house rules or the rules for freshmen. A majority of the freshmen were usually brought to trial and again spanked. A freshman who refused to do the bidding of an upperclassman was immediately punished and forced to do what she had refused. On Saturdays the entire freshman class was compelled to wash windows, dust, polish floors, shine silver, cut grass, and the like.

My daughter is now boasting three vividly tattooed Greek letters upon her body, in addition to ten wide heavy lines, here and there, painted with some dark brown chemical. After trying to remove these with most everything we had handy, they have become darker, if anything. She will probably wear no thin or low-cut dresses for some time. Yet she just laughs and defends these practices. I really think that the work required of the girls will do them good, as well as make them obey rules, at least sensible rules; but I do not believe in severe weekly spankings, just because they are freshmen, or in requiring a girl to keep up another's wardrobe, which means at least an hour a day of her time.

The *Star* got no replies supporting this protest. Most of the mothers who read it evidently thought that their daughters were as well off sewing on buttons, polishing silver, or even being spanked by their fellow-students as riding in motor-cars with young men gin-filled.

III

Several sororities not only imitate the men's orders, but get the help of members of the latter in their organization. For example, Prof. Dr. Charles Richardson, a Kappa Sigma, enjoys also the proud distinction of being the only honorary member of the Chi Omega sorority—a mark of honor conferred upon him at the famous University of Arkansas when he helped four Southern girls found their society back in 1895. On the other hand, Delta Zeta gave only the title of "patron" to that famous scholar and Phi Delta Theta, Dr. Guy Potter Benton, for his assistance in founding the sorority when he was president of Miami University. But when Sigma Delta Tau was established at Cornell, Nathan House helped the girls write their ritual and was not only made an honorary member but became known to the sorority by the title of Brother Nat. No member of the organization may give her pin to her sweetie on penalty of all the dire acts prescribed in the secret ceremonies of the order; no man but Brother Nat is allowed to wear it.

Sororities are found today in most of the coeducational colleges and universities that admit fraternities. Curiously, they are barred from the University of Chicago, although that institution has thirty or more fraternities. The students at Barnard College, Columbia University, voted sororities out several years ago. In marked contrast to the fraternity situation, in which the

best chapters generally are found in small New England colleges, the women's colleges of the East will, for the most part, have none of sororities. Goucher admits them, but they are under the ban at Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, and elsewhere.

Whereas the men's organizations emphasize in their ritual and publicity matter honor, loyalty, and such qualities, with all the extravagance of youth, the sororities, with less fancy but keener insight, talk almost exclusively about purity and womanliness. Thus they impress old-fashioned mothers, while they do not fill the freshmen up with any high-toned ideals that are likely to interfere with the realistic operation of the chapter. If the innocent girls swallow the ritual and banquet speeches whole, the only possible disadvantage will fall to some hot papa from Fraternity Row. Meanwhile, the lush verses of a sorority poem, hand-decorated with mystic symbols and hung over the fireplace, or recited with gestures by the elocutionist of the chapter, have moved more than one sentimental lady to tears, to giving permission to her daughter to join the organization, and even, *mirabile dictu*, to making a substantial contribution to the endowment fund. What such old lump of affectation could fail to be moved by words like these?

Then, Kappa Kappa Gamma, live each day
in all our hearts
And in our lives play many noble, sym-
pathetic parts—
The parts of sister, second mother, counsel-
lor, true friend
Of Love's ideal to which we raise our
hearts until the end.

Until the end! I think when passed beyond
this little sphere,
We still shall see thy joyous shining light
forever clear,
And hear in all the skies thy call of Perfect
Womanhood.

Sorority members are not picked so definitely on the basis of money as are fraternity men. Of course, money helps; a girl who comes to any campus in a Duesenberg or a Rolls-Royce cannot escape half a dozen invitations to join the Greek-letter societies. Wealth adds prestige, and, moreover, the houses, most of them expensive, must be kept up. Girls, however, don't eat so much as men, so their board bills are lower, and with few exceptions they depend on their boy friends for what gin they consume.

Sororities, too, have another resource which the men's organizations have overlooked. Each chapter endeavors to inveigle as many as possible of the rich women of the college town into acting as patronesses. Thus it is not dependent on its own chapter house for throwing parties. Also, after the manner of candidates for Congress, the sorority knows how to get around the rules limiting the expenditure of money in rushing freshmen. The college functionaries, in conference with the local Panhellenic Association, may fix the maximum of funds for rush-week entertainment at \$300 a sorority, but an organization with enough rich and dumb patronesses can persuade them to spend a couple of thousand. On such occasions the patronesses' husbands are likely to stay away from home, and often they return to find their cellars depleted of the choicest stimulants that they possessed. One gentleman of my acquaintance now takes the precaution to have his best liquor transferred to a vault in his office during rush week, though he is kind enough to replace it with a supply of bootleg Scotch and gin.

"I don't think they ever know the difference," he confided to me. "Of course Emily does, but she hasn't had the nerve so far to mention it to me."

Likewise, the patronesses are expected to

contribute liberally to the furnishing of the chapter houses. I know of one chapter out on the plains which in frank Western fashion got rid of all its patronesses and set up an entire new collection because the original ones showed no enthusiasm to supply the sorority table with a complete set of sterling silver.

Occasionally a patroness who is a college graduate but not a sorority member feels that she ought to be initiated and made a full-fledged alumna member. This always causes a rumpus, but if she is rich and generous enough nobody in the organization has the courage to blackball her.

IV

Social standing counts for a great deal in choosing members, and the farther away the girl's town is, the higher her family looms. Well-informed young women interested in joining a swank organization often enroll in a college a thousand miles from where they live and then let fall quiet hints about how distinguished Father and Mother are in the social world, how bourgeois everything about the college is, and how much pleasanter it might have been had they taken their parents' advice and gone to Europe to study. The scheme never fails to work; the plausible daughter of a third-rate bootlegger has been known, through such devisings, to wear the pin of an old and distinguished society.

Attractiveness to the boys, however, probably stands first among assets of a prospective sorority girl. Nothing gives any girl's organization a more envied reputation on the campus than for its members to be present at the formal dances of the leading fraternities and for the house and the porch on Sunday nights to be thronged with petting couples. If there is one fraternity chapter that the girls of a

sorority are especially keen about—and there usually is—any recommendation of a girl by a member of that chapter is as certain to be carried out as a command of the Anti-Saloon League to Congress.

In one respect sororities differ greatly from fraternities in their attitude toward so-called “material.” That respect is scholarship. Among the fraternities only the national officers have really much respect for learning; the undergraduates have a more or less concealed contempt for any student who does more than get by. Most sorority chapters, on the other hand, have considerable admiration for a brilliant girl, perhaps because intellectual achievement is newer to the general run of women than to men. At any rate, in the typical American university the scholastic grades of the sorority members are the highest of all groups, while those of the fraternity men are the lowest. The usual order is: sorority women, non-sorority women, non-fraternity men, fraternity men. It is not unlikely that the curriculum of the American university is better suited to women than to men, but that does not explain why sorority women should be at the top and fraternity men at the bottom.

Nor is it explained by the greater participation of men in student activities, for the average sorority woman belongs to more organizations than the secretary of a chamber of commerce. Further, sorority members, for reasons of policy, must spend a great deal of time with the dean of women and similar *grandes dames*, while the fraternity man is free to study, play poker, make home brew, or do whatever suits his fancy. Commonly it is not study.

The sorority members who have sufficient sex appeal devote a great deal of attention to dancing and also invariably become candidates for such exalted offices as honorary colonel of the cadet corps—if the

college has one—and queen of the campus. Over the latter distinction there is so much jealousy that most institutions now choose eight or ten young women as “the most beautiful,” though one of them is often designated as queen. In most instances the girls get their idea of royalty from the movies, and in seeking the honor they deck themselves out like Clara Bow or Laura La Plante. A few years ago, the coeds chosen as the most beautiful at the University of Texas created a sensation in the conservative South by having their photographs taken in one-piece bathing suits and reproduced in the college annual.

Formerly the “beauties” were selected by vote as part of a campaign to sell the annual, the college newspaper, or some other piece of collegiate flummery, but there was so much expenditure of money and so much ballotbox-stuffing and similar political trickery that nowadays the sorority women simply have their photographs taken, to be judged by Flo Ziegfeld or some such connoisseur. A year or so ago the students in one of the Western universities decided to get two fraternity chapters in the East to judge the collection. The result was supposed to be kept secret until the publication of the annual. The fraternity boys who got the pictures could not wait, however. They began immediately to write mash notes to the lovely coeds, who were appropriately thrilled and, naturally, did not keep quiet about their good fortune. An ambitious newspaper correspondent on the campus thus got the results of the contest and they appeared in half a dozen metropolitan newspapers in the vicinity. The university now plans to return to the discreet Mr. Ziegfeld.

The sororities as a whole, however, still retain something of the spirit of the old-time literary societies and women’s clubs. While their magazines contain news notes

about active members and alumnae who have attained distinction—usually, among the graduates, marriage and babies—they also burst into *belles lettres*. Some of the authors, such as Greta S. Faucette, in *To Dragma* of Alpha Omicron Pi, are strongly influenced by the late Mr. Longfellow:

The Moon

I watched the moon from my window,
Climb to the roof of the starlit sky,
It peeped through trees like a ball of fire,
And paused behind the old church spire,
Then clearing the shadows it floated
 bright,
High and free in the sea of night,
So may my life, as the days go by,
Climb to the roof of the starlit sky.

Others go in boldly, if not too successfully, for *vers libre*, as witness the following strophes—anonymous—from *Alpha Epsilon Phi*:

Alumnae

You wonder rather
How they did it all.
Because a bar of pearls,
And poise and a degree
Hover in such dim distance!
Wonder what kind of girls
Ran down those steps
Every morning?
They had quizzes, dates, activities.
You heard "all the cute girls
Graduated last year." . . .
Coeds, quite-quite,
Many males in evidence.
A student there was.
"One girl addicted to A's
And quiet hours," you think.
It seems there was an
Active girl, too,
The girl that's always busy.

The magazines are on the whole better edited than the fraternity journals. The sororities are less likely to elect an editor on the basis of good fellowship, backslapping, and interest in the dear old society. For example, for some time the editor of

the *Adelphean* (Alpha Delta Pi), was Jessica Nelson North, who is recognized by critics as an authentic poet and also served as associate editor of *Poetry* at Chicago.

Chi Omega, largest of the sororities in number of chapters, lays a great deal of emphasis on writing and publication, especially along sociological lines. Each chapter offers an annual prize in its own college to the woman who excels in this field in the entire institution. Also, the society has established a fund the income of which is used to finance research studies. The first of these is "Human Conduct and the Law," by Mary C. Love, a three-hundred-page volume published by the sorority. Miss Love is that rare type of lawyer who can see law from the standpoint of modern psychology, and her book, while somewhat thin, analyzes a number of curious and interesting cases and gives a very different approach to law from that presented in the average classroom or courtroom. Chi Omega is unique among sororities and fraternities in financing work of this kind.

V

Aside from their literary efforts, sororities resemble the adult women's societies in their interest in social service. Most of the organizations contribute financially and otherwise to charitable institutions, principally hospitals, and the work of some of them in this field is very elaborate.

Gamma Phi Beta and Alpha Gamma Delta both maintain Summer camps for underprivileged children. Zeta Tau Alpha operates a health center in Currin Valley, Va. At Vest, Ky., Delta Zeta has a community center comprising school, community house, and dormitory. Theta Upsilon has provided a health fund for Berea College, which draws its students largely from poverty-stricken mountain families. Kappa

Delta has for ten years supported a ward in the Crippled Children's Hospital of Richmond, Va.

Sigma Kappa, which was founded by five Maine girls, maintains two social workers on the Maine coast and on the isolated islands just off it, and at Christmas distributes gifts to more than a thousand children in that region. Alpha Epsilon Phi, a Jewish organization, not only has presented a traveling library to the Arkansas Free Library Service Bureau but maintains an open air camp and day nursery at Los Angeles, a bungalow for orphans in New York, and dental clinics in New Orleans and San Francisco. Alpha Omicron Pi operates charitable work for children in eleven cities. Phi Sigma Sigma has endowed in perpetuity a bed in Beth David Hospital, New York City, and has also installed a children's department in the National Library of Jerusalem.

The most elaborate social service programme is probably that of Pi Beta Phi, which in 1912 established a settlement school at Gatlinburg, Tenn. It has built up an institution with ten grades, nine teachers, and 170 pupils. There are ten buildings on 100 acres. A district school six miles from Gatlinburg is also operated. Alpha Chi Omega, which has always taken an interest in the arts, especially music, has built a studio at the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, N. H.

A number of the sororities also have funds from which needy members may borrow for the completion of their education, and a few have established endowments for their national offices.

Until recently the sororities did not boast of their prominent members, careers as wives of upstanding fraternity men being considered ample distinction. Even now lists of leading sisters are not nearly so common as the corresponding catalogues of men's organizations, but one finds among them such names as those of Irita Van Doren, Genevieve Taggard, Ada Louise Comstock, Ruth Bryan Owen, Grace Abbott, Dorothy Canfield, Louise Pound, and Helen Wills. Along with them go the two great moral leaders, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, of Chi Omega, and Ella Alexander Boole, of Kappa Kappa Gamma, president of the national W. C. T. U.

Kappa Kappa Gamma also boasts of Mrs. Hoover's membership, while Gamma Phi Beta points out that President Wilson's two daughters, Margaret and Jessie, are on its august rolls and were "the first sorority members to enter the White House." The Socialist Jessie Wallace Hughan is listed proudly by Alpha Omicron Pi as a founder, in sharp contrast to the fashionable Delta Psi fraternity, which exhibits no outward pride in the fact that Max Eastman is one of the brothers.

The fact is that Socialism and other advanced movements have a good deal of support even among undergraduate sorority members, whereas the most ardent member of the National Security League would be hard put to it to find subversive views in a male fraternity chapter. If I were a Socialist, I should assert that this is due to the girls having more brains; in point of fact, they probably have.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

FROM a bulletin of the American Civil Liberties Union:

Strangers visiting Scottsboro, Ala., where eight Negro boys were recently condemned to death, are liable to arrest if they talk with black folk, according to word received from Cecil Headrick, teacher of American history in Manumit School, Pawling, N. Y.

Mr. Headrick and his wife lately toured the South. In Scottsboro they talked with several Negroes, asking questions about local labor conditions. "Shortly afterward," Mr. Headrick writes, "the sheriff and his deputies pounced upon us, threatened to send us 'reds' where 'them niggers are', and searched us—including our hair and shoesoles.

"The local newspaper editor and county attorney got us out in three hours—because I laid claim to American respectability and threatened to telegraph a Congressman uncle. . . . We were transported out of the county by car."

ARKANSAS

THE sublime process of Law Enforcement in this great State, described by Joseph B. Wirges, death-house reporter of the Little Rock *Gazette*, in *Startling Detective Adventures*:

One scene in the death chamber was particularly unpleasant, even gruesome. That occurred the morning four white men were executed a few minutes apart. The condemned men were Duncan Richardson, Ben Richardson, F. G. Bullen, and Will DeBord. The first three had been convicted of the murder of one man; DeBord was condemned for murdering an old couple.

Preparations for this unusual execution were not as complete as they might have been. There were no accommodations for the undertaker who was to take the four

bodies away; the death chamber was too small for four coffins and the augmented crowd of witnesses, and there was no other room convenient.

Hence the four coffins were deposited in the run-around of the death house, directly in front of the cells in which the four men were confined, awaiting their turn in the chair. It was an unintentional cruelty on the part of the officials. If the doomed men looked through the doors of their cells, the grim row of coffins was directly in view. If they looked out the windows, they could see the hearses waiting to carry them away after the execution. So they sat on their bunks with their faces in their hands and awaited the executioner.

Duncan Richardson was the first to go. After it was all over for him, his body was carried back and laid in the coffin where the other three could see if they lifted their heads. And when Ben Richardson started his death march, he passed by the row of coffins, one of which contained all that remained of his brother.

CALIFORNIA

THE great Salinas *Index-Journal*:

George Bernie Shaw says the saving of the world lies in the hands of Communism. Wonder to us that the civilized world, which is compelled to battle Communism to save its very life, permits a man of Shaw's mental caliber to run abroad. The man is either a maniac or a menace to civilization. Always considering, perhaps, that the old duffer is merely making such wild-eyed statements with a view to pushing the sale of his muchly-over-advertised books.

THE Los Angeles *Herald* tells an old one in a new form, and swears that it is true:

Because their bindings are pretty and colorful, and not because of their literary value and content, the books that com-

pose Mayor John C. Porter's private library in his office at the City Hall were selected for the book shelves. This the mayor revealed today.

"I haven't time to read," he declared. "I'm kept too busy with city business. When I first came to the office I found those book shelves bare. They occupy quite a space in the wall. At first I thought I would have the space walled up, but found it would cost too much. So I called the city librarian and decided to put books in the shelves. I told him to get me some books for which there wasn't much demand. Something good looking, with colorful bindings."

Among the books are "Face to Face with Kaiserism," "The Wife of the Centaur," "History of Methodism in Nebraska," "Epworth League Methods," "God or Lucifer," "God is Writing a Book," "Elementary Accounting" and "The Work of the Sunday-school."

GEORGIA

CONTRIBUTION to the science of journalism by the Hon. W. B. Townsend, editor of the *Dahlonaga Nugget*:

It is a hard matter for us to give any definite legislative news because matters will be passed upon and then some member will make a move to reconsider.

KANSAS

PUBLIC notice in the *Republican Gazette* of Gove City:

There have been several rumors come to the ears of Mabel Huff that are not so, and she would appreciate it if the people would tend to their own business as she is able to take care of hers. As to her going to the hospital it was because of chronic ailment and not the report that was circulating around, and she would like to know the person that started it.

ILLINOIS

RELIEF at last for victims of the Hoover Prosperity:

AGAIN YOU CAN GET

NEW ORLEANS LUCK POWDER

Until now only the rich, wealthy and high priests were the only ones that could

get it, but now we have gathered it from the seven points of the earth and you too can obtain it.

Said to be the surest bringer of good luck in the world. Be convinced of the amazing wonders in this powder to bring you good luck in money matters and love. Brings good friends to you and keeps evil ones away. This secret powder has all the good luck of John the Conqueror root, Lodestone, Magnetic Sand, Love Powder, Money bringing luck bags, holy oil and Dragon's blood, and should bring to you all your wishes. Get happy at once.

FREE—FREE—FREE

A bottle of genuine New Orleans Van Van, containing the oils of the anointed, with full special directions for you in use. But you should order at once. Send no money. Pay the postman just \$1.00 plus a few cents postage when he brings it to you. Just print or write your name and address and send it to New Orleans Importing Co., 201 E. 35th Street, Chicago, Ill., and we will send this to you at once, so you can get a quick start to happiness.

MISSISSIPPI

FROM the classified section of the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*, that great organ of public opinion:

A great colored baptising Sunday, Well's Grove Baptist Church, F. W. Langston's grove five miles west of Clinton. Parking space for 4,000 white and colored. Baptising sermon preached by Holy Ghost Allen. Pictures taken at church and water. The Rev. A. M. Parnell, pastor, W. M. Johnson, secretary.

MISSOURI

PROFESSIONAL announcement in the *Bulletin*, Linn county's favorite family newspaper:

While some optometrists are hunting devious ways to get folks to come to them I am still running a strictly professional optometrist office where only the best of work and goods are to be had. Prices have been reduced twice in the last year. Do not bring me any poultry; my patients are of the high class folks who would not

like to enter a hen house to get their eyes fitted. Sell your poultry to the poultry house, that is their business, and get your glasses from a highly ethical, strictly professional optometrist, that is his business. Don't let any poultry dealer fit your eyes.

Your gasoline refunded and your dinner paid for if your bill is \$10.00 or more. Get better glasses at lower prices and see the sights of the best town, the one which supports its men in their own offices and does not make them go out looking for business or turn their places into poultry houses. It is too bad that professions have to be turned to commercial business and farm and poultry yard product dealers to sustain their practice. "Better be safe than sorry." Easy terms to those who furnish good references.

DR. S. M. STRAIN,
Brookfield, Mo. *Optometrist.*

NEW JERSEY

INDIGNANT protest of a reader of the *West Essex Tribune*, the pride and glory of Livingston:

Dear Editor:

Will you please be more careful in the future to at least state the true facts in reporting the news? In your issue of July 30, under the heading "Harold Haggerty Hailed Letting Lois Learn," you make the statement that I am a ukelele strummer, which is untrue. I am a banjo player.

HAROLD A. HAGGERTY.

NEW YORK

NOTE on the progress of moral science from the American Civil Liberties Union:

In barring a scene showing an infant suckling at its mother's breast, the New York State Board of Motion Picture Censors ruled that the breasts of civilized women may not be shown.

LETTERHEAD of a Manhattan wiseacre:

MAHATMA LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS,
M. A. etc.

*Mightiest Mind
Supreme Parnassian and Grand
Transcendent Eagle
118 EAST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK*

NORTH CAROLINA

FROM the Associated Press correspondent at Charlotte:

The old Southern custom of men removing their hats when riding with women in elevators was taboo here today. Signs in most elevators in office buildings read:

"Men are asked to please keep their hats on. Removing hats reduces elevator capacity and creates confusion. Thinking women will welcome this. It offers no disrespect and adds to their comfort."

OKLAHOMA

BROTHER W. S. MILLER of Anadarko heaves a new verb to the winds in the columns of the *Baptist & Commoner*:

What a great help to a church is a deacon that will deak!

THE sublime course of justice in the case of Walters vs. Walters, before Dale, J., in the County Court at Snymon, as reported by the Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*:

THE PETITION

Comes now the plaintiff, herein named,
And for cause of action she's not
ashamed.

In Texas county she's lived for years
With joy and happiness mingled tears.

About 1907, on February first,
She took defendant for better or worse.
At Campbell, Missouri, she was made a
wife

Where she took defendant, her husband,
for life.

To this happy union eight children were
born.

Six are living. For two does she mourn.
But those who are living, she's glad to
say

Are amply able to make their own way.

Defendant is guilty, the plaintiffs say,
Of non-support from day to day.

He wouldn't provide, he wouldn't work.
Every known duty he did grossly shirk.

Plaintiff worked hard both day and night,
To keep off the wolf was a constant
fight.

But defendant failed when duty did call
And let the burden on the plaintiff fall.

When the plaintiff lay, bad sick in bed,
Wracked with pain from foot to head,
Defendant would leave her all alone.
In others parts his feet would roam.

Unmindful of his marriage vows,
He left no food, no cash, no cows,
But stayed away from day to day,
Leaving expenses for plaintiff to pay.

His cruel neglect, his gross neglect,
Made of plaintiff a physical wreck.
So growing tired, he went away
And has remained for a year and a day.

Plaintiff says that she's not to blame,
For having taken defendant's name,
And through days and years of her married life
Has been a loving and faithful wife.

Wherefore, plaintiff now humbly prays
For a divorce, so that all her days
May be lived from defendant, free from fear,
And for such other relief as to this court is clear.

HUGHES & DICKSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE DECREE

Now on this, the twenty-fourth of July,
Above cause came on for this court to try.
Plaintiff, appearing in person, with proof
To establish petition, spoke nothing but the truth.

The court having heard the petition read,
And the evidence presented, before he said
I find from the evidence presented to me,
That plaintiff is entitled to a divorce decree.

I further find from the facts laid bare,
That plaintiff is entitled to the custody and care
Of Alfred and James, each a minor son,
And from this day this order shall run.

Defendant having waived summons herein
The court now fixes this duty on him.

Until otherwise ordered by this court,
I say,
Ten dollars each month to the plaintiff he pay.

Wherefore it is ordered, adjudged and decreed,
From her bonds of matrimony, this plaintiff is freed.

A divorce is granted, but the costs she must pay,
The same to become final six months from today.

F. HINER DALE.
Judge.

PENNSYLVANIA

EDUCATIONAL news from Franklin, as reported by the Associated Press:

The drinking proclivities of early Americans will not be included in history textbooks used by the Franklin High-School. Director of Schools Ambrose Sheasley has tabooed such texts as constituting anti-Prohibition propaganda.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE Associated Press correspondent at Sumter gives the world all that part of the news which is fit to print:

A man whose name was not given "because it might get him in trouble with the church," of which he is an officer, drew thirteen spades in a bridge game here last night.

FROM the Columbia *State*:

Governor Blackwood says he is not superstitious, but he does give heed to signs and symbols at times.

Yesterday he told newspaper men he had been invited some weeks ago to take a ride in an airplane.

"I had planned to go," he said. "I've been up several times, but when my secretary, Charley Gerald, told me he had had a dream the night before that I had been in a terrible accident, I called off the engagement. Then, too, a black cat has been running the wrong way across the street when I leave the State House. And a dream and a black cat are enough to make a man hesitate. I had an invitation

too to go on a boat ride in one of the lakes around here. But I thought an accident could befall me as well on the water as in the air, so that, too, was refused.

TENNESSEE

MELANCHOLY public notice in the *Putnam County Herald* of Cookeville:

NOTICE

This is to certify that Clara Starnes and A. T. Parson are not going to marry this Summer nor at any other time.

(Signed) CLARA STARNES.

CONTRIBUTION to economic science by an eminent publicist of this great State, as broadcast to the world by the alert correspondent of the International News Service at Washington:

All the ills of the railroads can be ascribed to the fact they are confessed and persistent breakers of the Sabbath, Noah W. Cooper of Nashville, Tenn., told the Interstate Commerce Commission today. He said he spoke "with the voice of Tennessee Methodism and the voice of our entire Southern Methodism." He said that all of the railroads had fallen "into the alien, satanic and calamitous habit of running their trains every day, including Sunday," and charged that they were "confessed and persistent breakers of the Sabbath."

TEXAS

MANIFESTO in the celebrated *Baptist & Commoner*, organ of the Missionary Baptists in the Southwest:

We, the undersigned ministers of the Grayson County (Landmark) Baptist Association, hereby testify that Brother C. A. Cox, according to his own testimony, is preaching footwashing, and practicing it in connection with the Lord's Supper in Mt. Zion Church No. 2, in which church he holds membership, and of which he is pastor; and is preaching that it is scriptural and right for all the Lord's churches to do the same thing.

We know that no other church of the Grayson County Association practices footwashing, either as an ordinance or as

an appendix to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; and so far as we know, the only one that teaches and practices such in the Baptist Missionary Association of Texas. Brother Cox has been one of the leading ministers of the Grayson County (Landmark) Baptist Association for the past fifteen or twenty years, and has been moderator of this Association for about five years, and we regret the introduction of this innovation among our people. Since we regard Brother Cox as having been a popular and leading preacher among us, we feel that a discussion of this teaching by other leading ministers of our faith would be perfectly in order and should be had. Come one, brethren and give us advice.

(Signed)

W. A. REMLEY.
GEORGE BEAVERS.
G. M. GRAY.
H. M. SHORT.
J. Y. BULLARD.
RAY B. SHORT.
F. L. BRANCH.

VIRGINIA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the *Norfolk Journal & Guide*:

Why not get your Hair Cut Here?

Where? At The

REV. PHILIP JARVIS' BARBER SHOP

THE ONLY 25-CENT SHOP IN TOWN

Whether you are sick or well he will do your work. If sick, call or

Phone 38269

1105 Church Street Norfolk, Va.

MEXICO

PUBLIC notice in the *Tijuana Herald*:

To those who intend to be married within the jurisdiction of the local civil court and to the public in general, I wish to make it understood that I will not perform a wedding ceremony in any bar-room or in any other public place that does not meet the requirements of respectability and seriousness that the ceremony and the good name of the Mexican government must be given.

ENRIQUE TORRES C.

Judge of the Civil Court.

REST, RECREATION, AND COMFORT

BY HENRY TETLOW

THE fact that Americans like to believe the worst was never better revealed than in the credences of the American Expeditionary Force. The perfect American soon discovered that his French brother-in-arms, far from being *toujours gai*, was a niggardly, penny-grubbing person, fonder of francs and *rentes* than of dancing and light wines (*cf.* the late Commander Maury's "Manual of Geography"). Hence the Americans' facile acceptance of such concepts as that the A. E. F. actually paid rent to France while occupying French-built trenches. Almost everyone believed it: even those who said it was nonsense.

Such an absurdity could have gained no currency but for the considerable, sound core of truth it overlaid. For years the French had practiced annual field exercises on the grand scale. These produced collisions between the military and the *civils*, and a crop of problems which generated appropriate legislation. Since the Prussian War civilians had been reimbursed for goods or services rendered troops in the field; and for damages done by them in the line of duty, behind the zone of the advance. The Americans, like the British, decided to conform to French law. Any other course would have been, at least, difficult. Forty years of annual manœuvres and four years of actual war had, not surprisingly, whittled away the civilians' co-operative zeal to the vanishing point. As a fine old lady in Ligny-en-Barrois said:

You soldiers are all alike. I had von Moltke and I had our own men quartered on me in 1870. This time I have French, English, Italians, and now you Americans. I can't tell one from the other: you all steal my eggs, and drink my wine, and foul my granary, and burn my furniture on my own hearth. You investigate, you recommend, you promise. Then you go away.

So the service of Rents, Requisitions, and Claims—known within its own ranks as Rest, Recreation, and Comfort—was organized to parallel a like service in the French Army. It performed an undefined but important secondary service of *liaison*. It supplied the only lubricant against the inevitable serious friction between an alien army and the civil population. The R. R. and C. was organized with a permanent staff, as far as possible. But during the war few men could be spared for a non-combatant, essentially negative service, so the work was frequently delegated transiently to line officers whose normal policy (I speak by the book) was to let things slide as far as possible, to sign nothing, and to pray for marching orders. Once you left a community, your chances of returning to it were microscopic. In practice, the work of the permanent R. R. and C. staff resolved itself into clearing up the messes left behind by combat troops. After the war the service was greatly augmented in a valiant effort to complete all unfinished business. Late in 1919 the last of the R. R. and C. men got their embarkation orders, and the

work was turned over to the Peace Commission. I doubt if it is all done yet.

With the devout hope that I should never have to wet-nurse troops again this side Valhalla, I went from hospital to the R. R. and C. late in November, 1918. Headquarters were in Tours. I spent a delightful week there at school. The first thing I learned was the significance of our self-imposed nickname. As an infantryman I had been accustomed to work twelve to twenty-four hours a day; here we worked three hours a day, with Sundays and holidays off. I also learned about French political organization: the commune, with its mayor and his secretary; the department, with its prefect and sub-prefects. Here I first heard of the military administration which divided the country into eight regions, each managed by a general with his staff; and the regions into zones, with their zone majors and town majors (*majors de cantonnement*); the whole—military and political—hopelessly duplicated, complicated, and at odds.

There was also an engineering service, nominally part of the Region, actually as independent as hell. Railroads and constabulary seemed to have little to do with either the political or military administration or each other. The courts . . . ! But enough. Everything in France, from the railway lines on up, radiates from its own little bureau in Paris: and just as, if you wish to go from Dijon to Tours the quickest way is in to Paris and out to Tours, instead of straight across country, so, if you wish to establish an accord between, say, the engineer service and the *chef de gare* (an absolute division czar) next door, you can save time by addressing your own bureau in Paris right at the start.

The American R. R. and C. was divided into administrative sections corresponding to the whole service of supply: there were

the sections at the various American ports of entry; the Base Section with headquarters at Tours; the Intermediate Section, headquarters at Nevers; and the Advance Section, working out of Neufchâteau. The Advance Section was divided into training zones to the south, and Army Areas to the north. Finally, there was a sort of caudal appendage called the Paris Section, which occasionally tried to wag the dog but usually, like the good dog, lay quiet to avoid that superior attention which might result in transfer from the metropolis. In the Army the rule is that the more hard work you do well, the more and harder work you will be given to do: a rule that has no affiliation with the rules for promotion. There was a small R. R. and C. organization in the leave area on the Riviera, but it was no sinecure: living costs were so high down there as to ruin any officer without independent means.

Of course you understand that a commissioned officer is not "found": he gets an inadequate allowance for "quarters, heat, and light" for his family when he is in the field; but food, clothing, arms, ammunition—everything else he must buy with his own money. When no other source of nourishment avails, as at the front, he instructs the government to deduct from his pay the *per diem* ration allowance for an enlisted man, for the privilege of messing on government rations.

II

In addition to the snares and pitfalls of French bureaucracy, the R. R. and C. had its own Army red tape to deal with. It made a creditable job of cutting it. Rank was thrown in the discard. The Chief Leasing Officer of the Advance Section, for instance, was an O. R. C. shavetail. He had men under him up to the rank of captain,

and dealt on terms of equality with higher ranks. This was conducive of a high *esprit de corps* in a service officered by citizen soldiers unencumbered with the bureaucratic habit of mind. When things had to be done there was little nonsense about proceeding "through channels"—the military rule that says you must conduct all business through your immediate superior or inferior. If the First Army informed the Chief Billeting Officer—whose job is something like a stock-pool manager's—that the 551st Infantry was moving south from Sommedieu to Commercy, the C.B.O. telephoned the nearest man on the job something like this:

Bill, you've got the 551st on your hands to-night. You can catch their advance party about at Vaux now if your bicycle is working. Twelve hundred and sixty-eight men, twenty-eight animals, and nineteen officers. Yeah, they been neutralized and they got flu and dysentery and threw away their extra underwear three weeks ago when they went in, so don't put them amongst your friends. Call me back when you've made your dispositions. They will pull out to-morrow.

Bill would then dispose of the regiment in a town whose official capacity was five hundred men, ten horses, and twelve officers. And he would do it—somehow. The 551st would spend the night under cover, in comparative comfort. If the C. B. O. had undertaken to conform to military convention, had made his own dispositions through his subordinates, and then referred them back through Army for the information and guidance of the 551st, the regiment would have spent the night in the rain and got its billeting orders concurrent with next morning's general. The R. R. and C.'s only employment of military channels was as a buck repository; as which it worked them middling hard.

In "constructive deviltry" the American

possesses a degree of initiative and imaginative sweep unknown and incomprehensible in Europe. For example, my countrymen revived the charming old pioneer custom of shooting with rifles from railroad trains at passing targets. In a nation where the rifle is not conceived as a shooting iron but merely as a stick to tie a bayonet to, amends simply had to be made to avoid an international crisis. Then there was the celebrated theft of the red-hot stove, complete with fuel and *poule au pot*: lifted out of a crossing tender's hut on two strips of timber into the wintry box car of a returning remount outfit whilst the train tarried for despatches. The prodigies of paper work performed in reimbursing the Orleans Railroad beggar description. Again, the wine theft in the Dijon freight yards involved an interesting interpretation of evidence. The American zone major protested that there was no proof that Americans, rather than French, had burgled the casks.

"Ah! But see!" his French colleague pointed out. "A French soldier would have drilled a hole in the side of one cask, filled his wine bottle through a quill, and plugged the hole. But here are the heads of not one, but many casks smashed in; half the wine spilled all around. It is entirely American."

The evidence was allowed and the damage claim paid.

The classic case in this category was that of the six racketeers who, having deserted, set up their own Military Police post on the highway between Troyes and Paris, where they stopped all Paris-bound motors to inspect travel orders. Lots of people tried to visit Paris without orders. The way to do it, of course, was to go up on the train—anybody could frog up a travel order that would satisfy the railroad staff—and drop off the train when it slowed down to go

through the Austerlitz station: no M. P.'s were posted there. But the congenital American faith in motor cars tempted many to try the highway, and they were the racketeers' meat. They would be thrown into prison with dark hints of the rockpile or Leavenworth. After a day or so they were released with a sharp reprimand, and a warning to return to duty and nothing would be said. None of the victims ever dared ask for the return of the money, valuables, and personal effects of which a prisoner must be relieved at incarceration. When the racketeers acquired a competence they shut up shop and toured the château country. They introduced photographs at their trial to show how warmly they were received and royally entertained.

My schooling at Tours completed, I went to Ligny-en-Barrois. My official position was town major; my real job to make a fifth in the perennial office game of cut-in bridge. The Americans had cleared out of Ligny weeks ago and there was little real work. There was one noteworthy claim. A truck had back-fired into an essence park (Franco-American argot for gas dump) and set the works on fire. It was a manufactory of mechanical drawing sets; a slow-burning building full of precision tools and trays containing hundreds of thousands of parts. It looked like a strange interlude in a pantomime of Beauty and the Beast: everything stood where it had been put down when the whistle blew one evening in August, 1914; there were layers and layers of dust, and the transmission belts were as dry and brittle as a petrified futurist forest. The fire did considerable damage; the "pumpers" a lot more.

There was no question of American responsibility, but the R. R. and C. and the owners had not reached a mutually satisfactory evaluation. Accordingly, I proposed an *expertise*: the owners and I each ap-

pointed an expert satisfactory to us both and agreed to split the difference between their independent survey-evaluations. The owner's engineer arrived one morning before I was up and went to work at once. He examined each and every item in the entire shop. While he worked he wrote, and he worked all day—without lunch! It was dark when he returned to my office, where I was busy providing suitable quarters for the periodic medical inspection of the town's harlots. He finally got his additions completed and announced the total *dégâts* at francs two thousand, five hundred and ten, fifty centimes: something over five hundred dollars at pegged par. Next day I called down an American engineer major from Widewing. He reported at eleven-thirty and I took him to the factory. He examined the damage at least three, maybe four, minutes.

"Oh. . . . Five hundred dollars I tell you if you want to do it right make it five fifty say what time do you fellows eat could I get a bite at your mess I'm going on down to Bar-sur-Aube."

We settled for twenty-six hundred and fifty francs.

Linen in the homes of our French hosts had a way of disappearing under the ministrations of zealous dog-robbers. What was rated the championship job of buck-passing, by the R. R. and C., involved a pair of sheets alleged to have been stolen by a brigadier general. When I saw the claim papers they had been milling up and down military channels for six months. The original claim was amplified by thirty-seven separate endorsements, each contributing exactly nothing: and now it was going back to its zone of origin "for full investigation and report". It was something to make Messrs. Kenge and Carboy turn in their graves.

Speaking of thefts, one claim in Ligny

involved a considerable theft of china and cutlery by the mess of which Mr. Mitchell, late of the Air Service, was president. He was pretty snooty about it.

As a line officer I served as an acting town major and can testify that if, as our instructor at Tours told us, "being a zone major is like running for Congress, only more fun", being a town major is like being in the State Legislature. Soon after my regiment landed in France it was sent into the Haute Zone for training. We needed it. We had sixty-five men to a paper-strength company of two hundred and fifty, who had never fired a shot. Appointed acting town major of Genevrière, I read up and conformed. One duty consisted of making a cadastral plan of the town, showing how many men, animals, and officers (must I underscore the *diminuendo*?) could be billeted in each granary, stable, and dwelling. Every morning I made up a return showing exactly how many lodged there the night before. This was the Billeting Distribution List, one copy of which went to the mayor. Every thirty days the month's lists were sent in to headquarters and a check returned to the mayor, who disbursed from his copy to the householders.

III

The Army did not wholly trust the Sanitary Corp—it was pretty new-fangled. Part of my duty was to ride my local sanitary detachment. There was plenty of work for it. We had two chlorinated water bags for the five hundred men in town. The water-drinking regulations were strict and severe, but hard to enforce (so many men were anxious to be sent down sick), although we posted a guard on every well in town. We cleared tons of manure off the village streets; we cleaned out the cattle pond in the town square, and stripped a rich accre-

tion of sludge from the communal laundry tank. We established our own latrines well outside town and burned them out daily with oil and straw. And we dumped chloride of lime—all we could wangle—into every private privy in the place. Three days later the mayor made formal complaint that our troops were contaminating the drinking wells.

Within the week men complained a certain shop was overcharging them. I appealed to the mayor: the shop closed in half an hour. The prohibitions against rising prices were strict. Shops displayed schedules of prices; and I found enough intelligent men among the complainants to indicate a case for us. But the shopkeeper showed me a "certain number" of American cigar coupons in his cash drawer. He admitted that he had chosen a foolish way to recoup his loss. That evening I consulted *ancien* Sergeant Mignol over a bottle of his wine.

"*Merde!* Let him stay shut. He still has the money he stole from our regimental canteen in '70. But—does his closing inconvenience the men?"

M. Mignol had been *sous-officier (médaille militaire)* in one of MacMahon's batteries: his question was an involuntary reflex. I explained that, indeed, many men could not afford Y. M. C. A. prices and had objected, through channels, to the store's closing.

"I tell you what", he said. "Scare him like hell and then suggest he reopen on parole, so to speak. He is not really a bad one, that savage, that brigand."

The burden of Law Enforcement fell largely upon me. All ranks were forbidden to use hard liquor, and the *civils* to sell it them. Most of our men were from Pennsylvania, a State whose natural beverages are rye whiskey and apple jack. It is a known fact that when a Pike county citi-

zen wants to go on a bender he shuts down the still, repairs to Milford or Egypt Mills, and drinks seltzer water. The effervescent water sends the normally inert, but intoxicating juices coursing through his system. The mild wines and anæmic beers of that part of Burgundy had the same effect. We had some drunkenness and a little trouble: as once when a machine-gunner attached to us for rations and quarters beat up his landlord. The *gendarmérie* took a hand in this and turned in a *procès-verbal* to be introduced at the man's military trial (our men were never tried in French courts). A *procès-verbal* is to a brief as a judge advocate is to a district attorney: it covers all sides of the case; its purpose is to put the complete facts before the court, without regard to guilt or innocence, or bias toward plaintiff or defendant. It is "highly efficient" instrument.

Although exaggeration was common, few fraudulent claims got to the R. R. and C. I do not recall that the law attached any very severe penalties to them. But every community was jealous of its own honor. The evidence on which claims were often allowed would not be admissible in a court. No man knew when he might have a claim himself, and he did not want his neighbour to damage the local reputation for integrity. The first rule, then, of claims investigation was to find out what the neighbours thought. Most claims were for trivial matters and amounts: food stuffs, fuel, bedding; a broken window, a chair used for firewood, a pair of stolen sheets. They were quite generally paid without preamble or argument. Larger claims were apt to divide into two categories: attempted frauds, and claims that turned out like these:

A lady of Villey St. Étienne, a lovely village "up behind" (as the Lancastrians say) Nancy, claimed that her vineyard had

been violated on a certain night by the *force armée américaine*. "It must have been the Americans because no French troops passed that night": a familiar gambit that gave her case a bad start. She found herself deprived of a certain number of *tendlons* of grapes—the whole crop—which were her sole source of income, etc. A *tendlon* is that high wicker basket worn on the back; it is a rural unit of measure. The original claim was shrouded in a fog of endorsements through which shone only one additional fact, a minor one: the lady's husband was in the infantry. By consulting the troop movements records I satisfied myself that no authorized American formation could have passed the vineyard within twenty-four hours either side the time her claim was made. On a cold Winter afternoon I called, prepared to break down her case and get a *quittance*. A grave gentleman in civilian dress and a brewer's moustache met me at the door. I outlined my case.

"You understand", he answered, "that the records may be in error, and that regardless of them the claim might be reasonably allowed. There is no need to go into that: for in any case I could not accept anything from your government. You understand. I was away from home. My wife only sought to protect my interests. I hope your men got the grapes. It is the little I could do. They came to help me when my back was to the wall. Let me have your *quittance* for signature; my country is still mine."

Banalities, like platitudes, reach down to us out of the higher air. To get the flavor of that one you should have been just ten weeks out of the line, damned glad the war had left you alive; looking down from the high perch of Villey St. Étienne to the twisted river in the fat valley. And you should have to be a farmer, too.

The other case concerned a child killed by a truck passing through an agglomeration at a high rate of speed. The family claimed sixty thousand francs—an unreasonable sum. “Settle for six *sous*”, urged the next of kin, “but admit the justice of the claim. I can’t take blood money. I only wish to convince my family the claim has been fairly presented and heard, and there is no chance to collect blood money.”

IV

Lots of real property had been requisitioned, in the early rush, for “permanent” installations. The best way of compensating in these cases was to execute leases dated from the date of requisition. I did a good deal of this work. So about April 1, 1919, I was sent up to Luxembourg as Chief Leasing Officer. It was a much coveted post; mainly, I think, because the name of Luxembourg was still associated in the American mind with a popular Viennese waltz.

There were exactly eight leases in Luxembourg when I went there, and I took a bond with fate to execute none myself. For, however romantic, Luxembourg was a sore point with the R. R. and C. Despite our respect for French law, we still sought a precedent when it came to authorizing payments in the name of a combatant army to a technically neutral country. The Luxembourgais argued they were not neutral: hadn’t the late Duchess drawn her carriage across the road to forbid the passage of German troops? And—ah!—had you, perchance, been in Luxembourg the night of the revolution? We consulted the Prime Minister, without result. We consulted the *chef* of the Luxembourg Army, a beautiful gentleman in cerise and blue and silver—and learned the army had been out on strike “since the revolution”. I was be-

guiled. Hitherto I had supposed George Barr McCutcheon made it all up out of his head as he went along.

We searched the records for precedent. It was only too apparent that the Luxembourg Army had never paid anybody for anything. The Germans, judging from the evidence of records abandoned under orders, had reimbursed the Luxembourgais just as though they had been German nationals. (They used the same system as the French). What they could do we could do. A disbursing officer was found who was willing to accept the precedent of enemy action as authority for signing checks. We began by paying the Duchy about a quarter of a million French francs a month for billeting. Every time the C. O. took a check to the Recette Générale the secretary threw a party. I think he worked on a percentage.

One complication arose from our acceptance of German precedent: lots of Luxembourgais thought it meant we were going to settle up Germany’s past due bills. The Germans had operated an open book account, and when they left they left plenty. (Only an R. R. and C. officer can appreciate the load every *Ortskommandantur* slipped off his shoulders when he headed for home!) If the Luxembourgais had understood our attitude on this point better they might not have been so feverishly pro-Ally, or shouted “Vive les Fourteen Points!” with such gusto. But probably they could not have understood it: it would have been against the European grain.

An instance of that incapability occurs to me. A Sixth Division outfit built themselves a rifle range without asking anybody’s permission. In due course the landlord of the property presented a claim for damages and a request for a formal lease. It was all reasonable and in order. I had the papers ready for execution when, by

the grace of God, my spies discovered that the owner of the desecrated property—the claimant—was not a Luxembourgish at all but a retired German commercial gentleman! To him, as to the old lady in Ligny, all armies looked alike. As for me, Heaven help me, I might have been hanged for trading with the enemy.

We led a grand life in Luxembourg. It was a “French” town: Americans were excluded except on special order. The assistant provost marshal was an earnest and efficient excluder. So prices stayed down and the town remained unspoiled. We had a mess on the square in the high town, in the back room of a café operated by a woman whose brother had been one of my customers in New York before he died on a Texas flying field. The C. O. held officers’ call in the front of the café twice a day, before second and third mess. He had been regulating officer at St. Dizier and knew all about that racket, so we lived high. Once a week he motored over to Third Army railhead to collect a cut on the strength of his knowledge.

A regulating officer is a sort of jobber or wholesaler. He gets supplies in bulk from the rear and retails them up front. He does not break bulk quantities: if a sugar bag holds five hundred rations, and he has six sacks, and five ration returns totalling twenty-eight hundred rations, he does not break the sixth sack to supply the odd three hundred rations: he ships one sack on each return and lets the extra bag “accumulate”. Beside a superabundance of issue grub, we had a concertina player—and the only mess I was ever in whose members could all carry a tune. Twice a week the Luxembourg army band—which had thoughtfully refrained from striking—played in the square outside our door. We

knew a gentleman up toward Trier who ran a champagne plant (German champagne) and who mistakenly conceived it to his advantage to shower us with frequent gifts. We let him have his way.

My last R. R. and C. job was to make an *état du lieu* of a convent requisitioned as a hospital. An *état du lieu* is a necessary part of a French lease: like an inventory, but more detailed. The parties at interest go over the premises with a fine tooth comb. The least defect: a cracked window pane or wall plaster, a jiggly door-knob, is recorded. When the lease is vacated, compensation above fair wear and tear is adjudicated on the *état du lieu*. We were going to lease the convent, but I do not know that it was ever done: I was off to St. Aignon and discharge.

When I was at school at Tours American newspapers of the last days of the war were just coming in. We used to growl at their invariable reports of how we drove the Germans back with no trouble at all. If you have ever engaged the German in a rear-guard action you know such reports did you no credit; they were, moreover, tosh. Later there was more talk in the home papers and in the Army about how hospitable the Germans in the bridge head area were to our men. Why! Every man had a feather-bed. I do not believe the Germans were glad to see enemy troops; I rate their spirit something higher. Besides, I like to see credit given where credit is due. When the Third Army marched into Germany General Dickman turned to his chief billeting officer and said:

“Collins! The men have been sleeping in the mud long enough. You will see that every man in the Third Army is provided with a bed—if every civilian in the occupied area has to sleep in the streets.”

THE MAN WHO MADE WASHINGTON

BY HENRY M. HYDE

THEY are tearing down the shabby row of second-hand stores, garages and soft drink parlors which now fills the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, from the Capitol to the Treasury. In its stead are rising a series of white stone palaces.

Among the landmarks which are to be removed is a large and hideous solitary bronze figure now standing on a high granite pedestal at the corner of Fourteenth street. In the granite base is cut the one word

SHEPHERD

From an artistic standpoint I suppose that not even Washington can show anything worse. It is the effigy of a tall, fat man, with a big, square, hard, smooth-shaven face. The figure, with its massive chest and shoulders, is attired in full morning dress, the tails of the coat sharply cut away. It has about it the comic suggestion of a pouter pigeon, just after blowing itself up. The right hand is thrust behind the back and in the left is held a partially unrolled bronze scroll. It is almost a figure of fun, except for the suggestion in that heavy, truculent face that anybody who grins is likely to get a swift punch in the nose.

To few people, in all probability, will the name on the monument mean anything. As for the younger generation, not even when it is told that this is the tribute of the national capital to that Boss Shep-

herd whose fame was coupled with the fame of Boss Tweed in the '70s will it be conscious of any faint stir of memory. That is a pity, for the story of Shepherd is one of the most amazing, amusing and ironic in our history. A burly giant of a man, lusty and dominating, he was driven into exile by the outraged citizens of Washington—after he had lifted the national capital out of the mud and prevented it being removed to the Mississippi valley. He presided over a régime, as Governor of the District of Columbia, which for shameless and spendthrift graft had no rival, even in the Dreadful Decade after the Civil War—yet a joint committee of Congress, which investigated the scandal for months, could not find that the Boss was personally dishonest. In less than three years he threw \$30,000,000 about the streets of the city—more than a quarter of the assessed valuation of all the property there at the time.

He found Washington an evil-smelling hole. He left it, up to its neck in debt, a half-completed but glorious wilderness of streets, squares, excavations, fills, and mighty boulevards. It was as if an army of half-crazy engineers had been interrupted in the midst of a tremendous professional orgy. Perhaps it is no wonder that the people of Washington, eight years after the Boss had fled to Mexico to escape their wrath, welcomed him home again with triumphant parades, public receptions and banquets in his honor.

To understand him and get the full and delightful flavor of his story, a glimpse of the city in the '60s and '70s is necessary. When the Civil War broke out it was a town of 50,000, governed by a mayor and a double-barrelled City Council, elected by the citizens. Beyond appropriating money, now and then, for an ornate public building, Congress did nothing to mark the fact that Washington was the seat of the Federal government. The local residents had to pave the streets and make all other public improvements. Since a large proportion of them were government clerks and other hangers-on—to say nothing of thousands of penniless Negroes—there was precious little money in the city treasury and much of that little was commonly wasted.

Outside of a few blocks the streets were not paved at all. When it rained they became deep swamps. If a fire broke out the engines had to travel on the sidewalks to make any progress. There was no sewage system. In wet weather the few drains which had been built backed up and flooded the streets. There was an open canal, on the surface of which dead cats floated and mosquitoes bred. A stagnant creek—the Tiber—ran through the center of the town.

Domestic animals ran at large. Pigs rooted and wallowed in the gutters along Pennsylvania avenue. It is a Washington tradition that on one occasion the British Minister, returning home late from an official function, tripped and fell over a 200-pound hog, which had climbed the steps leading to the front door of the Legation and gone to sleep in the vestibule.

Such conditions did not greatly disturb the statesmen who gathered from all over the country when Congress met up on the hill. Most of them came from communities in precisely the same stage of devel-

opment. But European visitors, of course, were disgusted at what they saw, and went home ridiculing the pretensions of Washington. To be sent there was a severe punishment for a diplomat.

The statesmen in Congress did not mind, but they were inclined to complain because of the location of the capital on the Eastern seacoast. Many of them had to travel a thousand miles to take their seats, and seventy years ago a thousand miles was a great distance. They found fault, also, with the terrific heat in Summer. The growing bitterness between North and South emphasized the fact that the location of Washington just across the river from Virginia made it easy of capture in case of war.

There was a growing party which favored a removal to a more central and safer location.

II

When the Civil War finally broke out all the national energies were concentrated on its prosecution. No attention at all was paid to public improvements in Washington. The mud in its unpaved streets grew deeper. Columns of Army wagons were mired on the avenue and everywhere the highways were cut with tremendous ruts. Garbage was uncollected, or dumped into the canal, or into the creek which ran through the city.

To meet the war emergency the Baltimore & Ohio railroad laid tracks across town, circling the bottom of Capitol Hill. As the fighting went on thousands of runaway Negroes swarmed into the city and settled like flies in the alley slums. Their vote controlled the local elections until the form of government was changed and all the citizens of Washington were disenfranchised. Several times during the war

Washington was in danger of capture by the Confederates. If after the first battle of Bull Run, for instance, the Southerners had followed the retreating Union forces a little faster and a little further they might have walked right into a practically undefended city. These repeated fears, and the continuing evidence that Washington was full of Confederate sympathizers, greatly increased the sentiment among the majority in Congress in favor of moving the seat of government to a safer and more loyal site.

When the war ended, another high tide of floaters, Army followers, grafters and freedmen swamped the city. The population doubled between 1860 and 1870. In no way was the town prepared to handle this swarming mass of 100,000 people, a big proportion of whom were illiterate and penniless Negroes.

Grant came to the White House and brought with him a trail of grafting officials. The new black voters, handled like sheep by the politicians, sent to the City Council a shameless lot of aldermen. What little money was available for public uses was stolen or wasted. Practically nothing was done to improve the squalid town. Democrats and the better class of citizens generally stayed away from the polls in disgust and despair. The gang which managed local politics showed its contemptuous sense of humor by running barges down the river and loading them up with vagrant Virginia and Maryland Negroes. These were brought to the city on election day and voted in the names of the more prominent absentees. Thus Washington, like—one had almost written—all other Southern communities, went through its scandalous and depressing period of Reconstruction.

Finally the leading citizens rebelled. By giving a series of steamboat excursions

down the Potomac, at which champagne and other entertainment was furnished, they persuaded Congress to pass a bill which wiped out the popular form of government. It was provided that the President should appoint a Governor of the District, with a Board of Public Works to take charge of the delayed business of making the city habitable. When word came that the bill had passed Congress, members of the City Council rushed to the City Hall and started to carry off the furniture of the Council chamber. Even the desks and chairs of the aldermen were being loaded into express wagons when police arrived to stop the looting. One statesman was discovered with a feather-duster concealed inside his trousers leg. That final, impromptu session won for the last City Council in Washington the historic nickname of the Feather-Duster Council.

Five years went by after the close of the war without anything being done to improve conditions. Tiber creek and Slash run still flowed sluggishly through the city. Into them the few existing drains discharged sewage. Dead cats still floated on the stagnant waters of the old canal. There were hundreds of hog-pens, and in them householders deposited their garbage. A big red light district grew up south of Pennsylvania avenue and not far from the White House. It was known for years as Hooker's Division, because Hooker had camped his troops there during the war.

Meanwhile sentiment continued to grow stronger for the removal of the capital to a city nearer the center of the country. Finally a convention was called to bring pressure on Congress and force the removal. Delegates representing seventeen States met in St. Louis, listened to vivid descriptions of the horrors of Washington,

adopted a memorial to be presented to Congress, and adjourned to meet again when the agitation had gathered still greater force.

III

Alexander Shepherd was born in 1835 on a farm just outside Washington. It is recorded that his father owned a few slaves, but he could hardly have been well-to-do, for at the age of seventeen the boy was apprenticed to a plumber and gasfitter. He was a tall, strapping, aggressive youngster, and by the time he was thirty he had climbed to the head of the firm and owned it.

He was never ashamed of his trade. Once when he was Governor of the District—he was still not forty years old—he attended a reception given by one of the old “cave-dwellers” who call themselves the aristocrats of Washington. Evidently his hostess was determined to put him in his place.

“Governor, we are highly honored,” she said, with a murderous smile. “I believe you put up the gas-fixtures in this house with your own hands?”

“Yes, I did,” replied the unabashed Shepherd, “and I put them up to stay. Look, I’ll show you.”

Reaching up, he took hold of the fixtures with both hands and deftly skinned the cat.

“You see,” he said. “They are just as solid as the day I hung them.”

When the Civil War broke out, although his father had been a slave-owner, and though Washington sentiment was predominantly with the South, Shepherd enlisted for three months in the Union Army and served out his term. When he returned to Washington and the plumbing business, he immediately plunged into

politics. He was elected to the City Council while still in his twenties, and a little later he was chosen president of its upper branch. He became an intimate of President Grant, by then in the White House.

Physically, he was almost a giant and in every capacity he was aggressive and dominant. He married early and became the father of ten children. Although he knew and practised all the tricks of post-war politics, he was, at the same time a member of the Presbyterian Church in good standing and was accustomed to hold family worship every morning. On one occasion, tradition says, he had, with his huge family, just left the breakfast table and knelt down to pray when his attention was distracted by the noise made by a neighbor’s cow, which had invaded his dooryard and was eating the flowers in a bed under the open window.

“Get that damned cow out of the flower bed!” he flung over his shoulder to one of his kneeling sons, and went on with his prayer.

For whatever reason, Shepherd took an active part in persuading Congress to abolish the mayor and City Council and put the District under a territorial form of government. When this was done Grant appointed Henry D. Cooke the first Governor of the District. Mr. Cooke was president of the biggest bank in Washington. He was also a brother of Jay Cooke, head of the Philadelphia banking firm which largely financed the Lincoln government and which later, during the panic of ’77, disastrously failed.

Under Governor Cooke, most of the power of the new territorial government was lodged in a Board of Public Works. Alexander Shepherd had himself made vice-president and executive officer of that board, though there was no warrant in law for the creation of such a position.

From then onward for three years he governed Washington alone and single-handed, with practically no check upon his authority. Cooke was an old dodo, who travelled largely on the reputation of his brother. His bank got rich pickings out of discounting the millions of certificates of indebtedness which Shepherd issued, and Cooke himself had a profitable part in certain unsavory real estate speculations. As Governor he was entirely dominated by Shepherd. The Board of Public Works was an even greater joke. After the Boss elected himself its executive officer it rarely, if ever, held a meeting. Its members signed on the dotted line whenever he issued an order.

The story of what happened during the next three years would seem fabulous if it were not all embalmed in the pages of three thick books which contain the testimony taken by a joint committee of Congress, headed by Senator Allison of Iowa. Senators Thurman of Ohio and Boutwell of Massachusetts were the other senatorial members, and five members of the House of Representatives completed the committee. It sat daily for three months and examined more than a hundred witnesses. Its report, covering thousands of pages, was a complete compendium of municipal graft.

Contracts for excavating and paving streets, for laying sewers and executing other public works were peddled from hand to hand, two or three men taking profits from the same job. Contracts for grading were let without even a preliminary estimate of the amount of work involved. Some of them ran to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Juicy jobs were awarded to dummies, who later turned them over to insiders on payment of a few thousand dollars. For instance, John F. Seitz, one of the witnesses, testified:

I made application for the carriage way on Tenth street. I am a baker by trade. I received \$2,500. The check was given to M. Frank Kelley, a clerk in the office of the Superintendent of Assessments, by Dr. L. S. Filbert. The money was divided equally between M. Frank Kelley, Arthur Shepherd and myself.

Arthur Shepherd was the brother of Boss Shepherd. E. M. F. Faetz, another witness, testified:

I sold my interest in a contract to Geo. W. Linville for \$7,000. I had two public positions at that time, one under the general government, the other under the District government, as a member of the Auditing Commission.

Bids were never advertised to be let to the lowest bidder. Boss Shepherd fixed in advance the amount to be paid per yard for grading, excavating, the laying of pavement, etc. He then awarded the contract to whoever he pleased. In scores of cases he increased the amount after the contracts had been let. To a man named Lewis Clephane, for instance, a contract for grading was let at twenty cents a yard. Clephane was one of the inside ring. Shortly after he got the job the price was advanced by Shepherd to thirty cents a yard, with an additional allowance of one-and-a-half cents for every hundred feet the dirt removed was hauled. If the haul was a quarter of a mile the price paid amounted to nearly fifty cents a yard. This contract alone amounted to several hundred thousand dollars, but it was let, like most of the others, without even a preliminary engineering estimate of the amount of work to be done.

When Shepherd took hold, Washington was a city with practically no public improvements. In sixteen months he let contracts for 365 miles of street paving, nearly a million feet of curbing, 130 miles of sewers, 3,500,000 cubic yards of excavating,

55 miles of parking, and 40 miles of water mains. All the while, he was legally authorized to spend but \$4,000,000, and the laws of Congress forbade him to obligate the national government in any amount or to increase the indebtedness of the District. Not even the joint committee of Congress, after months of investigation, could determine with any accuracy how much was actually spent. But the official records, incomplete and fragmentary as they were, revealed that contracts to the amount of at least \$26,000,000 had been let.

An inside gang of seven men got most of the loot. Governor Cooke was one of them, and five of the other members were contractors. The identity of the seventh member was always a mystery. Boss Shepherd himself was more than suspected. But though his brother and his business partner were involved in the purchase and sale of contracts, the congressional committee unearthed no evidence that he actually had any personal share in the stealing.

The gang employed many ingenious schemes, since widely imitated, to increase its profits. It formed a real estate pool, financed by Cooke's bank, and bought large blocks of suburban real estate. Then Shepherd built wide boulevards to connect them with the city. When funds ran low the Board of Public Works—which was Shepherd—issued \$13,000,000 in so-called certificates of indebtedness, which, by some chicanery of the law, were supposed not to increase the bonded debt of the District. Their legality was uncertain and they sold at a large discount. It was in handling this depreciated paper that Governor Cooke's bank got its biggest loot. A contractor, paid off in the scrip, would cash it at the Cooke bank for 60% of its face value. Then the bank would send the certificates to the office of the

Board of Public Works and, in the long run, collect 100%.

But in spite of all this and of a thousand pages more of equally damaging revelations, the joint committee brought in a Scotch verdict of not proven against the Boss. Not once did it mention his name by way of reprimand or reproof. Perhaps this was because he had a powerful friend at the White House. Even after his gaudy career as executive officer of the Board of Public Works, Grant appointed him Governor of the District to succeed Cooke. Now, when, as a result of the report of the joint committee of Congress, the territorial form of government was abolished and a commission of three members appointed to rule the District, Grant nominated him as one of the triumvirate. But that was too much for even the tough stomach of the Senate. It revolted and rejected the nomination. So the Boss retired to private life.

IV

It would be unfair and untrue to convey the impression, even by insinuation, that Alexander Shepherd was merely a grafter. He was much more than that. And it must be remembered that he was never convicted of accepting a dishonest penny. Here is a truthful anecdote which helps to reveal the quality of the man.

When the Boss took hold of the government of Washington, one of the chief blots on the face of the city was the track of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which ran across town near the foot of Capitol Hill. It had been laid as an emergency war measure. John W. Garrett, a mighty man of the public-be-damned era of railroad operation, was president of the railroad. With him Shepherd conducted brief and vain negotiations for the removal of

the track. Then, convinced that Garrett's refusal could not be shaken, the Boss acted.

Late one night he assembled a crew of 300 workmen, tore up the tracks and piled them about the B. & O. Station, so that it was almost entirely cut off from the outside world. Over from Baltimore stormed the enraged railroad Titan. Shepherd was waiting to meet him. It is a loss to history that a record of that interview was not kept. Doubtless it was full of roars, denunciations, threats and defiances. Only its conclusion has been preserved.

"Shepherd," said President Garrett when the row was over, "I offer you the job of first vice-president of the Baltimore & Ohio. You are just the man I have been looking for."

Another eyesore which marred that gorgeous picture of the rejuvenated capital which the imagination of Shepherd had painted was a huge and ramshackle market-house occupying the block now the site of the Washington Public Library. Its stall-holders claimed a vested right in the property and resisted the Boss's efforts to have it torn down. One day he learned they were about to apply for an injunction against its destruction. That night he again mustered his wrecking crew and, with pickax and crowbar, razed the building over the heads of its tenants. One dauntless greengrocer defended his stall against the invaders until the roof crashed in and killed him.

But neither for this, nor for his raid on the Baltimore & Ohio, nor for his incredible and lawless wastage of nearly \$30,000,000 was Shepherd ever legally called to account. The influence of his great and good friend in the White House was too potent. But even that influence does not wholly explain the Boss's immunity. Perhaps he got away with it because corrup-

tion was so widespread in those days that few men, whether in or out of office, cared to force him to tell all he knew. And there still remained the reckless, flaming audacity and the ruthless energy of Alexander Shepherd himself. To tackle him was a good deal like trying to fight an earthquake.

But after the Senate refused to confirm his nomination as one of the three commissioners of the District, his stay in Washington was short. He had lost his business. He was violently hated by thousands of taxpayers, many of whom had been almost ruined by the huge burdens he had laid on their unwilling shoulders. There were recurrent rumors that criminal proceedings would be started against him. One day, without notice, he suddenly removed himself to Mexico, from which Republic it was then difficult, if not impossible, to extradite a fugitive. In Mexico he became a friend of Porfirio Diaz, then at the beginning of his long reign of ruthless power, acquired a silver mine, and in a few years built up a considerable fortune.

At the end of eight years it was announced that he was coming back. And now behold a miracle! The city which had driven him out, proud at last of the glories he had forced upon it, sent a committee of its leading citizens to the railroad station to welcome him home. He was greeted as the greatest of civic heroes and escorted to his hotel amidst cheers and triumphant music. There, after listening to addresses of adulation, he held a public reception and made a speech to the applauding multitude.

After a visit in New York, he returned to Mexico, where he died in 1902. A few years later, the people of Washington erected in his honor the bronze statue now threatened with removal and destruction.

V

When Shepherd elbowed himself into power, the condition of Washington had been slowly growing worse for seventy-five years. With its population of 100,000—more than a quarter of them illiterate former slaves—the swampy village seemed about to drown in its own muck. There were a dozen sound reasons for the removal of the capital to a new site—cleaner, decenter, and nearer the center of the country.

By spending and wasting thirty millions of non-existent dollars in half as many months—by laying out imperial avenues, great circles, squares and parks all over the country-side—the Boss so deeply involved the moral, as well as financial, credit of the nation as to make the removal of the capital forever impossible. He bluffed and shamed Congress into accepting its full share of the responsibility of maintaining

the decency, not to say dignity and beauty, of the seat of government.

A man more scrupulous, of less reckless and ruthless audacity, could have accomplished nothing. By flaunting the laws, by plunging headlong into the construction of public works of a magnitude and magnificence unheard of before, Shepherd made the modern Washington possible and inevitable. The wholesale grafting that went on during his régime was, in the long view, merely only an unpleasant incident of it.

So it will be a shame and a scandal if his bronze effigy is taken down and hidden away or melted up and cast into souvenirs. It should rather be carried up the avenue at the head of another triumphant procession, and there permanently set up at the foot of Capitol Hill.

There let him stand, a grim, ironic, truly American figure, looking down over the city which he looted—and saved!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Building Construction

THE WORK OF THE BRICKLAYER

By CHARLES POWERS

MY father came of a family of English bricklayers, but never learned the trade himself. After serving as an Army officer in India, he came first to Canada and then to the States, where he married my mother and engaged in the contracting business. He was a general contractor in the South, and sometimes employed a few bricklayers. Bricklayers are good fellows to those they like, and I am sure that some of those men liked me, because the years that followed proved as much. During my childhood I had a great deal of sickness, and the bricklayers used to pet me and buy me presents. I was a slender, brown-haired boy with a leaky heart and an inferiority complex, and they were sorry for me. Some of them would sometimes let me lay a few bricks, and that, coupled with a boy's admiration for certain of them, prompted me to try to learn their trade.

Among the bricklayers whom I especially liked were Charley Poli and Carl Owens, and it was under their tuition that I began my apprenticeship. Carl, who was known to his associates as Polly, had contracted to do the brick work on a building at Tinsman, Ark., and Charley was working for him. I was past fifteen, and they decided to teach me the trade. Charley was running a corner, and Carl put me to backing up with common brick behind the 4-inch thickness of faced brick which composed the outside surface of the wall. He always kept me near Charley or himself,

so they could watch me. They were very kind to me, and there shall always be a pain in my heart when I remember that Charley was burned to death some years later in a hotel fire in Louisiana.

I had worked with him several months, and gained some experience, and had risen from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, when he sent me alone to lay the foundation for a house. That house happened to be for a widow, and, of course, what I built was more of a freak than a foundation. What the lady said to me about it is still vivid in my memory, but is not to be repeated here. After twenty years I am still afraid of widows. She was a beautiful woman, and Carl told me years later that she had once refused to marry him, and that he sent me to lay that foundation in order to get revenge.

I did not have an apprentice's card in the union for the simple reason that, while with Carl and Charley, I did not need any. So after serving six months—when an unfortunate combination of circumstances made it necessary for Carl to leave the State—I was left an "orphan apprentice". There was no other contracting bricklayer nearby who could take me on. Thus at sixteen, with six months' experience, I started out with a bag of tools and an inferiority complex to build up the world with bricks.

From the time Owens left Arkansas until the time I qualified as a bricklayer was a matter of long, soul-deadening years. During those years I hoboed over half the States of the Union, and a part of

Mexico, and was fired an inconceivable number of times. It was my hope to get an apprentice's card, and thereby be enabled to work on large union jobs, but in this I was sorely disappointed. Once, while working at Monroe, La., I almost made the grade. There were both white and Negro bricklayers on the job and they were all willing to vouch for me, but a few days before I was to get my card they went on a strike and shut the job down.

After that I would pick up small jobs, such as chimneys, flues and foundations. Finally I acquired expertness enough to enable me to do fairly good work. I had had considerable sawmill experience, and so I was advised to go to work at the Magnolia Refinery, at Beaumont, Texas, which was hiring bricklayers to enlarge its plant.

Shortly afterward I went to work there. They were using some fifty brick masons, and that was the first really large job I had ever worked on. It did not last very long, but I learned as much there in a few weeks as I had previously learned in several years on small jobs. Among other things, they were building a large steel and concrete frame building with brick walls. The boss, a jolly old Irishman, put me to work on this building with some of the best bricklayers in the country. Will Votaw coached me in fancy brick work, and when the job was finished I knew I could work with any bricklayer, on any job. They had fired from one to several brick masons every day, and I had stayed until the building was finished. I was a bricklayer at last.

It is my opinion that it requires as much artistic skill to build a really good brick bungalow as it does to write a poem, play a violin, or paint a picture. A bricklayer must dream his work before he lays the bricks. A poet can rub out a word that

doesn't rhyme, but a bricklayer can't rub out a brick that isn't plumb. He must lay every brick and strike every mortar joint to fit the dream of some architect, or a dream of his own. I have often had to deal with architects, and they are fine fellows if one can follow their plans. If an architect knows how to set forth his dreams by draftsmanship, his plans are reliable; otherwise they are often impossible to follow. And so it is with brick masons; to be a good bricklayer one must have artistic talent, mechanical ability, and the gift of dreams.

Bricklayers are often considered cranky for the same reason that actors and actresses are considered temperamental: they are very emotional. In order to do his best work a bricklayer must be able to concentrate his mind on the job. And eight hours on an intricate piece of brick-work tires the mind as well as the body. Many good bricklayers have become drunkards in their attempt to ease the strain of tired, tense nerves. Added to the physical and mental strain, there is the element of danger. Bricklayers do a good portion of their work from scaffolds, often high up on the side of a skyscraper. The best all-around bricklayer I have ever known, Allan Marshall, fell from a swinging scaffold at Wichita Falls, Texas, and was killed. I have often worked while standing on a single 6-inch board, many stories above ground.

Three years ago I was on a scaffold with five other bricklayers when some Mexican laborers on a floor seventy feet above us upset a wheel-barrow load of bricks that rained down upon us. Fortunately, only one man was hit, and he recovered, but such incidents are disturbing. Contractors often build faulty scaffolds in order to keep down expenses. A few years ago our scaffold fell three times in one

afternoon. The last time I woke up with the scent of ether in my nostrils, and a nurse standing by my cot and smiling at me.

Also, there is the danger of becoming overheated. It seems that one can get hotter laying bricks than at any other work where the actual temperature is the same, and a like amount of physical effort is required. I can't explain this, but it is true. Every large oil refinery requires a crew of brick masons to keep the still and boiler walls in repair, and it is often necessary to work in these furnaces while the bricks are very hot. I have worked in furnaces where two or three minutes was as long as one could stay inside and endure the heat. And I have had my eyebrows singed on several occasions.

In certain types of still furnaces the walls, if badly burned, are likely to fall in when a hammer is used to drive fire-bricks into the bond openings. While working for the Texas Oil Company, at Port Arthur, Texas, I saved the lives of seven bricklayers by calling them out of a still furnace a few seconds before the entire floor space was covered by a falling side wall. I saw the danger and went outside and called them, and the wall caved in just as the last man crawled through the narrow opening.

Most people who find it necessary to hire bricklayers to do small jobs suppose that all are about the same. Therefore they use the cheapest day man, or the cheapest contractors. But all brick masons are not the same by any means. Some journeyman bricklayers know ten times as much about laying brick as others.

If one has to hire bricklayers at random, the middle-aged white American brick mason is the safest bet. The Negro bricklayer of middle age is next best. German and English bricklayers are good, but

they are usually unfamiliar with our types of work. I have seen Mexican bricklayers who were good, but as a rule they turn out crude work. Incidentally, the Negro is often more loyal to other bricklayers than men of other races. In order to become a first class mason a Negro must be mentally superior to the average man of his own race. He knows this and tries to be a good union man, a good workman, and a good citizen.

I am a Southern man, with all the prejudice of the South ingrained in my heart. I am opposed to social equality, but truth means more to me than prejudice, and decency more than color. During the years that I was fighting my battle as a run-away apprentice, no Negro brick mason ever treated me badly. Some of them helped me to get work, and several even offered to assist me financially. But men of my own race cursed me because I was a boy trying to learn their trade.

Should I have any brick work to be done and be unable to do it myself, I would surely contract it directly to a brick mason, and not deal with a general contractor. And I should make this rule apply to carpenter work, painting, paper-hanging, and all the other work belonging to the building of a house. And I should pay a reasonable price, demand good work, and have no trouble getting it. Shabby work, turned out by unscrupulous contractors, has injured the building crafts more than all the industrial depressions the country has ever experienced.

A man who wants to build a house takes a look at the shack his neighbor got when he paid for a mansion, and backs out. He could buy his material, hire his labor, appoint a foreman, and get a good job at a reasonable price, but he doesn't care to risk it. Folks are afraid to trust a foreman. They will trust a contractor who

has no ability as a workman, and no sense of honesty, but they can't trust an honest workman as foreman. They have been educated against it.

This has been a bad year for the brick-laying craft. In some localities wages have been cut, and many bricklayers are unemployed. Some of them are contracting

small jobs for a mere pittance, in the hope of meeting expenses. Just now the horizon is smudged, but I believe the building trades have a future. And to me that future looks brighter than the past ever looked. The clouds will pass, and when the sun shines out again some of us in the building trades will be much wiser.

International Law

THE DECLINE OF EXTRATERRITORIAL JURISDICTION

BY CARL L. W. MEYER

THE first grant of extraterritorial jurisdiction to the United States came from Morocco, in January, 1787. By Article 20 of the treaty ratified by the Continental Congress on July 18 of that year, it was provided that "if any of the citizens of the United States, or any person under their protection, shall have any disputes with each other, the [American] consul shall decide between the parties, and whenever the consul shall require any aid or assistance from our [the Moroccan] government, to enforce his decisions, it shall be immediately granted to him."

By the year 1903 not less than twenty-seven other foreign states had consented to similar arrangements. They were Abyssinia, Algiers, Borneo, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Bulgaria, China, the Congo, Cyprus, Egypt, Iraq, Japan, Korea, Madagascar, Montenegro, Muscat, Palestine, Persia, Rumania, Samoa, Serbia, Siam, Syria and the Lebanon, Tonga, Tripoli, Tunis, Turkey, and Zanzibar.

All of these countries, with the exception of Abyssinia, Japan, Persia, and Siam, have experienced considerable changes in their political status since the time they made their agreements with the United States. Many of them have been either

merged with other states or annexed by one or another of the Great Powers, a fact which has usually made extraterritoriality unnecessary.

In the case of Morocco an unsuccessful attempt to end it was made by France shortly before the World War. In a letter dated October 7, 1913, the French *chargé d'affaires* in Washington informed the Secretary of State that the French government requested this country to place its citizens under the new jurisdiction which had been introduced in Morocco by virtue of the Franco-Moroccan Protectorate Treaty signed at Fez during the previous year. After protracted correspondence, Mr. Lansing, early in 1917, advised the French that "possibly the best mode of procedure to be adopted would be to consider separately the question of the recognition of the protectorate and the question of our capitulatory and other rights in Morocco." This arrangement proved to be acceptable to France, and by a note of October 20, 1917, Mr. Lansing informed the French Ambassador that the United States had decided to recognize the protectorate of France over Morocco, "subject to the special rights and privileges of Spain." But here negotiations were permitted to rest, and nothing further has been heard of the relinquishment of extraterritorial jurisdiction there by the United States.

In the Congo Free State, Japan, Korea, Madagascar, Samoa, Serbia, Tripoli, Tunis, and Zanzibar, either by the conclusion of treaties or by diplomatic negotiations, it has come to an end. In the Congo it was terminated in October, 1908, after the King of the Belgians had approved the treaty of November 28, 1907, which provided for the dissolution of the personal union between Belgium and the Congo and placed the latter under the sovereignty of Belgium.

In the Far East the first Power to resume full juridical control over Americans in its territory was Japan, which, on November 22, 1894, concluded a treaty of commerce and navigation with the United States, providing in part that "the jurisdiction then exercised by courts of the United States in Japan and all the exceptional privileges, exemptions, and immunities then enjoyed by citizens of the United States as a part of, or appurtenant to such jurisdiction, shall absolutely and without notice cease and determine, and thereafter all such jurisdiction shall be resumed by Japanese courts". This treaty was ratified during the year following, but its stipulations did not become effective until July, 1899.

Extraterritoriality in Korea ended somewhat abruptly on August 29, 1910, one week after its annexation by Japan, when the Japanese Foreign Office issued a proclamation declaring that "the right of extraterritoriality which foreigners have hitherto enjoyed in Korea comes definitely to an end from today". The United States government protested against this one-sided action, but without avail. Several years later, on April 21, 1913, a protocol concerning the abolition of the system of "foreign settlements" in Korea was signed at Seoul by Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and the

United States on the one hand, and the Director of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs of the Government-General of Korea on the other. Article 1 of this half-forgotten but quite effective instrument declares that "the foreign settlements in Chosen (Korea), namely: Chemulpo, Chinnampo, Kunsan, Mokpo, Masampo, and Songchin, shall be incorporated with the respective newly organized communes of Chosen to which they appropriately belong". It may be observed that Japan participated only indirectly in this agreement through the representative of the "government-general of Korea"; and that the question of the jurisdiction of foreign consuls was not revived.

Annexation by France in 1896 concluded extraterritoriality in Madagascar. On December 10 of that year Mr. Olney, then Secretary of State, instructed Mr. Eustis, then Ambassador of the United States to France, that the establishment of French sovereignty and civil jurisdiction "puts an end to the extraterritorial rights of the United States [in Madagascar] and to the judicial powers of our consul dependent thereon. This changed condition is assumed to have gone into effect on October 16, when, according to the statement of the French resident-general, the French courts were to have been opened for business".

The United States relinquished its consular jurisdiction in Serbia and Tunis by special agreements, but it was ended in Tripoli simply by notification by the Secretary of State to the Italian *chargé d'affaires* at Washington. In the case of Zanzibar, which until 1856 had been a part of Muscat (Oman) and in 1890 had become a British protectorate, the Department of State informed the American vice-consul (by telegram dated April 29, 1909) that "the United States has relin-

quished its extraterritorial jurisdiction in Zanzibar". This announcement was issued after the British government, by Order in Council of May 11, 1906, had made provision for the effective introduction of the British judicial system in the protectorate.

Strenuous efforts to induce the United States to give up its extraterritorial rights have been made during the last decade by Siam, Turkey, and China. These efforts, however, have been successful only in the case of Siam. In Turkey the United States acquired jurisdiction under the terms of a treaty concluded on May 7, 1830. Previous to this date similar arrangements had been made between the Ottoman Empire and all the Great Powers of Europe and a number of smaller ones—France being the first nation to introduce extraterritorial jurisdiction in that country (February, 1535). During the period following the World War, and particularly after Turkey's signal victory over Greece, the attitude of the Turkish government toward foreigners showed a decided change. By the Treaty of Lausanne of July 24, 1923, between Turkey on the one side and the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, Greece, Rumania, and the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom on the other, the Turkish negotiators succeeded in persuading the contracting Powers to terminate their extraterritorial rights. Article 28 of this treaty provides that "each of the high contracting parties accepts, in so far as it is concerned, the complete abolition of the capitulations in Turkey in every respect". The United States was not a party to this instrument, but on August 6 of the same year this country, also at Lausanne, signed a "treaty to regulate the general relations between the United States and Turkey". Article 2 is as follows:

The high contracting parties declare the capitulations concerning the régime of for-

eigners in Turkey completely abrogated, both as regards conditions of entry and residence and as regards fiscal and judicial questions, together with the economic and financial system resulting from the capitulations.

But up to the present time this treaty has not been ratified by the Senate.

At present, the most important movement for a change in the old order is going on in China, where the principle of extraterritoriality was recognized and accepted as early as the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. In 1689 Russia and China agreed by treaty that subjects of Russia committing offences in China were to be surrendered to the Russian authorities for trial, and *vice versa*. These arrangements were confirmed in subsequent compacts signed in 1727, 1768, and 1851. Some years later, in 1858, Russia obtained in China what is known as "unilateral extraterritoriality", since the Chinese in Russia were not granted similar rights. Prior to 1858 extraterritoriality had also been secured by Great Britain, the United States, Sweden-Norway, and France. Other Powers soon followed, including Germany (1861), Austria-Hungary (1869), Peru (1874), Brazil (1881), Korea (1882), Portugal (1887), Japan (1896), the Congo Free State (1898), Mexico (1899), Sweden (1908), and Switzerland (1918). China made no serious attempt to abolish these "unequal treaties" until 1902. But when Japan, during the latter years of the Nineteenth Century, succeeded in restoring complete jurisdiction over aliens residing in her territory, a similar desire became manifest in various parts of the Chinese Empire. The result was that on September 5, 1902, China and Great Britain concluded at Shanghai a treaty which gave expression and recognition to China's desire to abolish foreign jurisdiction on her soil.

Article 12 of this document contained the following provision:

China having expressed a strong desire to reform her judicial system and to bring it into accord with that of Western nations, Great Britain agrees to give every assistance to such reform, and she will also be prepared to relinquish her extraterritorial rights when she is satisfied that the state of Chinese laws, the arrangement for their administration and other considerations warrant her in so doing.

On October 6 of the following year, the United States and China signed at Shanghai a commercial treaty containing like provisions; and agreements with almost identical stipulations were made with Japan and other Powers. A new impetus for the cancellation of the "unequal treaties" was afforded by the World War. By a presidential proclamation of August 14, 1917, China entered the war on the side of the Allied and Associated Powers, declaring war on both Germany and Austria-Hungary. This proclamation at the same time declared that "all treaties, agreements, conventions, concluded between China and Germany, and between China and Austria-Hungary" were abrogated. After the conclusion of the war China, in 1921 and 1925 respectively, entered into new treaty relationships with Germany and Austria. The new agreements expressly declared that the nationals of the contracting countries were henceforth to be subject to the jurisdiction of the Chinese courts and must comply with the laws of the country.

Russia, likewise (on May 31, 1924), agreed to abandon all the extraterritorial rights which the Czarist Empire formerly exercised in China. In respect of the other Powers, however, China's efforts met with serious obstacles. She scored something like a success at the Washington Conference in 1921, where a resolution was

adopted by Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Portugal, and the United States for the establishment of a commission "to inquire into the practice of extraterritorial jurisdiction in China". This commission, which rendered its report in September, 1926, laid down certain conditions to be put into effect by the Chinese government prior to the full restoration of its jurisdiction over foreigners to China.

In January, 1927, Secretary of State Kellogg issued a statement regarding the policy of the United States. This statement declared in part that the American government was ready to continue negotiations on the subject of the tariff and on that of extraterritoriality if China could "agree upon the appointment of delegates representing the authorities of the people of the country", but that "existing treaties which were ratified by the Senate of the United States cannot be abrogated by the President but must be superseded by new treaties negotiated with somebody representing China and subsequently ratified by the Senate of the United States". There the matter rested for the time being.

Since then things have moved rather fast in China. A preliminary treaty of amity and commerce was signed on November 22, 1928, at Nanking between the union of Belgium and Luxemburg and the Republic of China. Article 2 of this treaty stipulated that "the nationals of each of the high contracting parties shall be subject, in the territory of the other party, to the laws and jurisdiction of the law courts of that party". An annex to the treaty further provided that the article should become operative on January 1, 1930, but that before this date the Chinese government was to make "detailed arrangements with the Belgian government for the assumption by China of jurisdiction

over Belgian subjects". Failing such arrangements Belgian subjects were not to be amenable to Chinese jurisdiction "until the majority of the Powers possessing extraterritorial privileges in China shall have agreed to relinquish them". Analogous agreements were entered into by China in 1928 with Italy, Denmark and Portugal.

Another step toward the removal of the old limitations upon China's jurisdictional sovereignty was taken when the Chinese government, on April 27, 1929, sent identical notes to the governments of the United States, Great Britain, France, Brazil, Norway, and the Netherlands. The State Department, on August 10, 1929, replied that the United States was willing to participate in negotiations which would have as their object "the devising of a method for the gradual relinquishment" of extraterritorial rights in China. In their rejoinder of September 5, 1929, the Chinese requested the American government "to enter into immediate discussions . . . for making necessary arrangements whereby extraterritoriality in China will be abolished to the mutual satisfaction of both governments".

Evidently believing this method too slow, China in the following December issued a mandate which somewhat peremptorily declared that "on or after the first month of the nineteenth year of the Republic (January 1, 1930) all foreign nationals in the territory of China who are now enjoying extraterritorial privileges shall abide by the laws, ordinances, and regulations duly promulgated by the central and local governments in China". A few days later, however, the Chinese Min-

ister of Foreign Affairs published a statement to the effect that the year 1930 would be the "decisive time", and that "the actual process of reëstablishing Chinese sovereignty by the abolition of extraterritoriality begins on January 1".

In September, 1930, the State Department announced that it would be ready to resume conversations with China during the month of October. Great Britain and other Powers also expressed their willingness to comply with China's wishes and eventually did reopen negotiations; but internal unrest and rebellion against the Nanking government as well as that government's unwillingness to compromise on the maintenance of extraterritorial jurisdiction in certain treaty ports caused a deadlock in the negotiations. On May 4, 1931, Nanking issued a proclamation announcing the unilateral abrogation by China of all existing extraterritorial rights to take effect on January 1, 1932.

The preceding review shows that American extraterritorial jurisdiction, once exercised in twenty-eight foreign countries, is slowly but steadily disappearing. To a large degree it has been surrendered because improvements in foreign judicial systems have prompted such action. The United States still maintains undisputed consular jurisdiction in Abyssinia, Muscat and Persia where, unfortunately—with the possible exception of Persia—American interests are at present of minor importance. In Turkey and China the United States has tenaciously maintained its extraterritorial rights, and it will be interesting in these particular instances to watch further developments.

PUNCH DRUNK

BY ROBERT JEANS

I stood in front of a gym in downtown Chicago, waiting for my friend Doc—Dr. Harold Caro—, a young physician who had a considerable practice among pugs and was himself a former fighter. He had paid his way through medical school with money earned in the ring.

I watched the bustle outside a large hotel across the street and soon became aware of a fellow a few feet from me who also ogled the hotel, fixing his eyes on one of the higher floors. That he was a pug or, more likely, an ex-pug, I had no doubt. His face had been banged into a caricature: knotted ears, a bashed nose, bulging cheek bones, half-sunken eyes. His hands were misshapen. He needed a shave and a haircut.

After staring up at the hotel for some time, he suddenly turned to me and said: "My wife lives up there."

"Yes?"

"Yeah, she lives up there . . . yeah . . . up there . . . yep . . . up there."

He spoke a few more such childish sentences and I answered him indifferently. The man obviously was not in his right senses.

Doc came along. The pug saw him and, holding out a distorted hand, demanded: "When are ya gonna fix up my hand, Hal? I coulda had a fight last week if my hand was right."

"Oh, you'll be okay pretty soon," Doc answered. "Take your time. You're getting by. Why worry?"

Apparently satisfied with this, the pug looked across the street again. "Hey, Hal!" he said, pointing up at the hotel, and grinning as though he and Doc had some mutual knowledge that needed no explanation. Doc answered with a meaningless "Yeah", and we left.

"Who's your friend?" I asked.

"Pal Martin, an old lightweight."

"He seems to be pretty well punched up."

"Yeah, Pal is walking on his heels for fair."

"Does his wife really live up there?"

"She did once, long ago. He thinks she still does. He used to go over to the hotel and hang around the lobby and ask for her, but the house dick threw him out. Now he merely watches the joint from across the street. He's nuts."

II

"Pal Martin was the star of Eddie Gibbs' stable when I first joined it," Doc told me later. "He is the son of a ranch hand, born and brought up in Wyoming. From what he told me about his early life, I gather that his old man was a pretty sour gent, and his mother ran away when Pal was a kid. Pal left the ranch when he was about eighteen, and went to live in Omaha with an uncle who ran a fighters' gym. He hung around this joint and gradually got into the racket. Then Eddie Gibbs picked him up."

"He never was a topnotcher but he fought some good boys, and when he had his speed it was hard to do anything with him. He was a light hitter—couldn't break an egg—but he knew how to throw punches at you till the cows came home. He was slippery on the defense; wouldn't stay put long enough for you to bust him a good one.

"Eddie Gibbs liked him. Aside from the fact that he was the best money-maker in Eddie's stable, he was an easy fighter to manage. He did what he was told without asking questions. Win or lose, he never had much to say.

"The other fighters in the stable didn't care for him. They accused him of being a snitch because he hung around Mrs. Gibbs, and they said he was a tightwad because he never spent much money. He put his dough in the bank pretty regular, and they exaggerated this into stinginess.

"He really wasn't stingy. The truth, I guess, is that he had the soul of a ranch-hand. His ideas on how to enjoy life were simple and extremely limited. No imagination. For instance, he always wore a blue serge suit, and one day when I asked him how he kept it looking so neat, he answered that he changed suits every day—he had four suits, all blue serge.

"During my prelim days I went around with him a lot. He lent me dough, and often treated me in third-class restaurants and shows. He was lonesome for company. Sometimes I took him with me on dates with girls. He liked girls, but usually didn't get to first base unless they were trambos. I think his general attitude toward women was more husbandish than sexy. He liked to be around a woman as some men like to be around a horse. Often he would act as chauffeur to Mrs. Gibbs, taking her marketing, or to social calls or movies. She was a nice-looking, friendly

woman, around forty, with a strong maternal instinct. She satisfied the dumb, dog-like craving for affection which I noticed in Pal, and no amount of kidding by the boys could make him quit hanging around her.

"One Summer Eddie and Mrs. Gibbs rented a bungalow at Lake Geneva. They invited Pal and me—the only two left in our stable—to join them for a vacation.

"Pal and I went there and, in order to keep in shape, we rigged up a ring on the lakeshore, and used to work out in it. Now and then quite a crowd, men and girls, gathered to watch us.

"One day a bunch of young girls were looking on, and after the workout I got acquainted with them. They were working girls on vacation—stenos, office clerks, and the like. Two of them got to talking loose and I figured they were fast, so I decided to fix up a double date for Pal and me. But he had already gone overboard for a different girl.

"Her name was Kelly—Peggy Kelly. A little redhead with a small angelic face and soft gray eyes. Her body was so tiny that she gave the impression of a little girl trying to dress like a grown woman. She wore, I remember, a white shirtwaist that was transparent and you could see the lace brassière over her little bosom. Cute.

"She was quiet, and seemed a little shy. I noticed she was interested in Pal. He was unmarked then, almost clean-cut; and although he was no Greek god, he didn't look bad in workout clothes. He looked at her moony. Funny as hell. I knew that he wanted to get acquainted, but he'd never break the ice unless somebody helped him. So I acted as go-between and managed to fix up a date between them. She was not so shy—anything but—after you got to know her.

"They became clubby after the first date—saw each other every afternoon and evening. Pretty soon Pal began to show all the marks of a guy in love. He let himself be reformed, too, and gave up wearing bow ties, caps, and blue serge suits in favor of swankier rags that Peggy picked out for him. She also spurred him into buying a car.

"And Pal became ambitious. He said he wanted to earn bigger purses, which meant, of course, fighting tougher boys. Eddie, as a manager, believed in ducking tough ones, but he agreed to get Pal some big-time competition when we got back to town. Eddie only half meant it; he knew that Pal was in love and under the influence of the girl, but he figured that it was a vacation romance that would bust up when all hands returned to the city.

"Eddie was wrong. We weren't back in Chi a week before we got invited to a party at Peggy's house. It was given by her mother to celebrate the little gal's eighteenth birthday. At least that was the excuse, but actually, I think, it was arranged to give the old lady a chance to size up our crowd—particularly Pal, of course.

"Anyhow, we all showed up at the Kelly place—a semi-shanty-Irish layout on the West Side—and the old lady greeted us at the door. Mrs. Kelly was a short fat woman and, as several pictures in the parlor showed, a former good-looker. She was very pleasant to us and tried hard to make a good impression. But it struck me already then that there was something cruel and greedy about her. It was plain that she was putting her best face forward. Her husband was a little rummy who kept out of sight most of the time—under orders, I imagine. There was another daughter, a homely girl with a good sense of humor.

"It turned out to be the usual neighborhood party. You know—gawky people who can't get over their embarrassment at meeting new faces: office girls, high school wise-crackers, and the like. I tried to start things by getting Mrs. Gibbs to play the piano and asking them all to sing, but Eddie and me were the only ones with nerve enough to raise our voices. Pal would have given anything to be the life of the party, but no use—he didn't have it in him—a born wall-flower.

"Mrs. Kelly was doing the dog, trying to act a little swell but all sorts of things happened to break into her routine. Her son, a hobo, showed up at the wrong time via the back door, and the homely sister, aided by Eddie, started to give him a set-down at the kitchen table. But the old lady came in with Peggy and they made the guy scram till after the party. Old Man Kelly came out of hiding when the liquor started to appear and got soused and talkative—and pulled a lot of blue jokes which drew laughs from us, but made Peggy and her mother sore as wasps. Then one of the young girls got sick from the booze.

"But the climax came when a lad they called Jimmy got drunk and tried to pick a fight with Pal. Of course Pal was embarrassed; he was on his best behavior and he didn't want to have to sock anybody. So I grabbed Jimmy and bounced him. When I got him outside he began to cry and told me he was Peggy's ex-boy-friend—that she gave him a quick cool-off when Pal came along her way. Finally Jimmy quit crying, jumped into his flivver, and drove out of the yard. A little while later they got a message that he had been in a smashup and was at the hospital, badly hurt.

"Things like that put the crimper on the party, and we went home.

III

"Eddie began matching Pal with better fighters, and Pal surprised us by turning in some good fights against them. He did so well, in fact, that Eddie thought of taking him East to show his stuff in New York.

"Then we found out that Pal was putting so much into his fighting because he was in a hurry to get married to Peggy. Eddie was against the match, but he knew that if he openly opposed it Pal would be all the more determined. So Eddie jollied him along for a month or two. He was in hopes the affair would break up.

"On the other hand, Peggy was urging Pal to fix a date for the wedding. One night at Eddie's house, Pal brought it to a showdown. He was set on getting married, but he hated to do anything without Eddie's okay. He wasn't used to making decisions for himself.

"Eddie now openly opposed the marriage. He held that Pal didn't know enough about the girl. Could she cook? Could she sew? Play the piano? Did she have any sense about handling money? Would she stick if he got on a tough spot? And so forth. Pal couldn't give very good answers. The truth was that he didn't know as much about the real character of the girl as Eddie and I did. Eddie told him about the incidents at the party: how they kept the old man out of sight through shame, how they chased the hobo brother—and about the boy Jimmy.

"Eddie believed in marriage, all right, but his idea was that you should be damn' sure of your broad before you let her tie you into a permanent clinch. He claimed that Peggy was bossy, that she wore the pants and gave orders to Pal—and that a man should be something of a hero to his girl, not a servant, as most

American guys are. I put in my two cents—and passed off the opinion that the doll was in a hurry to get married so she could chuck up her office job.

"Mrs. Gibbs answered my crack by saying that even if it was true, she didn't blame the girl. She said you couldn't condemn any gal for wanting to quit work and get married—probably Peggy would make a good little wife after she got away from her mother's influence. Her contribution was music to Pal.

"There was no further argument, for which he was grateful. He couldn't argue. All he knew was that he wanted to marry the girl. The poor guy wanted a woman's affection.

"By and by Eddie gave in. When the wedding was held a few weeks later he acted as best man.

"Pal and Peggy went on a honeymoon to Niagara Falls. Pal even sent out postcards when he got there. I guess he thought that was the thing to do.

"When they came back to Chi they stopped in a hotel—the one he always watches now—while their apartment on the West Side was being fixed up. The honeymoon and the furnishing of the apartment took most of Pal's bankroll.

"He got back into fighting, but his big-time spurt seemed to be over. Honeymooning, of course, never did do a guy's fighting ability any good, and Pal collected some pretty bad shellackings before Eddie called a halt. There was only one thing to do: build Pal up again as a small-club fighter, which Eddie proceeded to do.

"By this time I was coming along in the racket—making more dough than Pal. Eddie told us both to watch our money; he said that he had plenty of dough stuck away for himself, and that when we were through he was going to quit the racket and go traveling with his wife.

"After his marriage, Pal spent most of his time at home, and I was boning up on medicine, so we only saw each other in the gym, or at the fight clubs. At first he had very little to say about his home life, but after a while he began to complain to Eddie and me about having mother-in-law trouble. We advised him to keep the old lady out of his house—to lay the law down to Peggy about seeing her. A fat chance! Peggy knew the old lady was a buttinsky, but she had no intention of giving her up. And Peggy knew her own power to hurt and manipulate Pal, and wasn't afraid to use it.

"In the beginning, I think, she really liked Pal, but after he landed her he went back to blue serge, and he began to get marked up. She wasn't the type that takes it on the lam when the heat dies down. Perhaps she didn't mean to deliberately sandbag him; still she was nuts about clothes and fancy living—and he was only too anxious to turn over his dough to her in order to get a sign of affection. After her marriage, her body developed more and she became a swell looker. He was plenty proud of her appearance, and he sort of looked on marriage as a safeguard to hold her. It never occurred to him that she was being admired by other guys who didn't consider marriage much of a barrier.

"Meanwhile, a silent feud sprang up between Eddie on one side, and Peggy and her mother on the other. Eddie looked on Pal as his own personal property, in a sense. He had built up the boy the way other guys build up a business, and he blamed Peggy and her ma for the interruption of Pal's spurt on the big time. On the other hand, Mrs. Kelly had a sort of manager's attitude toward Peggy, which is often the way with the shanty Irish when they have a pretty girl in the family. The

old lady, I'm sure, never considered Pal as a permanent addition to the family. Peggy merely had been farmed out to him as a ball-player is farmed out to the minors.

"One night Pal fought some rough guy and collected an awful body beating. Eddie wanted him to go to a Turkish bath after the fight, but Pal insisted on going home. It seems he was scheduled to take Peggy out on a midnight party, but he didn't want Eddie to know it. He went home and put on a Tuxedo over his sore body and took Peggy to a night club. Eddie happened to drop in and see them there. He was as sore as a wet sock. He told Pal to get the hell out of the joint and go home to bed.

"That brought the fight into the open. Peggy wanted Pal to get a new manager. She was dumb about the racket—didn't know that Pal needed Eddie more than Eddie needed him.

"Naturally, all this squabbling affected Pal's fighting. I still worked out with him, and noticed that he was losing his speed. He was becoming easy to hit, and there was an awful temptation to bear down and sock him around, because you knew his own punches couldn't hurt you much.

"Eddie and I drove him home one night in Eddie's car, and he invited us in for a cup of coffee. Old Lady Kelly was there, and in no time at all she was in an argument with Eddie. It galled Eddie to take guff from a woman; he was used to his own wife, who was very feminine and soft, and let him be the boss. Peggy, of course, sided in with her mother. The little chit had the most tantalizing sneer you ever saw—and she used it on Eddie.

"That was the blowoff! Eddie got up and gave Peggy a bust in the mouth. She was nuts about her looks, and when he cracked her and blood showed and a tooth was loosened, she got hysterical. Pal lost

his head and was going to level Eddie. I grabbed him in time—God knows what Eddie would've done to a fighter who tried to work on him.

"Of course, that was the finish. Pal was canned right there. Eddie had nothing more to do with managing him.

IV

"Pal had to get more dough in a hurry. He took the first offer of management—a couple of chiselers. They made dough with him by throwing him in as a punching bag for topnotchers who were looking for soft touches. He took one beating after another and got so badly marked that Peggy was ashamed to be seen on the street with him. But, of course, she continued to take the dough he brought home.

"One night I dropped into a little club where Pal was on for a six-rounder. He was working against a young Jew-boy, a boxer, who could fight like a champ against a light hitter. Pal fought his usual fight, the only way he knew: to try to throw so many punches and slaps that the other guy never got a chance to do much punching himself. In the days when he had his speed the scheme worked out okay.

"But the Jew didn't mind getting hit a half a dozen slaps and cream-puff punches—after they landed he'd back Pal against the ropes and whang hell out of him. Pretty soon Pal was a mess of blood. I knew he'd finish on his feet—he could stand up and take it all night—but in the fourth I ducked out. The Jew was beginning to call his shots to Pal's pan, and it was tough for me to watch the poor simp take them on the chin.

"Two days after the fight Pal came to see me at my house. He said one of

the Jew's punches had given him a peculiar buzz in the head, and asked me what he should do about it. I said I didn't know, that it would probably go away soon. I wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible. I had heard from others that he unloaded his family troubles on anybody who would listen to him, and I didn't want to hear any more about the Kellys. Pal had become a laughing stock around the racket and they pointed him out as the perfect sap for a woman.

"He came to see me several times afterwards about the pain in his head. I advised him to go and see a doctor, which surprised him—he thought I should know all about the buzzing in his head. He left me each time, undecided what to do.

"Then one day I called up his wife and told her about him—said he was in danger of going crazy. I thought if she was impressed with the seriousness of it by me, whom she knew to be an aspiring medic, that perhaps she'd save the guy from more beatings. We all thought she had plenty of dough socked away, and could afford to keep him. She thanked me for calling, but said Pal had become impossible and she thought it best to let him go along his own way.

"Later I found out that for some time she had been giving him a slow cool-off. Her mother had got the gal set with another guy, who I understood was heavy with dough. No minor leagues this time—the Yankees.

"Eventually, Peggy went to Europe with the old lady. The rich guy followed and, after she jockeyed a quick divorce in Paris, he married her.

"This was an awful body-sock to Pal. He wandered aimlessly around town. Everybody laughed at him, but in his own dumb way the poor bastard was broken-hearted.

"At this time I was going to medical school, and Eddie and Mrs. Gibbs were traveling.

"During the next year Pal took plenty more beatings, fighting mostly for coffee-and-cake money. His whole pan became so scrambled that his own father wouldn't have recognized him, and finally he became so screwy that promoters were afraid to put him on any more. He was punch drunk.

"Later the Gibbises came back to live in Chi and one day Mrs. Gibbs met Pal on the street. He was completely on the bum, walking along the curb as if looking for a butt. She took him home. She and Eddie tried to give him a permanent home in their house, but he was impossible. He had become crummy in his habits and he was eccentric and stubborn about the few little things they demanded of him, such as putting his soiled clothes in a basket, and so forth. So they farmed him out to a shanty family. They pay his board, a matter of a few bucks a week. They've been doing this now for a long time.

"I see Pal now and then. He comes to my office and stops me on the street. He still thinks he can fight, and I make a bluff at fixing up his hands, which are hopelessly broken. He spends his time in the fifteen-cent movie houses looking at Westerns and underworld thrillers, or

around the gyms, particularly the one opposite the hotel where he lived with Peggy when they came back from Niagara Falls."

V

A few days after Doc told me the story, I met Pal Martin again at the entrance to the gym across from the big hotel. He remembered me and said hello. I wanted to talk to him, but could think of nothing to say except the foolish remark: "Been doing any fighting lately, Pal?"

"Nah," he answered. "Not much. I can't step aroun' like I use t' could." Then he asked: "D' ya wanna see me when I was good?"

He took out a large, worn, brown wallet, held together by a thick rubber-band. Clumsily he removed the band and fumbled through a collection of photographs and newspaper clippings. He selected a picture and handed it to me. It was of himself in the early days—a husky boy in ring tights sashed with an American flag, his strong arms folded on his chest, and grinning proudly.

Then he showed me another picture—a sweet-faced girl who had smiled wistfully at the camera.

"That's my wife," he said. "She lives up there."

MR. MADISON'S WAR

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

THE writers of textbooks for school-children and for America's future generals and admirals call the second war between the United States and England variously the War for a Free Sea, the War for Sailors' Rights, and the Second War of Independence. To the administration's political foes it was known derisively as Mr. Madison's War. As though the mousy little James Madison, who still, in the third year of his term, was blinking at the thought that he sat in the chair once occupied by a Washington and a Jefferson, would have voluntarily drawn the sword or cocked a pistol at any one! His enemies in Massachusetts and Virginia might, more properly, have called the conflict James Monroe's War, or the War of Clay, Grundy & Company, or the War for the Acquisition of Canada and the Floridas. Any one of these titles would, much more satisfactorily, have described the war makers and their motives.

It has commonly been held by patriots that the War of 1812 was justifiable on the following three counts: 1. England preyed on American shipping in a desperate effort to drive Yankee merchantmen from the high seas. 2. English frigates halted and searched American ships and impressed American seamen into His Majesty's service. 3. English officials, in Canada, were largely responsible for the unrest existing among the Indians on our Northwest frontier.

The facts are actually the following: 1.

If English men-of-war seized American merchantmen running the blockade that England had thrown about France and her allies, Napoleon was even the greater offender. 2. During the years 1803-12, when the British Orders-in-Council were in force, presumably for the purpose of destroying American commerce, American shipping grew to proportions not matched even as late as 1914. 3. The maritime interests, that is to say, New England and the Middle States, were openly hostile toward the war and persisted in carrying on traitorous relations with the enemy long after it had opened. 4. English ships stopped to search American vessels because large numbers of their crews were made up of deserters from English men-of-war. 5. It is difficult to prove that Indian depredations in the Northwest were encouraged by English officials; the American Indian policy, indeed, was so inhuman that there would have been Indian troubles if all English officialdom had been banished to the Antipodes.

A dispassionate examination of the situation on the eve of the war indicates that it was demanded not by the executive and not by the great majority of Americans but by an unruly Congress, aided and abetted by the Secretary of State, and by the frontier settlements in the Northwest and the Southwest. These clamored for blood for the following reasons:

To wrest Canada from the English and the Floridas from the Spaniard.

To vindicate our national honor. (It is one of the anomalies of this strange conflict that the backwoods West insisted upon chastising England for flouting our maritime rights, while the seafaring East was more Anglophile in temper than the most patriotic Tories had been before the Revolution. Too, our national honor had been most wronged during the years 1807-09.)

To assure Madison's reelection, the continued triumph of the Republican (Jeffersonian) party, and the eventual choice of Monroe as Madison's successor.

II

In 1803, after a brief peace, the Napoleonic wars were resumed. Their strategy was quite simple: on Napoleon's side it consisted of isolating England through the invasion and conquest of the English continental allies; on England's side it consisted of so effectively blockading French ports that the Corsican would be starved into submission. The English war lords were sensible enough to appreciate that a blockade against France was not enough so long as neutral shipping might come and go as it pleased. Hence they claimed the right to inspect all cargoes bound for the Continent, and to seize all vessels that carried contraband. Nor is it to be denied that the English shipowners watched with considerable uneasiness the great growth of the American merchant marine and hoped that the discomforts attendant on the exercise of the right of search would place difficulties in the way of further American mercantile expansion.

In the years 1805, 1806 and 1807 the English took active steps for the purpose of isolating Napoleon. Their Orders-in-Council placed a blockade against the French coast, forbade any neutral vessels to engage in the French coastwise trade or with French al-

lies, and required that all ships bound for Europe stop first at British ports. Here they were to be examined, taxed and licensed. In addition, the English admiralty courts ruled that a broken voyage between France and her colonies was illegal. That is to say, American ships could not carry to Europe the rum, molasses and naval stores of the French West Indian islands even though those articles had first been unloaded and taxed at American ports before being reshipped.

Napoleon, of course, retaliated. His Berlin Decree of November, 1806, placed the British Isles under a blockade; and his Milan Decree of December, 1807, ordered that any neutral vessel submitting to English examination and licensing be held a lawful prize of war. All this, one might suppose, would place a pretty severe strain on neutral shipping. Unless an American ship, bound for the Continent, stopped first at a British port for examination, she could be seized and her cargo condemned by the English courts; and if she did consent to English search and licensing, why then the French might seize and condemn her.

As though these trials of the Yankee shipowners were not vexatious enough, the American government began to lay down regulations in its own right. Both Jefferson and Madison moved to interfere on behalf of neutral rights by asking Congress to pass retaliatory measures. The theory in back of such conduct was wise enough: we had become the most important nation figuring in the transatlantic trade and not only were our ships vital to the commerce between the European nations and their American colonies but we helped feed England and France, while we were an excellent customer of the English manufacturers into the bargain.

Thus, between 1806 and 1810 Congress enacted a series of laws. The first one pro-

hibited intercourse with England and France; the second, the so-called Embargo Act, forbade the departure from American ports of all ships on the American registry, no matter what their destination; the third was a reversion to non-intercourse with the belligerents; and the fourth gave the President discretionary powers to retaliate against either of the combatants if the other lifted her restrictive proclamations.

This Jeffersonian policy of peaceful coercion would have succeeded at once but for the following two factors: 1. England and France were so desperately engaged that even hunger pangs and the breakdown of domestic industry were disregarded; 2. American merchantmen were perfectly willing to violate their country's prohibitions against trade with the warring nations, even at the risk of confiscation of ships and forfeiture of bonds.

Surely American shipping suffered cruelly as a result of all these persecutions and the grass began to grow on the streets of Salem and Nantucket! On the contrary, there never was a period in which our mercantile activities flourished more mightily. American tonnage engaged in the foreign trade grew at the rate of 70,000 tons annually after 1803, and by 1810 totaled more than 1,000,000 tons. In 1807 American ships clearing from Massachusetts ports brought home in freight payments something like \$15,500,000, which was about as great a sum as the total Federal revenues for the same year. Yankee shipowners were perfectly willing to run blockades, disregard embargoes and chance sequestration, and looked to make a handsome profit if one ship out of every three reached her destination. How immensely worth while the transatlantic trade was may be gauged from the fact that the ship *Catherine* of Boston, worth altogether \$7,000, made \$115,000 net

for her owner in a single voyage to Russia in 1809.

In fine, while American ship-captains were being subjected to certain annoyances at the hands of belligerents, and while the tempers of our more patriotic politicians were being tried by the hoverings of English men-of-war off our coasts, and while every year a number of ships were being condemned by English and French courts, the fact remains that American ships had little difficulty in going about their business. There is, of course, the ethical question—into which we need not enter here—of whether American merchants and ship-owners had any business in prolonging the wretched European war by feeding and supplying both belligerents.

The fact, then, is that during the war years 1803-12 New England bloomed like a green bay tree and before long was possessing almost all the liquid capital to be found in the young Republic. There is no wonder, therefore, that the New England bluestockings—the Pickerings, Cabots, Quincys, Lowells and Dwights—became querulous when war with England was talked of. When it did come and the English admiralty began to show our politicians how well it knew the arts of blockading, the New England worthies began to talk of seceding from the Union.

Our little drama would not be complete without its series of anticlimaxes. These were: 1. Though our lawmakers were pleased to be affronted with English infringement of our rights as neutrals, and after 1810 insisted that Napoleon had withdrawn his Decrees, leaving England as the only transgressor, it is interesting to record that English seizures of American ships during 1803-12 totaled but 389 vessels as against French seizures of 558 vessels. 2. Early in 1811, the American minister to England quit in a huff so that for more

than a year Washington was without first-hand information as to the changes that were taking place in the official English temper. Rather than being a failure, the Jefferson-Madison policy of peaceful coercion was at last proving an immense success, and English manufacturers, seeing their American markets slipping away from them, were beginning to clamor for the withdrawal of the Orders-in-Council.

3. In the early months of 1812 the English government was moving in this direction and on June 16, 1812, two days after Congress declared war, it announced that all the blockading regulations were to be suspended immediately. It was hard for any one to say, after this, that we were fighting for a free sea.

III

But what shall be said of the impressment of American seamen and of sailors' rights? There is no question that English frigates were stopping American merchantmen on the high seas, not only to search for contraband but to take off deserting British sailors. Against that procedure the Department of State had protested and the matter had led to a series of diplomatic exchanges which abruptly ended in 1807.

In that year the English government flatly refused to give up its right to impressment and poor Monroe, to whom had been entrusted the mission of changing the English mind, had to return to Washington with a treaty that was as good as no treaty at all. Jefferson threw the document away and from 1807 to the outbreak of war the American diplomatic representatives never again raised the question. Zimmerman, who has made an exhaustive examination of the subject, comes to the conclusion that as far as the diplomacy of the years leading up to the war is con-

cerned, "the question of impressment is noticeably in the background." It is to be noted that Madison, in his message to Congress in November, 1811, though he went at length into our grievances with England, had not a word to say of the impressment of American seamen. Nevertheless, in six months, our backwoods war-makers stirred themselves up into a frenzy over the poor sailors and when Madison came to deliver his war message on June 1, 1812, lo! impressment of seamen, as a cause for war, led all the rest.

It is true that for a time the matter was complicated by the *Chesapeake* affair. In 1807 H. M. S. *Leopard* fired on the U. S. S. *Chesapeake* ten miles off Cape Henry, killing and wounding twenty-one American seamen. The *Chesapeake*, having just left port, was not cleared for action, with the result that her commander hauled down his flag and suffered an English boarding party to take off four sailors, three of whom were Americans and one an Englishman. The Englishman was hanged from a yard-arm while the Americans were thrown into the jail at Halifax. This, naturally, was a serious matter, for warships do not ordinarily fire at each other unless certain formalities, such as solemn declarations of war, have first been observed. Jefferson took official cognizance of the matter by issuing an order requiring all English men-of-war to quit American waters. Too, reparations were immediately demanded. The subject was debated at length by the Foreign Offices of both countries and in 1811 England made satisfactory amends. The *Chesapeake* incident, therefore, could not be offered as a cause for war in 1812.

To understand fully the impressment controversy, it is necessary to take note of the following matters:

English seamen, because of the harsh treatment accorded them on their country's

men-of-war, deserted in great numbers. Nelson estimated that within his experience fully 42,000 had skipped their ships. The English admiralty thought that at least 20,000 had taken up service in American vessels.

The canny Yankee shipowners did everything to tempt English sailors to sign up on American merchantmen. They offered high wages, decent working conditions, and a chance to share in the profits of voyages. That American ships were filled with English deserters was common knowledge. As early as 1803 Bainbridge, then a prisoner at Tripoli, had written to his friend Preble that "the greater part of the *Philadelphia's* [Bainbridge's ship] crew consisted of English subjects not naturalized in America."

American authorities not only placed no obstacles in the way of these desertions but connived with shipowners in protecting their crews as much as possible. In every Atlantic port a heavy traffic went on in the sale of birth certificates and "protection papers," while local collectors of customs made as easy as possible the conditions under which naturalization papers might be taken out by the deserters. For the years 1807 and 1808, for example, the State Department recorded the naturalization of 19,139 foreign seamen.

Finally, as far as international law was concerned, we had not a leg to stand on. No one questioned the right of England to impress her subjects into her own navy; nor were any doubts raised in those days concerning the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance. That is to say, it was common law in both the English and the American courts that a subject could not divest himself of his citizenship without the consent of the land of his birth. Indeed, not until 1868, when Congress passed the Naturalization Act, did the United States renounce

that doctrine and accept the opposite one of voluntary expatriation.

Disregarding the facts that after 1807 the subject of impressment as a diplomatic issue dropped out of sight, that the American government made no efforts to check English desertions by closing American ships to such seamen, that the whole business was tainted with fraud, and that we did not recognize the right of voluntary expatriation, one is still confronted by the question: In their zeal to round up all deserters, how many *American* seamen were picked up by English boarding parties and press gangs?

On January 16, 1812, Monroe, as Secretary of State, placed before Congress a detailed list of those impressments in which Americans had figured as the victims. The total came to 6,257. Monroe's credibility may be questioned on a number of counts. He was one of the leading war mongers, if not actually the brains of the war party. It was at once apparent that many duplicate names appeared on this list. Because of the widespread traffic in "protection papers" the names on the record may not necessarily have been the actual names of the impressed seamen. Massachusetts shipowners seriously threw doubts on the reliability of Monroe's exhibits. In 1813 a committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives collected depositions from fifty-one shipowners who had employed a total of 18,700 seamen over a period of twelve years. In their recollection but thirty-five seamen had suffered impressment and of this number but twelve had been Americans.

It is interesting to put down that though the American war makers of 1812 insisted that impressment was a justifiable cause for war between the two nations, was indeed the outstanding one, two years later the American peace commissioners were in-

structed to drop the issue in their conversations with the English. When the treaty of peace was at last written it said not a word against England's claim to the right to board American ships and take off English deserters. The controversy over impressments simply disappeared from sight with Napoleon's defeat and the reduction of the English naval establishment to a peacetime footing.

IV

There is not a more hair-raising tale in the American mythology than that of the English fomentation of savage Indians on the Northwest frontier. Blood-thirsty tribesmen, armed to the teeth, knowing nothing and caring less for the rules of civilized warfare, waited for the signal to descend on the brave pioneers! Defenders of the war have tried to convince us that the white civilization of the West lived under the constant threat of an Indian uprising and that English officialdom to the North was largely responsible for this unrest. There is no denying that every now and then isolated communities in the Western country suffered at the hands of small Indian raiding parties; nor is there any question that English Indian agents sought to gain the friendship of the tribes in the Northwest. When war broke out the English used the redskins—and so did the Americans. But that the Indians played a major rôle in bringing on the war or in deciding its outcome is simply not true.

In the whole Western country, as far as the Great Lakes on the north and the Mississippi on the west, there were not more than 5,000 Indian warriors. Available against them were 167,859 white males between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, of whom almost 100,000 were enrolled in State and Territorial militias. Not only were the

Indians hopelessly outnumbered, but there were certain other factors that made a general uprising improbable. For one, all the tribes were not friendly to one another. Again, difficulties of communication and supply stood in the way of the assemblage of a large hostile force. By the early Nineteenth Century the cis-Mississippi Indian had been reduced to such a state of improvidence and degeneracy that Chateaubriand's noble savage was simply a romantic yarn.

What unrest there existed among the Indians was due to the vicious official policy of the American government, a policy, in fact, that lasted until the very end of the Nineteenth Century. Equality was accorded the Indians by their white masters on but one occasion: when the solemn farce of treaty-making was being performed. Then the so-called chiefs of the tribes would be plied with liquor and overwhelmed with oratory, with the inevitable result that they signed away their rights to their ancestral lands.

Between 1795 and 1809 the Indians of the Northwest gave up possession of almost 50,000,000 acres. William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe and the Governor of the Indiana Territory, was the most zealous of the land-grabbers and had to be reprimanded a number of times by both Jefferson and Madison for his haste in clearing his baliwick of the red men. In the last treaty he drew, in 1809, Harrison paid \$9,700 in cash and promised annuities amounting to \$3,052 for 3,000,000 acres of the choicest land in the Western country.

Except when treaties were being written, the Indians were treated with loathing and contempt. The accepted law policy of the West was founded on the rule that the only good Indian was a dead one. It was next to impossible to bring to book any whites who visited outrages on red men.

The Indian agents, as a rule, were ignorant and grasping political hacks who went West to make their fortunes as speedily as possible. The Indians were swindled out of their furs by sharp traders and were paid in the cheapest kind of shoddy. Americans had no success in the fur trade against the English competition, largely because the English trade was under the strict supervision of the Canadian government and because English traders paid fairly for their pelts. By 1812 the English fur companies had a virtual monopoly in the Northwest.

The hopeless state of the Indian is no more plainly revealed than in Tecumseh's failure to unite them in a confederation. For three years, during 1808-11, he and his brother the Prophet had been working from their village on the Tippecanoe in Northwestern Indiana. The evidences indicate that Tecumseh is to be numbered among the most understanding Indian leaders that have appeared in American annals. He sought to unite his fellow aborigines on a set of principles which reminds one very much of the efforts of Gandhi and the (East) Indian Nationalists.

Tecumseh denied that any individual tribe had the power of surrendering its lands; he held that they belonged to all the tribesmen in common. He also preached non-coöperation with the Americans, a return to the old folkways, and the necessity for taking up agriculture. Too, he frowned on whisky drinking, miscegenation, and sexual promiscuity. With the aid of the Prophet, who supplied the religious inspiration for the movement, he endeavored to enlist general Indian support. Yet in the three years he had been at it, he had not succeeded in gathering more than 600 warriors under his influence.

Late in 1811 the doughty Harrison decided that the Tecumseh village was a menace. Tecumseh had been a thorn in Harri-

son's side since 1809 and had even talked of going to Washington to protest to the Great White Father against the wholesale land-grabbing that was going on. Harrison waited until Tecumseh had divided his force and was away in the Creek country in the Southwest. Then, on October 5, 1811, the brave Hoosier set out with 1,000 men for the poorly defended Indian village. He reached the Tippecanoe on the night of November 7 and pitched camp directly to the rear of the Indian tents. His orders from the War Department were to disperse the Indians but not to attack.

Who started the fight it is not possible to say with certainty. At any rate, the next morning hostilities broke out and Harrison remained in possession of the field, though he suffered 200 casualties against only 25 Indian losses. He burned the Tippecanoe village and went back to his capital with tales of a great victory. He also spread the story, in a letter which was printed in most of the Western newspapers, that the British had armed the Indians and were at the bottom of all the trouble.

It is a question of taking Harrison's word (and that of fellows like himself) or the word of the English Canadian officials. The Americans were land speculators who had despoiled and debauched the Indians and were jealous of English supremacy in the fur trade. The English had perhaps too openly expressed their sympathy at the unhappy lot of the savages, wanted to keep the fur trade, and eyed askance the westward march of the American frontiersmen. But of official English complicity in stirring up Indians against the Americans there is no evidence. Indeed, as late as 1811, the Canadian records show, the English authorities were striving manfully to keep the tribes from going on the warpath.

The American case appears to rest largely

on the fact that the English showered presents on the Indians: as though such a procedure was not known to the tactics of colonialism as far back as the days of Sidon and Tyre. On the other side of the ledger is the conduct of the American territorial governors. It is amazing that historians have continued to treat these rapacious fellows so gently.

V

We may, therefore, write down neutral maritime rights, the impressment of American seamen and English incendiarism on the Canadian border as being war causes of doubtful validity. After the lapse of a century, the following appear to be much more convincing.

1. Jingoism, pure and unabashed. The exuberance, the brashness, the light-hearted ignorance of a group of Western young men, who suddenly found themselves in control of the government in the Winter of 1811, forced the war declaration.
2. The Western and Southern demand for the acquisition of Canada and the Floridas.
3. The not unnatural wish of Madison to be reelected and the presidential ambitions of Monroe.

The war makers of 1812 were our first American patriots, in the exact sense. Born under the American flag and coming from the frontiers of settlement in the Northwest and Southwest, they were alien to that kinship for Europe, and particularly England, that tidewater Virginia and maritime Massachusetts still felt. To John Randolph of Virginia and Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts England was still the mother country; to Clay of Kentucky and Grundy of Tennessee England was a distant and strange land—and an implacable foe.

The explanation of the war's origin must

be largely sought in the temper of the young zealots who assembled in the Twelfth Congress in November, 1811. When the House convened to hear the presidential message it was apparent that the new generation—the first generation of Americans—was in control. Seventy members were sitting for the first time. In the speaker's chair was the Kentuckian Henry Clay, aged thirty-four—a man new to the House. Peter B. Porter of Western New York, aged thirty-eight, was chairman of the all-important committee on foreign relations. John C. Calhoun of up-country South Carolina, aged twenty-nine, was Porter's right-hand man. The South Carolinian Langdon Cheves, aged thirty-five, was chairman of the naval affairs committee. Other leaders of the war party were Felix Grundy (Tennessee), aged thirty-four; William Lowndes (South Carolina), aged twenty-nine; and Richard M. Johnson (Kentucky), aged thirty-one.

In the months from November, 1811, to June, 1812, the chamber of the lower House rang with the noisy war threats of these fledglings. (Their older contemporaries, who knew invective so well, called them the War Hawks.) Madison's message of November set forth, with judicious calm, the administration's grievances against England. England had refused to withdraw her Orders-in-Council; she had withheld indemnities for wrongs committed; her frigates were patrolling our coasts. Not a word was said of impressments or the fomentation of Indians: not a word about Canada or the Floridas. This was not what Clay, Grundy, Calhoun and their mates had come to Congress for. They wanted war: war to avenge the impressed seamen, to relieve us from the menace of the Indians—above all, to give us by right of conquest Canada and the Spanish dominions in the Southwest.

The utterances of these men portray their frontier origins. Their speeches were vain-glorious, boasting, hysterical even. Calhoun, that man of "extensive experience" (these were John Randolph's words), predicted that our forces would have Canada in four weeks. Another young patriot, who wanted all of America for Americans only, declared with enthusiasm:

The northern provinces of Britain are to us great and valuable objects. Once secured to this Republic, and the St. Lawrence and the Lakes become the Baltic, and more than the Baltic to America; north of them a population of 4,000,000 may easily be supported; and this great outlet of the northern world should be at our command for our convenience and future security. To me, sir, it appears that the author of Nature has marked our limits in the south by the Gulf of Mexico and on the north by the regions of eternal frost.

To the question of the seizure of Canada every one of the jingoes returned, as though fascinated by the theme. So much so that the cruel John Randolph was moved to say, bitinglly:

Sir, if you go to war it will not be for the protection of, or defence of your maritime rights. Gentlemen from the North have been taken up into some high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the earth; and Canada seems tempting to their sight. That rich vein of Genesee land, which is said to be even better on the other side of the lake than on this! Agrarian cupidity, not maritime rights, urges the war. Ever since the report of the committee on foreign relations came into the House, we have heard but one word—like the whippoorwill, but one eternal, monotonous tone—Canada! Canada! Canada! Not a syllable about Halifax, which unquestionably should be our great object in a war for maritime security. It is to acquire a preponderating northern influence that you are to launch into war.

Canada, for the Northwest, meant the monopoly of the Indian fur trade, the ex-

tension of the American domain over the whole continent, the elimination of possible English interference in the handling of the Indians and the addition of a vast area that could be exploited without end by the primitive and wasteful American frontier husbandmen. Canada stood for furs, hemp and wheat fields, mill seats, water transportation and stands of timber: for these were the elements in the agrarian economy of the early Nineteenth Century. The Northwest believed that its destiny lay to the north across the St. Lawrence and not to the west across the Mississippi.

Just as the Northwest wanted Canada, so the Southwest dreamed of the conquest of the Spanish lands to the south. Spain was England's ally: a war with England could just as easily be converted into a war for the acquisition of the Floridas. Ardent expansionists even cast covetous eyes on Mexico, where, as a contemporary newspaper said, "the merchant shall see commercial resources unrivaled in other countries; the farmer, a luxuriant soil and delicious climate; where the financier shall be dazzled with gold and silver mines."

England had affronted us on the seas. We would revenge ourselves by seizing Canada, the Floridas, Mexico. When the New England Federalists tried to point out that the requirements of a sound logic could not be satisfied with such a syllogism, they were silenced with a shout.

The mild Madison found himself hard-pressed by the noisy war-mongers. He was reluctant to go to war and delayed committing himself as long as he could. He dared not shut his eyes, however, to the war faction in his own party: its members were numerous, came from a wide area, and were apparently popular with their constituencies. Nor was he insensible to the new-found strength of the Federalist party in the important States of New York and

Massachusetts. After all, Madison wanted to follow in Washington's and Jefferson's footsteps and reflection would be sweet. It is not known whether he made a bargain with the War Hawks or not, though it is not unlikely that an understanding of some kind was reached. Whether he yielded under pressure or succumbed to his own ambition, it is hard to dismiss the suspicion that there was a direct relationship between his renomination by the Republicans in May and his war message of June 1.

Moving darkly in the background is to be discerned the figure of James Monroe, friend of Washington and Jefferson, and last of the Virginia dynasty. Had he not every reason to consider himself in the natural line of presidential succession? But misfortune had followed misfortune, first at Paris, then at Madrid, finally at London, where important missions had simply not come off. Monroe, with a blemished reputation, had returned to the United States to ponder bitterly over his wrongs and his fallen estate. Finally, in 1811, Madison had extended a helping hand and offered him the State portfolio.

Monroe threw himself into his work with energy. The slights he had suffered at the hands of the English made him regard England as almost a personal enemy. He spoke incessantly of the necessity for war; he collected the exhibits on impressed seamen and succeeded again in bringing this subject into the foreground; he placed his wide knowledge of men and events at

the service of the inexperienced congressional War Hawks. It was he, and not Calhoun, who wrote the report of the House committee on foreign relations which was placed before the lower chamber two days after Madison's war message was read. Monroe must have spent long nights getting it ready.

The report was a feeble state paper, containing all the fustian of the debate of the preceding six months. Opponents of the war were not to be coerced easily and in the Senate the debate was a long and acrimonious one. The vote in the House was seventy-nine for war and forty-nine against, with more than one-half of the opposition coming from the Republican party. The Senate vote was not taken until June 18, and then the vote stood nineteen for and thirteen against. The representatives of commercial and maritime New England and the Middle States were almost unanimously against the war resolution; the South and the West voted for it.

Thus Congress, with small thought for preparation and confident of a speedy victory, launched the United States on its Second War of Independence. The war makers of 1812 had no way of telling that Canada would never fall, that the English blockade would almost destroy our commerce, that an invading hostile force would penetrate into the Capitol itself and even dare to fire it. They could not see ahead to the ignominious peace which was to say not a word of the lofty motives for which the dogs of war had been loosened.

KING JOSEPH OF WINDSOR

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

ON A recent Summer's afternoon I set out with Johnny Smith, the best mayor that Detroit ever had, for a week-end at his Canadian estate at Port Talbot on the shores of Lake Erie. We drove through the tunnel which goes under the Detroit river and emerged in Windsor, Ontario, which is a sort of holy city to many thirsty Americans.

"We'll take a little detour," announced Johnny, "for I want to see how well up you are on English history."

So we rode to the edge of Walkerville, whence, when the north wind blows, a reek of good whiskey is wafted over the river and breathed in great gulps by the citizens of the Republic to the southward. Many folks call Walkerville by the name of Distilleryville. It's really not a town at all, but just a liquor making factory in the environs of Windsor.

We rode through pleasant broad highways flanked by pretty homes, 90% of whose owners are said to pray nightly for the repose of the soul of Wayne B. Wheeler, to whom they owe every iota of their prosperity. And we came finally to a great pile of grey stone before which Johnny Smith halted his car and bade me look around.

This was obviously the mansion of some Canadian magnate—possibly the owner or one of the owners of the nearby distillery. It was turreted and battlemented, and as it stuck its huge bulk between me and the sunlight and a portion of the blue

sky I saw a replica of some medieval castle. But which one? Where and what was the original? That was obviously the test I was being put to.

I visioned some that I had passed through in my early days. Warwick? Not sufficiently picturesque. Edinburgh? Not severe enough. Carrickfergus? Only in the Balliol keep was there any resemblance.

I peered up the gravelled road which led to the house proper. To the right was a series of small, latticed two-story apartments.

I had it. The homes of the military knights.

"Windsor Castle," I shouted.

"Right," replied Johnny and continued the catechism. "Who started Windsor Castle?"

"William the Conqueror. Continued by Henry III. Completed by Edward of Windsor."

"Right again. And where did William the Conqueror get the money to start it?"

"By making levies upon a conquered people."

"Perfect," said Johnny. "Well, here's Windsor Castle, Windsor, Ontario, built by King Joseph the Conqueror with moneys lifted from a sullen and subdued people—on the other side of the Detroit river. History merely repeats itself. It may pay you to give the matter a little study."

I promised him I would.

II

Like many another Englishman this Joseph had a profound contempt for the citizenry of the United States, and he spent some time in Canada before it dawned upon him that these inferior people had gobs of money and that separating them from it was a very much easier matter than doing the same thing to a Canuck or an imported Limey. Joe's business and that of his wife, who, like himself, was a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher, was pitch-doctoring. They sold a mixture of rain water, Epsom salts, juniper juice and cold coffee from the cart-tail of a wagon in half pint bottles, and at anything they could get, from a quarter to a dollar. The mess was guaranteed to cure any ill through the length and breadth of the human body, from a sick headache to a corn.

One evening in the dim and distant past Joe and his wife slipped over the border and tried out their oratory on a sample American crowd. The result decided them. Much as they loathed and despised these damn Yanks, here was the real money. Unlike William of Normandy, Joseph of Canada could not afford to bring with him a retinue of compatriots to make life more pleasant for him in this benighted country. He solved the problem by working as hard as he could in the United States, saving all he could, and then returning periodically to spend his gains among his own people.

Joe and Mrs. Joe toured the American midlands in their wagon and by the method of trial and error settled on Iowa, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana as the most gullible States and therefore the richest territory. Their favorite come-on and best income-getter was the repeat racket. Let me illustrate.

Joe in a frock-coat and silk hat would take up his position on the rear of his wagon, from which steps were hung to permit an easy dart in-and-out through a responsive audience. A youth picked up somewhere along the line—as easily hired as he would eventually be fired without expense at either end of the proceedings—would be out in the crowd doing the actual selling.

Honeyed oratory would drip from under Joe's bicycle moustache. A stranger he was in this fair city, seeking to convince an intelligent audience of his sincerity, his philanthropy, his all-around honest-to-Godness. A hard thing to accomplish, he was willing to admit to these smart folks. But what could a poor fellow do? He had plenty of written testimonials and he started to read a few. A dollar the bottle for this marvel of the ages, but to get a break he would pass around a dozen at the unheard of price of twenty-five cents apiece.

"An actual loss to me, ladies and gentlemen," he would cry, "of sixty-five cents on each sale. It costs me ninety cents a bottle to get up this medicine. I generally take a ten-cent profit, which you will all agree is little enough. But I must make friends, ladies and gentlemen. And when I come again, asking my proper price of one dollar, I know that I shall have to carry an extra supply in order to take care of you. Pass the elixir around, Joey—"

"Just a minute there, mister," came a female voice with a strong nasal accent, for Mrs. Joe, though born in London, could out-adenoid any hill-billy between the Arkansaw and the Ohio rivers. "Just a minute there, mister—"

Dr. Joe, a bottle of the elixir poised in one hand and with the other gripping Joey's shoulder against the too speedy

sale at a quarter a portion, would stare around and catch the eye and the gestures of a typical lower class housewife of these—to him—most contemptible people.

"Madam," he would boom, "what are your desires?"

"Was you ever in Salem, Missouri?"

"Yes, Madam," Joe would reply with a bow. "I have ministered to the sick of Salem, Missouri. Following humbly in the footsteps of the Great Physician, I have wandered the world and have tarried in Salem with good effect—in all modesty—to both myself and my patients. Perhaps, my good people, this may be the kindly personal recommendation which I have hitherto lacked among your people. Are you from Salem by any chance, Madam?"

By this time Mrs. Joe had pushed herself right up to the cart-tail.

"Gim'me four bottles of that there 'lixir," she would cry. "My brother lives in this here town and he's got the rheumatiz. And his horse has the staggers."

"This wonderful preparation will cure both sufferers," Joe would answer gently. "And in the cause of humanity I'll be willing to present you with four bottles if you will be kind enough to tell these good people of the services I have rendered—if any—in Salem."

Sing-songing through her nose, Mrs. Joe, from the cart-tail, would then tell of the wonders wrought among the sick and ailing of Salem after they had bought the 'lixir. And clutching four bottles to her scraggy bosom she would hurry through the crowd, her face full of happiness over the approaching relief of a sick man and a sick horse. After that the great sale would proceed, not at twenty-five cents a bottle but at fifty cents—"and still forty cents below cost, my good people."

III

Joseph the Conqueror knew the American people to the south of his own adopted country much better than they knew themselves. For months he laid his plans. All the savings he had effected while peddling his elixir were now pitched into a new venture. Arrangements were being made on a magnificent scale, for Joseph's honeyed tongue was having its effect on the beer and liquor barons of Canada. But these arrangements, however magnificent, weren't anything to what was to follow in quick time. Joe builded, but he didn't know how well he was building.

On the sixteenth of January, 1920, came the beginnings of Law Enforcement. On that day he made his first delivery across the Detroit river—a single case of whiskey—the forerunner of hundreds of thousands of similar cases. For more than three years he did a business back and forth which ran on one occasion into a clear profit of \$100,000 in a day. He took a modest profit—\$36 a case. On a delivery of 100 cases—a small order—that meant a profit of \$3600. Frequently he unloaded 1000 cases a day. Once he unloaded 3,000.

Joseph had no gunmen or gorillas in his employ; his men were simply straight shooting devil-may-care fellows, ready for either a fight or a frolic. The Capones, the Guziks, the O'Banions and the Diamonds were still in the forming when he was raking in his millions. They swept slowly westward from New York, and finally he realized that they would engulf him. When that idea struck home he made a last gesture of contempt for the United States—and faded out of the picture.

But until he saw the writing on the wall the monarch of Windsor made a

pretty showing—not the least part of which was the erection of his replica of Windsor Castle. The architect had orders to spare no expense and to come as close to the original building as he could do—consistent, of course, with modern day comfort. A vast tract of land was purchased and stone upon stone the palace arose to amuse Canadians and awe visiting Americans. A replica of the Royal Chapel is there, as are the quarters of the military knights. There is even the little row of dwellings in the originals of which the King of England is wont to house his poorer relations—who up until war time were good solid Germans. They are still good solid Germans but they have taken on English names, as has the head of the House of Guelph himself.

At the height of his prosperity Joseph the Conqueror was supplying the liquid needs of every speakeasy in Detroit, as well as the wholesale requests of all the visiting conventions. His boats slid across the narrow river that divides Canada and the United States and landed their freight all along the shore, at strategically designated points. His receiver-general was an Irish gentleman by the name of Mike Moynihan, who saw to it that the tithes and levies were paid on the nail by the serfs in the land to the south.

Some of his boats got knocked over and a few of his trucks were hijacked. But compared with what goes on today his business was as safe as that of any wholesale truckman handling groceries or automobile tires. The gangster had not yet pushed his nozzle over the horizon.

Mr. Moynihan, despite the fact that he was Irish, got along very well with this dyed-in-the-wool Englishman, but not so well with Mrs. Joe. Banished to the great hall of Windsor Castle with nothing to do but spend money like water,

the lady speedily developed the pip. The most noticeable symptom of this disease was a hatred of Mr. Moynihan.

Windsor Castle at Windsor, Ontario, was a beautiful place to live in. The grounds were prettier than those of the original. Mrs. Joe had as many cars at her disposal as ever did King George V. But something palled. The truth was that folks round about, though they might sympathize with King Joseph in his plans to wring drinking America dry of its last pennies, were giving the cold shoulder socially to the conqueror and his wife. So Mrs. Joe set about persuading him to go back home to Merrie England, where she doubted not they would be assayed at their true worth, and—who knows?—maybe rewarded with a title for the decline in American national morale brought about by two loyal Britishers.

Mrs. Joe's campaign for a move over to England came at a time when the Conqueror had about completed plans for a safe and sane method of supplying whiskey in unlimited quantities to his American serfs. He had been studying the pipe-lines which spread under the sod all over the country, carrying oil for thousands of miles and pouring millions into the swelling coffers of the Rockefellers, Harry Sinclair and H. L. Doherty. He had talked the matter over at length with Mike Moynihan, who saw the project through rosy glasses. In brief, they were about to lay a line under the Detroit river from Windsor to Detroit, which would literally spill thousands of gallons of liquor into the latter city. No more danger from cruising coastguard boats and no more expense for the Conqueror's own boats and crews. Just pour the booze into the pipe in Canada and turn on the tap in the United States!

So far, so good. But right on top of

this apparent solution of all difficulties came the fore-runners of the gangsters. They had been going strong for quite a while in Chicago, in New York and at other eastern points. Their campaign in Detroit started with a fearful bang. Inside of one week Mike Moynihan's store-room was emptied twice at the gun-point. Half a dozen boatloads of good liquor were captured. Trucks were hijacked on the open road between the landing places and the delivery points.

It was a tough and sudden setback for Joseph the Conqueror. He saw things quickly and visioned the ultimate capture of his entire business by the gangs. His wife was still begging him to go home, at least for a short spell. He decided to postpone the gaudy pipe-line idea, but only for a few months. Alas, it was not to be.

That trip to Europe was destined to be King Joseph's last. He started a great bender when everything had been settled and it lasted him right on to the ship and into mid-ocean. Staggering out of the bar one night, loaded to the gills, he thought of that other great British millionaire, Barney Barnato, who leaped to death from the deck of a South African liner on a starry night over a quarter century ago. With King Joseph to think was to act. He fumbled his way to the railing, straddled it, and spilled himself into oblivion.

IV

However, before he shuffled off his mortal coil the Conqueror played one last joke on his American subjects. It was late in June that he had made up his mind to cross the water, and despite the fact that he had been robbed in a few days' time of thousands of dollars worth of liquor he

was still quenching the thirsts in the cities to the south. The gangsters had not yet muscled into the speakeasies and the honest proprietors of these places of good cheer were still depending on King Joseph for their beer, gin and whiskey.

As the Fourth of July approached they advised Mr. Moynihan of their needs over the national holiday. For reasons which King Joseph set down as the recent hijackings, deliveries were curtailed as the Fourth grew nearer. The result was that the orders rapidly mounted in size. Some poor fellows ran out a few days before the holiday, but they were told that while material could not be laid down at once they could take the word of their wholesaler that either on the evening of the third or the morning of the Fourth, at the latest, liquor of all sorts would pour into Detroit.

Well, the third of July came—and there wasn't any. Frantic speakeasy proprietors telephoned to Mike demanding explanations. He in turn got in touch with his chief and was advised to keep cool. Something had held up deliveries, but arrangements had now been made, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the national holiday there would be enough supplies in town to make every patriotic Detroiter drunk and happy.

Old timers in the Michigan city still remember that Dry Fourth. With one malignant stroke of generalship King Joseph turned an oasis into a desert. He dried the town overnight into the condition which Anti-Saloon idiots long for and hope to see prevail throughout the country. Thirsty thousands stormed the speakeasies—and there was nothing for them. The proprietors stormed Mr. Moynihan's headquarters and as he retired down the alley he heard a mob at the front door shouting for a rope.

Skidding through backways and byways, Mike finally reached the ferry and was wafted over to Canada. Hatless and breathless, he rang the bell of Windsor Castle. The door was opened by a flunkey whom Mike pushed aside, only to be confronted by Mrs. Joe, standing, arms crossed, in the great Norman hall.

"Scram, you son!" yelled the lady.

Mike, who was a football player in his younger days, ducked past her and skipped up the great staircase. Mrs. Joe shouted for servitors to heave out the intruder. The doors to the indoor pool on the landing were open and through them Mike caught a glimpse of King Joseph splashing around in the warm blue water while his valet busily mixed highballs under the diving plank.

"Don't ye know what day this is?" yelled Mike.

"The Fourth of July," replied the Conqueror.

"And the whole of Detroit crying its eyes out for liquor and not a drop in the town! It's Independence Day, ye damn fool—"

"That's it. Independence Day!" shouted King Joseph, now standing up in the water. "Independence of what, you bloody bogtrotter? Free, independent people? Well, what do they want of *me*?"

"Whiskey, man, whiskey. Have ye no heart in ye at all? Think of George Washington—"

"Washington? Washington? Who the hell is Washington?" yelled the Conqueror.

"Washington?" shouted Mike, beside himself with rage. "Ye ask who Washington was, ye dirty lime-juicer! He was the greatest American that ever lived, that's who he was."

At that moment a flying wedge of the Conqueror's domestics, led by Mrs. Joe, came swarming in, grabbed Mike at strategic places and started the job of heaving him out. He just caught King Joseph's reply as he went through the doors.

"Washington, hell!" shouted the Conqueror. "There was only one American ever born that was worth a goddam. And that was Andy Volstead."

CIRCUS WORDS

BY GEORGE MILBURN

CIRCUS jargon has contributed its share to the American language. We have from it, or through it, such characteristic American words as *guy* (a man), *ballyhoo*, *kid*, *rube*, *spiel*, and many others.

The lingo, nevertheless, remains practically unintelligible to outsiders, and it is still possible for circus folk to shout secret advice across crowded lots without fear of being understood by the uninitiated. Added secrecy is had sometimes by distorting the words in a kind of pig Latin. (*Illscha the ointjay*: Schill the joint.)

But while the circus story provides a convenient standby for magazine fiction-writers, one seldom sees in print circus talk more convincing than Negro dialect written by an English novelist. The one periodical that does publish true circus phraseology, the *Billboard*, is known among troupers as the Chump Educator.

The following vocabulary was selected from the conversation of H. L. Johnson, a veteran circus man. He has worked in American circuses for many years in every capacity from privilege car attendant to paymaster.

A

Ace, *n.*: A dollar.
At liberty: Out of work.

B

Backyard, *n.*: The enclosure surrounding the performers' dressing-rooms; also, the corps

of performers, clowns, musicians, etc., as opposed to the *front door*, the administrative staff of the circus.

Bally, *n.*: The platform in front of the sideshow; *v.*: to spiel in front of a show; *interj.*: an order to appear in front of the sideshow for the opening. From *ballet*.

Banner-line, *n.*: The series of canvas pictures stretched in front of the sideshow.

Bible, *n.*: The magazine-programme.

Bible-backs, *n.*: The floorboards for the grandstand section.

Bladders, *n.*: Toy balloons.

Blow, *v.*: To eliminate, as in "We blow the spec."

Blow-down, *n.*: Tents wrecked by a storm.

Blow-off, *n.*: The end of a show.

Blues, *n.*: The general admission seats.

Booster, *n.*: A schill; a come-on man.

Booster-handler, *n.*: One who stands behind the schill to relieve him of money as fast as he picks it up.

B.R., *n.*: A roll of currency; a bank roll.

Broad-tosser, *n.*: A three-card monte dealer.

Bugs, *n.*: Chameleons.—Bug-men, *n.*: Chameleon vendors.

Bull, *n.*: An elephant, male or female.—Bullmen, *n.*: Elephant tenders.—Bull-hooks, *n.*: Elephant goads.

Burn up, *v.*: To exploit with grift a route, territory, or circus name to the extent of making it unprofitable.

C

Cake-cutter, *n.*: A short change artist.

Camel punk, *n.*: A boy who tends camels.

Carnival, the, *n.*: The Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus.

Cat, *n.*: Any feline creature in the menagerie.

Chain to rails, to: To prevent the show from moving by legal interference.

Clem, *n.*: A local resident; any outsider; also, a fight with townspeople; *v.*: to quell riot-

ing villagers; *interj.*: A battle-cry in such a fight (no longer *Hey rubel!*)
 Clown alley, *n.*: The dressing tent reserved for clowns; also the corps of clowns.
 Connection, *n.*: The passageway between the big top and the menagerie.—Connection box, *n.*: The ticket box in the connection.—Connection man, *n.*: A grifter.
 Convicts, *n.*: Zebras.
 Come-in, *n.*: The interval between the gate opening and the grand entry.
 Cut cake, to, *v.*: To short-change.

D

Damper, *n.*: The front door cash-register.
 Deemer, *n.*: A dime.
 Dog-and-pony show, *n.*: A derisive term applied to small circuses.
 Donagher, *n.*: A latrine.
 Down yonder, *n.*: The Southern tier of States.
 Dukets, *n.*: Circus tickets.
 Dukie, *n.*: A handout put up for workmen at the cooktent.—Dukie book, *n.*: A pad of detachable tickets to be exchanged for meals.—Duke 'em, to, *v.*: To hand a child, or young woman, a confection, balloon, or novelty, and by means of this insinuation force its parent or escort to buy. Also, to hold back a coin in the palm after change has been counted out to the patron.

E

Educate, *v.*: To wise-up.
 Equestrian director, *n.*: The performance manager; "the man who blows the whistle." *Ringmaster* is unknown to circus parlance. The stilted phraseology of the circus press-agent has influenced circus speech, and high-sounding words are often used in preference to simple ones.

F

Fink, *n.*: A broken novelty; a torn balloon.
 First-of-May, *n.*: A novice; greenhorn; simpleton.
 Flag, *n.*: The signal raised over the cook-house when a meal is being served. Meals may be had only as long as the flag is up.
 Flookum, *n.*: A powder containing synthetic flavor and color for soft drinks.
 Frame, *v.*: To plan a venture; to assemble a show.

G

Gaffer, *n.*: The circus manager.
 Gaffs on the joint: The novelty spindle is working crooked.
 Gilly, *v.*: To carry on the lot by hand, or on sleds. The show sometimes has to be *gillied on the lot* when the ground is soft and muddy.
 Gone Sunday-school: Said of a circus that has abolished the grift.
 Grease ball, *n.*: A hamburger cook.—Grease joint, *n.*: A hamburger stand.
 Grift, *n.*: Graft; proceeds from short-changing, crooked gambling, etc.; *v.*: to graft.—Grifter, *n.*: One who educates the suckers.—Grift show, *n.*: A circus that permits crooked gambling.
 Grouch-bag, *n.*: A money bag suspended by a string, carried inside the clothing.
 Guyed out, *adj.*: Drunk.

H

Hammer gang, *n.*: The men who drive the stakes. A *stake-driver* is a machine on the circus lot, never a man.
 Hard money, *n.*: Silver money.
 Hard tickets, *n.*: General admission tickets.
 Haul, *n.*: The distance from the runs to the lot.
 Heel box, *n.*: The last ticket stand inside the big top.
 Hip, *n.*: A hippopotamus.
 Hog Show, the, *n.*: The Mighty Hague Circus.
 Homerun, *n.*: The trip from the season's last performance to Winter quarters.
 Horse, *n.*: One thousand dollars.
 Horse opery, *n.*: Jocular for any circus.
 Hotscotch, *n.*: The grease joint at the greatest distance from the circus lot.
 Howdy, *n.*: An elephant howdah; also a sedan chair carried by camels.
 Hump, *n.*: A camel.

I

Irons, *n.*: Iron stakes used on hard lots. *Irons at door* signifies a hard lot at the next stop. *Irons inside* signifies a soft lot ahead.
 Iron jaw act, *n.*: The butterfly suspension act.

J

Jig, *n.*: A Negro.—Jig band, *n.*: The side-show band.

Joey, *n.*: A clown.

John show, the, *n.*: The John Robinson Circus.

Joint, *n.*: Any concession stand, or novelty spindle.

Juice, *n.*: A soft drink made of sugar, water and flookum; *adj.* in *juice joint*.

Jump, *n.*: The distance between points of showing.

K

Kid show, *n.*: The sideshow (*i.e.*, the small show.)—Kid top, *n.*: The sideshow tent.

Kife, *v.*: To swindle the suckers.

Kinkers, *n.*: Circus performers.

L

Larry, *n.*: A punctured balloon, or broken novelty.

Liberty, *adj.*: Applied to an animal act that goes on without a director.

Light wagon, *n.*: The electric power unit; a symbol in that it is the last wagon loaded on the circus train. "The light wagon's on": We're ready to go.

Long, *n.*: A pass with a reserved seat coupon.

Long side, *n.*: The side of the cookhouse in which the workmen eat.

Lot, *n.*: The only word circus folk have for the circus grounds.

Lotlice, *n.*: Townspeople who hang around the lot looking on while the circus is being set up.

M

Main guy, *n.*: A guy rope that holds up the center pole in the big top; by extension: "Who's the main guy around here?" *i.e.*, Who holds up the show? This seems to be the derivation of the American *guy*, a not derogatory synonym for *man*, and to account for the discrepancy between it and the English *guy*, derived from Guy Fawkes.

Make an opening, *v.*: to make the first spiel in front of a show.

Manage, *adj.*: Applied to an act in which several horses and riders appear.

March, *n.*: The street parade.

Marquee, *n.*: The canopy at the main entrance.

Mitt joint, *n.*: A fortune teller's tent.

Monday man, *n.*: The man who had the exclusive right to steal from village clothes lines, once a circus concession.

Mud show, *n.*: The old-time horse-and-wagon circus; now derisive.

Mug joint, *n.*: A while-you-wait photographer's tent.

N

Notch house, *n.*: A house of prostitution; also, *notcherie*.

Not with it: Said of an outsider. "He's not with it."

O

Operry, *n.*: The circus.

P

Packed to the ring curb: Said of a crowded performance.

Pad room, *n.*: A dressing tent.

Paleface, *n.*: A clown.

Paper, *n.*: Circus posters.

Paper house, *n.*: An audience composed largely of people admitted on passes.

Paper section, *n.*: The section in which spectators bearing passes are placed.

Perch act, *n.*: The pole balancers' performance.

Picture gallery, *n.*: The tattooed man.

Pipe, *n.*: a letter; *v.*: to write a letter.

Pole, *n.*: A wagon tongue. Tent poles are qualified, as *centre pole*, *quarter pole*, and so on.—Poler, *n.*: One who guides the wagons on the runs.

Possum-belly, *n.*: A compartment under railway cars providing extra storage space.

Pretty boys, *n.*: The circus bouncers; strong-arm men.

Punk, *n.*: A youngster; a child.

Punkpusher, *n.*: A petty boss who supervises the work of young town boys.

R

Rag, the, *n.*: The big top.

Ranch, the, *n.*: The 101 Wild West Circus.

Razorbacks, *n.*: Workmen who load and unload the circus train; never called *roustabouts* or *flunkys*. They come on the lot only at mealtime.

Redlight, *v.*: To throw off a train.

Ring stock, *n.*: Performing horses.—Baggage stock, draft horses.

Risley act, *n.*: One in which three acrobats lie on their backs and toss a fourth from one to the other.

Rosinbacks, *n.*: Bareback riders.

Rubber man, *n.*: A balloon vendor.
 Runs, *n.*: The unloading place at the railroad; the steel flanges over which the wagons are loaded on and unloaded from the flat-cars.

S

Schill, *n.*: A come-on man; *v.*: to win easily at gambling games; to entice suckers.
 Seat man, *n.*: A schill.
 Second-count, *n.*: A short-changer's method.
 Short, *n.*: A pass without a reserved seat coupon.
 Short-side, the, *n.*: The section of the cookhouse in which the performers and staff eat.
 Slough, *v.*: To tear down preparatory to moving.
 Sniper, *n.*: A billposter who sneaks up at night to place his paper. (Billposters have their own argot.)
 Spec., *n.*: The grand entry. From *spectacle*.
 Spindle man, *n.*: One who operates a novelty gambling wheel.
 Spot, *v.*: To show where to place; to lay out the lot, indicating where tents are to go by means of banderoles stuck in the ground.
 Spots, *n.*: Spotted horses; also, leopards.
 Squadron, *n.*: The first section of the circus train.
 Square a beef, *v.*: To refund money, or to pay back an amount short-changed.
 Stake-and-chain, the, *n.*: The canvas department's headquarters, which is a gathering and loafing place for the circus personnel.
 Starbacks, *n.*: The reserved seat section.
 Strawhouse, *n.*: A tent so crowded that spectators must be seated on straw.
 Stripes, *n.*: Tigers.
 Suckers, *n.*: Circus-goers.
 Sunday run, *n.*: A long distance.

Sunday-school show, *n.*: A show on which gambling games for the public have been prohibited; any "cleaned-up" circus, as opposed to *grift show*.

T

Threesheet, *v.*: To boast.
 Top, *n.*: A tent. The only tent so-called on the circus lot is the horse tent, or stables, and it, too, is sometimes the *horsetop*. All others, with the exception of the cook tent, which is the *cookhouse*, are called *tops*.
 Tourist, *n.*: A lazy workman.
 Trainer, *n.*: An animal handler; never *tamer*.
 Turn away, *n.*: The overflow from a tent packed to capacity.

W

Wait Brothers Show, *n.*: Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Combined Circuses. From the posters, "Wait for the Big Show!"
 Walkaway, *n.*: Change left on counter by absent-minded ticket buyer.
 Waxie, *n.*: A circus harnessmaker.
 White face, *n.*: A clown.
 White wagon, *n.*: The main office on the circus lot.
 Windjammer, *n.*: A band musician.
 Work, *v.*: To stage a performance with animals.

X

X, *n.*: An exclusive concession bought from the management.

Z

Zulus, *n.*: Negroes who participate in spec.
 Zulu tickets, *n.*: Credit slips given Negro workmen for marching in spec.; worth 25¢.

THE WORST AMERICAN STATE: Part III¹

BY CHARLES ANGOFF & H. L. MENCKEN

IN THE first article of this series, published in September, an effort was made to determine the relative wealth of the different American States and to find out if there was any apparent correlation between it and their relative culture, as exhibited in school, library and other like statistics. In the second article, published last month, we turned to statistics dealing with the public health and public order, and tried to find out if they showed any correlation with those relating to wealth and the general culture. The results of this inquiry are set forth in Table No. 72, printed on the next page. They show plainly that all of these things tend to run together. The richer States, on the whole, are also the most cultured, and not only the most cultured, but also the healthiest and the most orderly.

The statistical material exhibited came from various sources, most of them governmental, and embraced no less than sixty-three tables. Nearly all of it was very recent, and a good part was from the Census of 1930. The tables dealing with wealth ranged from one showing the taxable property *per capita* to one showing the annual consumption of gasoline, and from one showing bank clearings to one

showing the amount of life insurance in force. Those dealing with the general culture showed, *inter alia*, the percentage of illiteracy, the public school enrollment, the average daily attendance of pupils, the number of books in public libraries, the circulation of daily newspapers and of various national magazines, the number of natives and residents in such reference books as "Who's Who in America", and the density of telephones, radios, etc. The health tables showed the general death-rate, the death-rates from tuberculosis, malaria, pellagra, typhoid fever, influenza and the accidents of pregnancy, the infant mortality, and the relative supply of physicians, dentists and hospital beds. Finally, the public order tables showed the relative number of lynchings and homicides.

In addition to the tables employed in calculating the master-tables in No. 72 various others were examined. They revealed many interesting things, but for reasons that seemed sufficient they were omitted from the final calculations. As it stands, Table No. 72 embraces twenty-six tables relating to wealth, twenty-four to education and general culture, eleven to health, and two to public order. These tables, selected for their apparent fairness, seem to show clearly that the New England States lead the country on all counts, with the Pacific and Middle Western States following, and that the Cotton States are at the bottom. But before trying to formulate a final judgment it may

¹ This is the third and concluding article of the series, which began in September. The authors desire to thank Dr. James M. Chalfant of the Ohio State University and Dr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., of the University of North Carolina for some of the tables used. They are, of course, not responsible for any of the conclusions, and have seen none of the articles in advance of publication.

TABLE NO. 72: THE RELATIVE STANDING OF THE STATES IN WEALTH, EDUCATION, HEALTH AND PUBLIC ORDER

<i>In Wealth²</i>	<i>In Education</i>	<i>In Health</i>	<i>In Public Order³</i>	<i>Average Rank</i>
1 California	Massachusetts	Minnesota	Maine	Massachusetts
2 Connecticut	Dist. of Col.	Massachusetts	Vermont	Connecticut
3 New York	California	New York	New Hampshire	New York
4 Dist. of Col.	Connecticut	Connecticut	Massachusetts	New Jersey
5 Massachusetts	Michigan	Iowa	Rhode Island	California
6 Illinois	Colorado	Oregon	Connecticut	Dist. of Col.
7 Nevada	Utah	New Jersey	New Jersey	Minnesota
8 New Jersey	Illinois	Illinois	Wisconsin	Iowa
9 Rhode Island	New York	Nebraska	Minnesota	Illinois
10 Pennsylvania	Oregon	Washington	Iowa	Oregon
11 Ohio	Washington	New Hampshire	New York	Rhode Island
12 Michigan	Iowa	Pennsylvania	North Dakota	Michigan
13 Washington	Nevada	Wisconsin	Utah	Maine
14 Minnesota	Ohio	Rhode Island	Oregon	Washington
15 Delaware	Indiana	Wyoming	Michigan	Wisconsin
16 Colorado	Wisconsin	California	Pennsylvania	New Hampshire
17 Oregon	Minnesota	Michigan	Dist. of Col.	Ohio
18 Iowa	New Jersey	Dist. of Col.	Nebraska	Nebraska
19 Maryland	Rhode Island	Vermont	Ohio	Utah
20 Wisconsin	Missouri	Kansas	California	Kansas
21 Maine	Montana	Utah	Delaware	Pennsylvania
22 Nebraska	Maine	North Dakota	Washington	Vermont
23 Indiana	Nebraska	Ohio	Indiana	Colorado
24 New Hampshire	Kansas	Missouri	Kansas	Indiana
25 Kansas	Maryland	Idaho	Illinois	Nevada
26 Vermont	Pennsylvania	Maine	Idaho	Delaware
27 Missouri	New Hampshire	Indiana	Maryland	Missouri
28 Montana	Vermont	Colorado	Missouri	Maryland
29 Wyoming	Wyoming	Nevada	Colorado	North Dakota
30 Arizona	Delaware	Maryland	West Virginia	Wyoming
31 Utah	South Dakota	Montana	North Carolina	Montana
32 South Dakota	Oklahoma	Delaware	Virginia	Idaho
33 Florida	Idaho	West Virginia	Louisiana	South Dakota
34 North Dakota	Arizona	South Dakota	New Mexico	West Virginia
35 New Mexico	North Dakota	Oklahoma	Oklahoma	Arizona
36 Idaho	Florida	Florida	Montana	Oklahoma
37 West Virginia	Texas	Kentucky	Wyoming	Florida
38 Virginia	West Virginia	Arkansas	Arizona	Virginia
39 Texas	Virginia	Texas	Florida	Texas
40 Kentucky	Kentucky	Virginia	Kentucky	New Mexico
41 Oklahoma	Tennessee	Arizona	South Carolina	Kentucky
42 Tennessee	New Mexico	Louisiana	Arkansas	Louisiana
43 North Carolina	North Carolina	Georgia	Tennessee	North Carolina
44 Louisiana	Louisiana	Tennessee	Alabama	Tennessee
45 Georgia	South Carolina	New Mexico	Nevada	Arkansas
46 Alabama	Georgia	North Carolina	Georgia	Georgia
47 South Carolina	Arkansas	Alabama	Mississippi	South Carolina
48 Arkansas	Alabama	Mississippi		Alabama
49 Mississippi	Mississippi	South Carolina		Mississippi

be well to examine certain other available statistics, and first of all there should be a glance at the ethnic make-up of the

² A misprint in "The Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1930" led us to make an error in Table No. 1, printed in September. We put California in last place among the States in "tangible property *per capita*"; it should have been in sixth place. This error threw out the Summary of Wealth (Table No. 19). It is here reprinted corrected.

³South Dakota and Texas are missing.

various State populations, for it is common to hear that the relative backwardness of the South is due to the large number of Negroes living there, and that the alleged failings of certain other States are due to their high density of foreigners.

A table showing the percentage of Negroes found by the census of 1930 was published last month (No. 64). It is here

reprinted alongside a similar table from the Census of 1920, and the two together show the movement of Negro population during the intervening ten years:

TABLE NO. 73: NEGROES, 1920 AND 1930

	1930	1920
1 Idaho	0.1	0.2
1 Maine	0.1	0.2
1 North Dakota	0.1	0.1
1 South Dakota	0.1	0.1
5 ⁴ Montana	0.2	0.3
5 New Hampshire	0.2	0.1
5 Oregon	0.2	0.3
5 Utah	0.2	0.3
5 Vermont	0.2	0.2
10 Minnesota	0.4	0.4
10 Washington	0.4	0.5
10 Wisconsin	0.4	0.2
10 Wyoming	0.4	0.7
14 Nevada	0.6	0.4
15 Iowa	0.7	0.8
15 New Mexico	0.7	1.6
17 Nebraska	1.0	1.0
18 Colorado	1.2	1.2
18 Massachusetts	1.2	1.2
20 California	1.4	1.1
21 Rhode Island	1.5	1.7
22 Connecticut	1.8	1.5
23 Arizona	2.5	2.4
24 New York	3.3	1.9
25 Indiana	3.5	2.8
25 Kansas	3.5	3.3
25 Michigan	3.5	1.6
28 Illinois	4.3	2.8
29 Pennsylvania	4.5	3.3
30 Ohio	4.6	3.2
31 New Jersey	5.1	3.7
32 Missouri	6.2	5.2
33 West Virginia	6.7	5.9
34 Oklahoma	7.2	7.4
35 Kentucky	8.7	9.8
36 Delaware	13.8	13.6
37 Texas	14.6	17.7
38 Maryland	16.9	16.9
39 Tennessee	18.3	19.3
40 Arkansas	25.8	27.0
41 Virginia	26.9	29.9
42 District of Columbia	27.0	25.1
43 North Carolina	28.9	29.8
44 Florida	29.4	34.0
45 Alabama	35.7	38.4
46 Georgia	36.8	41.7
47 Louisiana	36.9	38.9
48 South Carolina	45.7	51.4
49 Mississippi	50.2	52.2
United States	9.7	9.9

These figures reveal a considerable shift in the Negro population. The great reser-

⁴When two or more States show identical rank the same serial number is given to each of them. The slack is taken up by advancing the number of the next State to that of its actual rank.

voir of blacks is still the Cotton Belt, but they are moving out so fast that some of the Southern States—for example, Georgia and South Carolina—actually lost Negro population during the decade. Meanwhile, all of the industrial States of the North made heavy gains. Here is a table, issued by the Census Bureau, showing the percentages of gain or loss:

TABLE NO. 74: PERCENTAGE OF GAIN OR LOSS IN NEGRO POPULATION, 1920-30

1 Michigan	182.0
2 California	109.1
3 New York	108.0
4 Wisconsin	106.5
5 Illinois	80.5
6 New Jersey	78.3
7 Ohio	66.1
8 Pennsylvania	51.5
9 Nevada	49.1
10 Connecticut	39.5
11 Indiana	38.6
12 Arizona	34.3
13 West Virginia	33.1
14 Florida	31.1
15 New Hampshire	27.2
16 Missouri	25.6
17 North Carolina	20.3
18 District of Columbia	20.1
19 Oklahoma	15.3
19 Texas	15.3
21 Massachusetts	15.2
22 Kansas	14.5
23 Maryland	13.0
24 Louisiana	10.9
25 Mississippi	8.0
26 Delaware	7.5
27 Minnesota	7.2
28 Tennessee	5.7
29 Alabama	4.9
30 Colorado	4.5
31 Oregon	4.2
32 Nebraska	3.9
33 Arkansas	1.3
34 Washington	-0.6
35 Vermont	-0.7
36 Rhode Island	-1.2
37 Kentucky	-4.2
38 Virginia	-5.8
39 South Carolina	-8.2
40 Iowa	-8.6
41 Wyoming	-9.7
42 Georgia	-11.2
43 Maine	-16.3
44 North Dakota	-19.3
45 South Dakota	-22.4
46 Utah	-23.4
47 Montana	-24.2
48 Idaho	-27.4
49 New Mexico	-50.3
United States	13.6

It will be observed here that many of the States which show gains actually lost Negro population, for the general rate of increase among Negroes was 13.6%. Thus all of the States from Maryland downward should be put down as having lost. It will be observed also that the exodus from the Western mining States—New Mexico, Montana, Utah and Idaho—was quite as marked as the exodus from the Cotton States. Nevertheless, Arizona managed to make a notable gain.

Now for the white population. Here is a table showing the percentage of foreign-born to the total white population in 1920 and 1930, supplied by the Census Bureau:

TABLE NO. 75: FOREIGN BORN

	1930	1920
1 New York	26.3	27.4
2 Rhode Island	25.3	29.2
3 Massachusetts	25.1	28.3
4 Connecticut	24.3	27.7
5 New Jersey	22.0	24.3
6 Michigan	18.1	20.2
7 New Hampshire	17.9	20.6
8 Illinois	16.8	19.2
9 California	16.1	20.9
10 Washington	16.0	18.9
11 North Dakota	15.6	20.5
12 Minnesota	15.3	20.5
13 Nevada	14.8	20.9
14 Montana	14.2	17.5
15 Pennsylvania	13.4	16.5
16 Wisconsin	13.2	17.6
17 Maine	12.6	14.0
18 Vermont	12.0	12.7
19 Oregon	11.2	13.3
20 Ohio	10.2	12.2
21 South Dakota	9.9	13.3
22 Wyoming	9.3	13.3
23 Utah	8.9	12.8
24 Colorado	8.8	12.7
25 Nebraska	8.5	11.7
25 District of Columbia	8.5	8.7
27 Delaware	8.3	10.7
28 Maryland	7.0	8.5
29 Iowa	6.8	9.5
29 Idaho	6.8	9.2
31 Arizona	6.1	26.8
32 Florida	5.7	6.7
33 Missouri	4.4	5.8
34 Indiana	4.3	5.3
35 Kansas	3.8	6.5
36 West Virginia	3.2	4.5
37 Louisiana	2.7	4.1
38 New Mexico	2.4	8.7
39 Texas	2.3	9.2
40 Virginia	1.4	1.9

41 Oklahoma	1.3	2.2
42 Kentucky	0.9	1.4
42 Alabama	0.9	1.2
44 Georgia	0.8	1.0
45 Arkansas	0.7	1.1
45 Mississippi	0.7	0.9
47 Tennessee	0.6	0.8
48 South Carolina	0.5	0.8
49 North Carolina	0.4	0.4
United States	12.2	14.5

And here is a corresponding table from the same source showing the percentage of native-born whites in the total white population in 1930:

TABLE NO. 76: NATIVE WHITE POPULATION TO TOTAL WHITES

1 North Carolina	99.6
2 South Carolina	99.5
3 Tennessee	99.4
4 Arkansas	99.3
4 Mississippi	99.3
6 Georgia	99.2
7 Alabama	99.1
7 Kentucky	99.1
9 Oklahoma	98.7
10 Virginia	98.6
* * * * *	
40 Washington	84.0
41 California	83.9
42 Illinois	83.2
43 New Hampshire	82.1
44 Michigan	81.9
45 New Jersey	78.0
46 Connecticut	75.7
47 Massachusetts	74.9
48 Rhode Island	74.7
49 New York	73.7
United States	87.8

The Census Bureau, in addition to listing Negroes, native-born whites and white foreigners, also lists what it calls "other races", *i.e.*, Mexicans, Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Hindus, Koreans and Hawaiians. Here are the returns in percentages for 1930, so far as they are available at the time of going to press:

TABLE NO. 77: OTHER RACES

1 Arizona	36.8
2 New Mexico	21.0
3 Nevada	10.0
4 Colorado	6.1
5 Wyoming	4.5
6 Oklahoma	4.2
7 Montana	3.5
8 South Dakota	3.3
9 Utah	2.1
10 Idaho	1.5
10 Oregon	1.5

12	North Dakota	1.4
13	Kansas	1.2
14	Nebraska	0.8
15	Minnesota	0.6
16	Michigan	0.5
16	North Carolina	0.5
16	Wisconsin	0.5
19	Louisiana	0.3
20	Iowa	0.2
20	Mississippi	0.2
20	Missouri	0.2

Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Maine, Maryland, South Carolina, Virginia and Rhode Island all have 0.1% of "other races" in their populations, and Alabama, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, New Hampshire, Vermont, West Virginia and Tennessee all have less than 0.1%. The returns from the States not accounted for are still missing.

A comparison of Table No. 73 with the last column of Table No. 72 shows plainly that a high percentage of Negroes in a population does not conduce to progress. Of the ten States which stand at the bottom of the former table, seven are also among the last ten in the latter, and two escape by only a few places. Where Negroes congregate in large numbers they constitute a heavy public burden. They amass less wealth and pay less taxes than whites, they are in general less enterprising and public-spirited, and they show a slower cultural advancement. No doubt all this is at least partly due to the fact that their opportunities are smaller. They are barred from many occupations, some of them the most lucrative. They have fewer schools than the whites, and those schools are usually inferior. In 1927-8, according to the Bureau of Education, but 71.4% of the Negro population of school age in the Southern States was actually enrolled in schools, and but 72.5% of the enrollment was in daily attendance. The following table shows how many Negroes there are in some of the States of the South to each Negro high-school pupil:

TABLE NO. 78: TOTAL NEGROES TO NEGRO HIGH-SCHOOL PUPILS

1	Tennessee	71
2	North Carolina	76
3	Virginia	90
4	South Carolina	98
5	Alabama	143
6	Louisiana	144
7	Florida	145
8	Georgia	146
9	Mississippi	210

Obviously, it cannot be said that the educational opportunities of Negroes are good in a State in which only one in 210 of them ever enters a high-school. Moreover, according to the *Crisis* (September, 1931) "many of the high-schools attended are not of full rank according to recognized standards: thus South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi really belong lower in the list than the figures indicate".

The correlation between foreign-born whites and the cultural rank of the States runs in the other direction. Thus of the ten States standing first in the last column of Table No. 72, six are among the first ten in Table No. 75, and of the ten States at the bottom of the former, seven are also at the bottom of the latter. This correlation becomes even more striking when one compares the last column of Table No. 72 to Table No. 76. What is to be inferred therefrom we do not undertake to say. The figures may show that foreign-born whites make for better progress than native whites, or they may show only that foreigners tend to settle in the more advanced States.

II

Let us now see what we can find out about the religious beliefs of the people in the different States. In Part II of this series of articles, published last month, a table prepared by Mr. Walter White, author of "Rope and Faggot", was presented, showing the percentage of Metho-

dists and Baptists in the total church membership (Table No. 65). The first place was occupied by Georgia, in which 89.80% of all the recorded Christians belong to either Methodist or Baptist churches. Most of these evidently are Baptists rather than Methodists, as is revealed by the following tables, the first from the American Baptist Year-Book, 1930, p. 158, showing the number of Baptists per 1000 of the general population, and the second from "Religious Bodies, 1926" (Census Bureau, 1930, vol. II, p. 920), showing the number of Methodists on the same basis:

TABLE NO. 79: BAPTISTS

1	Utah	2.28
2	Wisconsin	7.64
3	Montana	8.44
4	Missouri	10.99
5	North Dakota	11.34
6	Minnesota	12.23
7	Delaware	12.29
8	California	12.49
9	Nevada	12.50
10	Idaho	12.58

* * * * *

40	Florida	82.14
41	Texas	85.00
42	Kentucky	85.13
43	Virginia	93.96
44	Tennessee	108.01
45	Mississippi	108.92
46	Alabama	111.54
47	North Carolina	123.59
48	South Carolina	129.23
49	Georgia	143.00
	United States	40.50

TABLE NO. 80: METHODISTS

1	Utah	4.49
2	Arkansas	5.66
3	Texas	8.48
4	Georgia	8.58
5	Virginia	9.37
6	North Carolina	9.81
7	Alabama	9.88
8	New Mexico	10.37
9	Arizona	12.31
10	Kentucky	12.49

* * * * *

40	Illinois	48.15
41	Pennsylvania	48.81
42	West Virginia	59.27
43	Nebraska	68.75
44	Ohio	69.35
45	Maryland	77.44
46	Iowa	82.79

47	Indiana	94.52
48	Kansas	97.90
49	Delaware	125.61
	United States	35.27

These tables show that the lynching curve (Table No. 61, published in Part II last month) and the homicide curve (Table No. 62, also published last month) both follow the curve of Baptists very much more closely than they follow the curve of Methodists or of the two together. Mr. White, indeed, would probably have got much further with his argument that lynching is done only by evangelical Protestants if he had omitted the Methodists and confined himself to Baptists. It is also made obvious, by comparing Table No. 79 to the last column of Table No. 72, that the density of Baptists runs in inverse ratio to the general wealth and culture. No less than seven of the ten States at the head of the former table are among the ten at the bottom of the latter. The correlation between the density of Methodists and the cultural rank of the States is but slightly less striking. Six States are among both the first ten of Table No. 80 and the last ten in the last column of Table No. 72.

The following table, showing the percentage of Catholics in the general population, is taken from the American Catholic Almanac and Year-Book for 1931, p. 273:

TABLE NO. 81: CATHOLICS

1	Rhode Island	47.34
2	New Mexico	40.79
3	Massachusetts	38.30
4	Connecticut	34.75
5	New Hampshire	31.51
6	Louisiana	28.07
7	New Jersey	26.21
8	Vermont	24.90
9	New York	24.13
10	Wisconsin	22.43

* * * * *

40	Florida	2.68
41	Oklahoma	1.95
42	Mississippi	1.62
43	Virginia	1.59
44	Arkansas	1.33

45	Alabama	1.32	7	Connecticut	11.01
46	Tennessee	.94	8	Louisiana	11.55
47	Georgia	.59	9	Montana	11.64
48	South Carolina	.52	10	Massachusetts	11.68
49	North Carolina	.21		* * * * *	
	United States	14.23			

It appears from this that Catholics, unlike Baptists and Methodists, tend to be densest in the richest States, and to be scarcest in the poorest. Of the ten richest States (Table No. 72, Column 1) five are also among the first ten in the Catholic table, and of the ten poorest eight are among the last ten. Jews are also relatively scarce in the poorer States, as is exhibited by the following table from "The Jew in the United States", by Harry S. Linfield (1927), p. 11, showing the percentage of Jews in the general population:

TABLE NO. 82: JEWS

1	New York	16.67
2	New Jersey	6.01
3	Connecticut	5.59
4	Massachusetts	5.32
5	Illinois	4.74
6	Maryland	4.44
7	Pennsylvania	4.16
8	Rhode Island	3.56
9	District of Columbia	2.96
10	California	2.78
	* * * * *	
40	South Carolina	0.37
41	Mississippi	0.36
42	Nevada	0.34
43	Oklahoma	0.33
44	Arizona	0.32
45	North Carolina	0.28
46	New Mexico	0.27
47	South Dakota	0.23
48	Montana	0.22
49	Idaho	0.21
	United States	3.58

To which should be added, for good measure, a table from the *World Almanac* (1930), p. 394, showing the percentage of Sunday-school scholars in the general population:

TABLE NO. 83: SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS

1	Nevada	8.90
2	New York	9.14
3	New Mexico	9.55
4	Arizona	10.32
5	Wisconsin	10.56
6	California	10.70

40	West Virginia	22.39
41	Delaware	22.60
42	Alabama	22.83
43	Tennessee	23.03
44	Utah	23.12
45	Indiana	23.89
46	Kansas	25.97
47	Virginia	28.41
48	South Carolina	29.17
49	North Carolina	30.06
	United States	17.29

The evangelical Protestant bodies, being strongest in the poorest States, make a bad showing when it comes to property values. This is strikingly exhibited by the following table from "Religious Bodies: 1926", Vol. I, p. 134, showing the average value of church edifices:

TABLE NO. 84: VALUE OF CHURCH EDIFICES

1	District of Columbia	\$99,239
2	New York	67,782
3	Massachusetts	60,165
4	Connecticut	54,294
5	New Jersey	51,149
6	Rhode Island	50,808
7	Pennsylvania	35,405
8	California	30,947
9	Illinois	30,837
10	Ohio	28,521
	* * * * *	
40	Idaho	8,706
41	North Carolina	8,564
42	Tennessee	7,210
43	North Dakota	7,019
44	South Carolina	6,889
45	Georgia	5,751
46	New Mexico	5,613
47	Alabama	5,479
48	Arkansas	4,824
49	Mississippi	3,860
	United States	18,920

Here the predominantly Catholic States of Rhode Island, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey show a far more impressive accumulation of ecclesiastical property than the Protestant States of Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Georgia and North and South Carolina. But it is to be noted that New Mexico, which is largely peopled by Mex-

icans and is hence very poor, presents an exception. It has a higher density of Catholics than any State save Rhode Island, but the average value of its churches is even lower than the average value of Georgia's, and but 45% above Mississippi's.

III

As we noted last month, criminal statistics in the United States leave much to be desired, and it is thus difficult to determine the prevalence of a given crime in a given State. Even prison populations are of relatively little significance, for the number of culprits jailed depends largely upon the efficiency of the local police, the humor of the local judges, and the character of the local laws. The penalties for a given crime vary widely. The punishment for rape, for example, ranges from one year in prison (in Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, North Dakota, Ohio and Wyoming) to death (in practically all of the Southern States). In eight States capital punishment has been abolished altogether (save, in a few cases, for treason), but in Texas a man may be electrocuted even for perjury. The punishment for manslaughter ranges from one year's imprisonment to twenty years, for forgery from a few days in jail to fifteen years, and for burglary from a small fine to death.

In consequence, the prison returns are not worth much, and they are presented here only for the little that they are. The following table shows the number of prisoners in State prisons, per 1000 of population, in 1930. Federal prisoners are excluded.

TABLE NO. 85: PRISONERS IN STATE PRISONS⁵

1	New Hampshire	0.3
2	Massachusetts	0.4

⁵ The District of Columbia is missing.

2	North Dakota	0.4
2	South Carolina	0.4
5	Maine	0.5
5	Pennsylvania	0.5
5	Utah	0.5
8	Arkansas	0.6
8	New Jersey	0.6
8	New York	0.6
8	South Dakota	0.6
8	Wisconsin	0.6
13	Connecticut	0.7

* * * * *

37	Indiana	1.3
37	Ohio	1.3
37	West Virginia	1.3
40	Maryland	1.4
40	Michigan	1.4
42	Kansas	1.5
42	Oklahoma	1.5
44	Alabama	1.6
44	Wyoming	1.6
46	Florida	1.7
47	Delaware	2.3
48	Nevada	2.7
	United States	0.9

It is hard to believe, as this table makes out, that the mild and mousy State of Delaware actually has nearly six times as many criminals in it as South Carolina, which has double its homicide rate and nearly twenty times its lynching rate. Nor is it easy to believe that Arkansas is only half as felonious as Ohio. There is also a chance of being misled by the following table (taken from "Crime and the Criminal Law in the United States," by Harry Best; New York, 1930, p. 148), showing the male admissions to prisons and reformatories for robbery in 1926, calculated to each 1,000,000 of the general population:

TABLE NO. 86: COMMITMENTS FOR ROBBERY⁶

1	Michigan	151
2	Missouri	126
3	California	108
4	Ohio	99
5	New York	98
6	Oregon	94
7	Colorado	90
8	Illinois	87
9	Oklahoma	84
10	Maryland	83
11	New Jersey	69

* * * * *

43	Vermont	17
44	Maine	15

⁶ Delaware, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Texas, Idaho and New Mexico are missing.

45	North Carolina	14
46	Mississippi	11
47	New Hampshire	9
48	Tennessee	8
49	South Carolina	3
	United States	68

The fact is that all that Table No. 85 shows with any surety is that the execution of justice is rather more severe in the States at the bottom of the list than it is in the States at the top—that men are more readily sent to prison, and kept there longer. And all Table No. 86 shows is that robbery is regarded more seriously in Michigan than it is in South Carolina, and punished more severely. It is quite impossible to believe that the crime itself is fifty times as prevalent in the first State as it is in the second. How widely punishments vary in different States is shown by the following table from Dr. Best's book:

TABLE NO. 87: AVERAGE MAXIMUM SENTENCES IN YEARS

1	California	18.61
2	Illinois	16.66
3	Ohio	16.16
4	Utah	14.85
5	Indiana	12.67
6	Nevada	11.31
7	Kansas	10.04
8	Washington	9.69
* * * * *		
42	Connecticut	4.05
43	North Dakota	4.03
44	Oregon	3.86
45	Tennessee	3.83
46	Arkansas	3.21
47	Vermont	3.14
48	South Dakota	3.03
49	Maryland	1.83

That the number of men in prison depends very largely upon the temper of judges and the local view of the seriousness of this or that offense is also indicated by the following table prepared by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, giving the number of prisoners received by Federal prisons and reformatories, including transfers, from each of the States, per 100,000 of population, from July, 1928, to June, 1929, inclusive:

TABLE NO. 88: PRISONERS RECEIVED BY FEDERAL PRISONS

1	Nevada	none
2	Connecticut	.3
2	Massachusetts	.3
4	Rhode Island	.4
5	Wisconsin	.5
6	Montana	.9
7	New Jersey	1.0
8	Pennsylvania	1.1
8	Maine	1.1
10	North Dakota	1.2
* * * * *		
40	Oregon	11.0
41	North Carolina	11.1
42	Texas	11.3
43	Michigan	11.9
44	Oklahoma	13.6
45	District of Columbia	19.7
46	New Mexico	20.4
47	Kentucky	22.2
48	Arizona	30.3
49	West Virginia	34.3
	United States	6.9

A large proportion of these so-called criminals were jailed for violating the Volstead Act. In the wet States of the Northeast, in wetter Wisconsin and in wettest Nevada the total number was considerable, whereas in such dry States as Kentucky, Oklahoma, Texas and North Carolina and in the suffering District of Columbia it was extraordinarily large. The high returns from Arizona and West Virginia are probably due mainly if not wholly to the unusual assiduity of the local Federal judges. In fact, the Hon. George W. McClintic, J., of the Southern District of West Virginia is a hero among Prohibitionists on account of his savage punishment of bootleggers, and every time he holds court a cartload of them starts for Atlanta and the matter is noticed at length in the newspapers.

In this connection it may be interesting to compare the number of stills seized by the Prohibition agents annually with the State sentiment as to Prohibition revealed by the *Literary Digest* poll. The first table following shows the stills seized to each 100,000 of population during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930 (Annual Report

of the Commissioner of Prohibition, 1930, pp. 103-105):

TABLE NO. 89: STILLS SEIZED

1	Maine	.1
2	Vermont	.2
3	New Hampshire	1.7
4	Massachusetts	1.8
5	Connecticut	2.0
6	Ohio	3.7
7	New York	5.2
8	Kansas	5.3
9	North Dakota	6.3
10	Indiana	6.7
* * * * *		
40	Kentucky	40.9
41	Montana	47.4
42	South Carolina	56.0
43	Tennessee	58.3
44	Virginia	59.7
45	Maryland	66.6
46	North Carolina	78.8
47	Georgia	86.3
48	Florida	109.0
49	Nevada	115.3
	United States	24.3

The next table shows the percentage of voters in the *Literary Digest* poll who favored enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment:

TABLE NO. 90: PERCENTAGE IN FAVOR OF THE AMENDMENT

1	Connecticut	18.1
2	Nevada	18.2
3	New York	19.0
4	New Jersey	19.1
5	Rhode Island	21.6
6	Louisiana	22.6
7	Wisconsin	23.1
8	Illinois	24.4
9	District of Columbia	25.2
10	Maryland	26.0
* * * * *		
40	Nebraska	42.4
41	Colorado	42.9
42	Texas	44.1
43	Alabama	47.6
44	Mississippi	48.4
45	Tennessee	59.3
46	North Carolina	50.6
47	Oklahoma	50.9
48	Arkansas	52.1
49	Kansas	57.6
	United States	34.5

The correlation between these two tables, it will be seen, is not very close. Of the five States that show a vote of more than 50% for enforcing the Eighteenth

Amendment, two—Tennessee and North Carolina—are high in the table of stills seized. But on the other hand, Nevada, which, next to Connecticut, is the wettest State in sentiment, is at the head of the stills table. Connecticut itself is near the bottom. Altogether, the comparison gives us little information—save that of the ten States which vote dryest five are also champion lynching States (*cf.* Table No. 61, published last month), four have high places in the homicide table (No. 62), and six (perhaps obviously) are among the ten most densely peopled with Methodists and Baptists (*cf.* Table No. 65).

As perhaps throwing some further light upon the matter we append a table showing the percentage of wet daily newspaper circulation to total circulation in each State. It was prepared by Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is here presented by his courtesy. An obvious error in the case of Rhode Island has been corrected:

TABLE NO. 91: WET DAILY NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION

1	Delaware	100
2	Maryland	98
3	Alabama	92
4	New York	87
5	New Jersey	84
6	Virginia	82
6	Montana	82
8	Wisconsin	81
9	Massachusetts	80
9	Georgia	80
11	Missouri	78
12	Connecticut	75
13	Florida	74
14	Louisiana	72
15	Illinois	71
15	Ohio	71
17	Nebraska	65
18	South Carolina	57
19	Indiana	56
20	West Virginia	55
20	Rhode Island	55
22	District of Columbia	54
22	California	54
22	Wyoming	54
25	Pennsylvania	51
25	Mississippi	51

27	Michigan	48	38	Kentucky	21.7
27	Vermont	48	39	Arizona	22.4
29	Washington	45	39	Virginia	22.4
30	Nevada	44	41	South Carolina	22.8
30	Idaho	44	42	Mississippi	22.9
32	Arizona	38	43	West Virginia	23.8
33	New Mexico	37	44	Alabama	24.0
34	Oregon	36	45	North Carolina	24.7
35	Texas	34	46	Utah	24.8
36	Iowa	33	47	New Mexico	26.9
37	North Dakota	27		United States	18.9
38	Arkansas	26			
38	Tennessee	26			
40	Colorado	25			
41	Minnesota	24			
42	Oklahoma	20			
42	Maine	20			
44	North Carolina	19			
45	South Dakota	13			
46	Utah	12			
47	Kentucky	10			
48	Kansas	4			
48	New Hampshire	4			
	United States	65			

If this table teaches anything it probably is that dry sentiment in the South is by no means as widespread and adamant as has been generally assumed. The newspapers of Alabama, it will be observed, are even wetter than those of New York, and those of Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina and Mississippi are more than 50% wet. But those of North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas and Arkansas continue predominantly dry.

IV

A number of tables remain, miscellaneous in character, but all of them throwing more or less light upon the state of civilization in the various States. The first shows the birth-rates in 1929, Texas and South Dakota being missing:

TABLE NO. 92: BIRTH-RATES

1	Oregon	14.1
2	Nevada	14.2
3	Washington	14.6
4	California	14.8
* * * * *		
33	Arkansas	20.2
33	Georgia	20.2
35	Louisiana	20.3
36	Michigan	20.8
37	North Dakota	21.5

On comparing this table to No. 69 (published last month), showing the marriage-rates in the different States, one discovers that a high marriage-rate is not always accompanied by high fecundity. It is so accompanied, to be sure, in the Mexicanized States of Arizona and New Mexico, and there is also a certain correlation in Alabama, Kentucky, South Carolina, Mississippi and Arkansas, but the fecundity of Nevada and Washington runs far below their marriage-rates, and that of Utah, North Dakota and North Carolina runs far ahead.

There follow two tables showing the amount of business done in the different States. The first, supplied by the Census Bureau, gives the sales in 1930, *per capita* of the general population, of all stores, restaurants, and other retail establishments:

TABLE NO. 93: RETAIL DISTRIBUTION

1	District of Columbia	\$681.65
2	California	575.73
3	New York	575.12
4	Nevada	550.06
5	Washington	495.29
6	Massachusetts	484.49
7	Illinois	483.23
8	Oregon	482.50
9	Colorado	480.65
10	Connecticut	475.80
* * * * *		
40	Tennessee	248.36
41	Virginia	246.42
42	North Carolina	234.72
43	Kentucky	226.43
44	Louisiana	223.65
45	Arkansas	221.89
46	Georgia	212.32
47	Mississippi	205.92
48	Alabama	198.19
49	South Carolina	171.98
	United States	387.98

The second, from the same source, shows the wholesale sales *per capita* for 1929:

TABLE NO. 94: WHOLESALE TRADE

1	New York	\$1,403.28
2	Delaware	991.87
3	Missouri	926.34
4	Illinois	899.79
5	Nebraska	764.86
6	Washington	733.88
7	California	732.60
8	Massachusetts	727.48
9	District of Columbia	720.23
10	Minnesota	669.61
* * * * *		
40	Kentucky	204.31
41	Arkansas	201.22
42	West Virginia	200.60
43	South Carolina	191.79
44	Mississippi	191.65
45	Vermont	159.42
46	Wyoming	153.36
47	Nevada	150.75
48	New Hampshire	132.81
49	New Mexico	126.58
	United States	567.12

To which we add a table showing the number of hotels to each 100,000 of population and the number of hotel rooms, both for 1929:

TABLE NO. 95: HOTELS AND NUMBER OF ROOMS

	Hotels	Rooms
1	New Hampshire	82.4
2	Nevada	75.8
3	Wyoming	72.7
4	Vermont	66.3
5	Maine	65.3
6	Montana	60.7
7	Florida	59.8
8	Colorado	55.0
9	Idaho	51.9
10	Arizona	50.0
* * * * *		
35	Massachusetts	16.5
36	Rhode Island	15.9
37	Virginia	15.9
38	North Carolina	14.9
39	West Virginia	14.4
40	Georgia	14.3
41	Maryland	13.5
42	Ohio	12.9
43	South Carolina	12.9
44	Tennessee	12.5
45	Kentucky	10.4
46	Alabama	9.1
47	Louisiana	8.8
48	Mississippi	8.7

Also, a table showing the number of people (regardless of age) to each daily

newspaper, calculated from figures supplied by the Standard Rate and Data Service as of March 31, 1930:

TABLE NO. 96: POPULATION TO EACH DAILY NEWSPAPER

1	Nevada	13,008
2	Idaho	26,178
3	Arizona	27,223
4	Indiana	30,843
5	Montana	31,624
6	Kansas	34,833
7	Oregon	35,325
8	Colorado	35,717
9	Florida	36,705
10	Wyoming	37,594
* * * * *		
40	North Carolina	88,063
41	New York	97,582
42	New Jersey	101,033
43	South Carolina	108,673
44	Tennessee	113,763
45	Georgia	116,340
46	Maryland	116,538
47	Louisiana	123,623
48	Alabama	126,012
49	Mississippi	133,988
	United States	63,183

Also, a table showing the total governmental expenditure *per capita* (State only) for education, hospitals, good roads and other cultural agencies. The figures for 1927 are taken from "The Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1930", p. 223, and those for 1929 from "Financial Statistics of State Government, 1929", published by the Census Bureau, p. 6:

TABLE NO. 97: GOVERNMENTAL OUTLAY FOR EDUCATION, HOSPITALS, ROADS, ETC.⁷

	1929	1927
1	Nevada	\$29.83
2	Vermont	27.36
3	Wyoming	25.11
4	Delaware	24.89
5	North Dakota	21.24
6	Utah	19.40
7	South Dakota	18.81
8	Arizona	18.20
9	New Hampshire	17.23
10	Oregon	16.67
11	Maine	16.52
12	New York	16.01
12	Minnesota	16.01
14	Washington	15.58
15	New Mexico	15.25
16	New Jersey	14.74
17	Michigan	14.51
18	California	13.96

⁷ The District of Columbia is not given.

19	Montana	13.69	11.58	38	Minnesota	34.96
20	Connecticut	12.81	12.86	39	Louisiana	36.70
21	Colorado	12.59	11.00	40	West Virginia	45.53
22	Maryland	12.22	12.35	41	North Dakota	53.40
23	Wisconsin	12.17	10.75	42	North Carolina	53.87
24	Texas	12.01	10.59	43	Arkansas	55.04
25	Louisiana	11.64	10.57	44	Oregon	60.17
26	Rhode Island	11.57	10.19	45	South Dakota	79.54
27	Florida	11.31	11.03		United States	19.79
28	Idaho	11.25	10.30			
29	Arkansas	11.11	6.98			
30	Virginia	10.87	9.69			
31	Pennsylvania	10.86	8.94			
32	Massachusetts	10.81	10.02			
33	Iowa	10.54	9.84			
34	West Virginia	10.39	9.19			
35	Alabama	10.30	7.05			
36	North Carolina	9.78	8.44			
37	Oklahoma	9.73	7.35			
38	Nebraska	9.27	7.92			
39	Mississippi	9.26	7.27			
40	Indiana	9.21	8.36			
41	Tennessee	8.99	6.86			
42	South Carolina	8.98	7.16			
43	Missouri	8.87	7.75			
44	Kansas	8.69	8.72			
45	Ohio	7.93	6.45			
46	Kentucky	7.53	7.34			
47	Illinois	6.82	6.90			
48	Georgia	6.02	6.36			
	United States	11.62	10.30			

The judicious will notice at once that all of the States save North Dakota, Oregon, California, Connecticut, Maryland, Kansas, Illinois and Georgia show increasing expenditures. This increase is especially marked in some of the poorest States, *e.g.*, Mississippi, Alabama, Arizona and New Mexico. We append a table, based on figures furnished by Halsey, Stuart & Company, showing the funded debts of the States *per capita* in 1930:

TABLE NO. 98: DEBT PER CAPITA^a

1	Indiana	\$.10
2	Oklahoma	.62
3	Texas	.69
4	Ohio	.75
5	Kentucky	1.03
6	Georgia	1.58
7	Connecticut	2.53
8	Arizona	3.73
9	Idaho	4.11
10	New Hampshire	4.59
* * * * *		
36	Maine	29.80
37	Tennessee	31.25

^a The District of Columbia is omitted. It naturally has no debt. Florida, Nebraska and Wisconsin are also debtless.

Unfortunately, a lavish piling up of debt does not always indicate that the State indulging in it is progressive, and is using the money for good purposes. Of North Carolina, perhaps, it may be said that it has spent its borrowings wisely, and has many miles of good roads and an excellent school system to show for them. But in Arkansas the money has been dissipated by prehensile politicians, and in Oregon and the Dakotas it has been wasted by visionaries. Perhaps a better gauge of the standing of a State than the amount of money it owes is the price its bonds bring in the open market. Here is a table prepared by a well-known New York investment house, showing the yield of ordinary State bonds of long maturity as of August 19 last. The lowest yield, of course, indicates the highest solvency.

TABLE NO. 99: YIELD OF STATE BONDS

1	Florida	No Debt
1	Nebraska	No Debt
1	Wisconsin	No Debt
4	Massachusetts	3.25
4	Pennsylvania	3.25 ^b
6	Connecticut	3.40 ^b
6	New York	3.40
8	Indiana	3.50 ^b
8	Maine	3.50 ^b
8	Maryland	3.50
8	Ohio	3.50 ^b
8	New Hampshire	3.50 ^b
8	New Jersey	3.50
8	Vermont	3.50 ^b
15	Iowa	3.55
15	Kansas	3.55 ^b
15	Michigan	3.55
15	Minnesota	3.55
15	Missouri	3.55
20	California	3.60

^b Obligations of these States have not recently appeared in the bond market. The yields accordingly are calculated upon the approximate current prices that they would be expected to command.

20	Delaware	3.60 ^o
20	Rhode Island	3.60
20	West Virginia	3.60
24	Colorado	3.65 ^o
24	Illinois	3.65
26	Arizona	3.70 ^o
27	Georgia	3.75
27	Virginia	3.75 ^o
29	Kentucky	3.80 ^o
29	Montana	3.80
29	Utah	3.80 ^o
29	Washington	3.80 ^o
29	Wyoming	3.80
34	Nevada	3.85 ^o
34	Oregon	3.85
36	Idaho	3.90 ^o
37	South Dakota	4.00
37	North Carolina	4.00
37	Tennessee	4.00
37	Texas	4.00 ^o
41	Alabama	4.10
41	North Dakota	4.10
43	Oklahoma	4.20 ^o
43	South Carolina	4.20
45	Louisiana	4.40
45	New Mexico	4.40 ^o
47	Mississippi	4.50
48	Arkansas	5.00

V

The final tables deal with what may be called general habitability. The first, calculated from figures supplied by the Bureau of Public Roads, Department of Agriculture, shows the mileage of improved State roads to each 1000 square miles of land area in 1929:

TABLE NO. 100: MILEAGE OF IMPROVED STATE ROADS¹⁰

1	Rhode Island	499.5
2	Connecticut	418.5
3	Vermont	382.0
4	Delaware	381.6
5	Maryland	284.7
6	Ohio	266.3
7	New Hampshire	253.5
8	New Jersey	234.1
9	New York	228.9
10	Pennsylvania	219.6
* * * * *		
41	Idaho	29.8
42	California	27.3
43	Utah	21.8
44	New Mexico	17.9
45	Arizona	14.9
46	Wyoming	14.6
47	Nevada	14.2
48	Montana	10.4
	United States	127.5

¹⁰ The District of Columbia is missing.

The next shows the railway mileage to each 1000 square miles of area and to each 10,000 of population. The former figures are calculated from a table in "The Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1930", p. 2, and the latter from a table in the *World Almanac*, 1931, p. 380. Both are for 1929:

TABLE NO. 101: RAILWAY MILEAGE

		Per 1,000 Square Miles	Per 10,000 Population
1	District of Columbia	520.3	.74
2	New Jersey	279.3	5.68
3	Pennsylvania	247.2	11.50
4	Massachusetts	243.9	4.74
5	Illinois	220.8	16.39
6	Ohio	214.7	13.25
7	Indiana	195.4	21.93
8	Connecticut	195.0	6.02
9	Iowa	172.9	39.29
10	New York	169.3	6.61
* * * * *			
40	California	51.8	14.60
41	Colorado	47.8	47.94
42	Oregon	36.1	36.56
43	Montana	35.6	97.29
44	Idaho	35.0	66.43
45	Utah	25.8	43.19
46	New Mexico	23.4	67.90
47	Arizona	21.9	57.26
48	Wyoming	20.9	90.59
49	Nevada	19.2	233.10
	United States	118.7	34.17

There follows a table showing the percentage of land area that is arable and is divided into farms. It comes from the Census Bureau and is based upon returns made in 1925:

TABLE NO. 102: FARM ACREAGE AND LAND AREA

1	Iowa	93.6
2	Indiana	86.3
3	Illinois	85.7
4	Nebraska	85.5
5	Ohio	85.2
6	Kansas	83.6
7	Kentucky	77.4
8	North Dakota	76.4
9	Missouri	74.2
10	Delaware	71.5
		* * * * *
40	Washington	29.5
41	California	27.6
42	Maine	27.0
43	Oregon	23.1
44	Florida	16.7
45	Idaho	15.2

45	Arizona	15.2
47	District of Columbia	9.6
48	Utah	9.5
49	Nevada	5.8
	United States	51.7

The rank of the States in population, of course, is of relatively little statistical importance, for such huge States as Texas and California naturally tend to have more people in them than such tiny ones as Delaware and Rhode Island. Nevertheless, the figures are given for the sake of the record. They show the rank of the States in 1920 and 1930, and the percentage of gain in population that each made during the decade:

TABLE NO. 103: RANK OF STATES IN POPULATION

	<i>Percentage of Increase</i>		
	1930	1920	1920-30
New York	1	1	21.2
Pennsylvania	2	2	10.5
Illinois	3	3	17.7
Ohio	4	4	15.4
Texas	5	5	24.9
California	6	8	65.7
Michigan	7	7	32.0
Massachusetts	8	6	10.3
New Jersey	9	10	28.1
Missouri	10	9	6.6
Indiana	11	11	10.5
North Carolina	12	14	23.9
Wisconsin	13	13	11.7
Georgia	14	12	0.4
Alabama	15	18	12.7
Tennessee	16	19	11.9
Kentucky	17	15	8.2
Minnesota	18	17	7.4
Iowa	19	16	2.8
Virginia	20	20	4.9
Oklahoma	21	21	18.1
Louisiana	22	22	16.9
Mississippi	23	23	12.2
Kansas	24	24	6.3
Arkansas	25	25	5.8
South Carolina	26	26	3.3
West Virginia	27	27	18.1
Maryland	28	28	12.5
Connecticut	29	29	16.4
Washington	30	30	15.2
Florida	31	32	51.6
Nebraska	32	31	6.3
Colorado	33	33	10.2
Oregon	34	34	21.8
Maine	35	35	3.8
South Dakota	36	37	8.8
Rhode Island	37	38	13.7
North Dakota	38	36	5.3
Montana	39	39	2.1
Utah	40	40	13.0

District of Columbia	41	42	11.3
New Hampshire	42	41	5.0
Idaho	43	43	3.0
Arizona	44	46	30.3
New Mexico	45	44	17.5
Vermont	46	45	2.0
Delaware	47	47	6.9
Wyoming	48	48	16.0
Nevada	49	49	17.6
United States			16.1

Of much more significance is the density of population to the square mile. Here are the figures for 1930:

TABLE NO. 104: POPULATION PER SQUARE MILE

1	District of Columbia	7,852.7
2	Rhode Island	644.3
3	New Jersey	537.8
4	Massachusetts	528.6
5	Connecticut	333.4
6	New York	264.2
7	Pennsylvania	214.8
8	Maryland	164.1
9	Ohio	163.1
10	Illinois	136.2
11	Delaware	121.3
12	Indiana	89.8
13	Michigan	84.2
14	West Virginia	72.0
15	Kentucky	65.1
16	North Carolina	65.0
17	Tennessee	62.8
18	Virginia	60.2
19	South Carolina	57.0
20	Wisconsin	53.2
21	Missouri	52.8
22	Alabama	51.6
23	New Hampshire	51.5
24	Georgia	49.5
25	Louisiana	46.3
26	Iowa	44.5
27	Mississippi	43.4
28	Vermont	39.4
29	California	36.5
30	Arkansas	35.3
31	Oklahoma	34.5
32	Minnesota	31.7
33	Florida	26.8
34	Maine	26.7
35	Washington	23.4
36	Kansas	23.0
37	Texas	22.2
38	Nebraska	17.9
39	Colorado	10.0
39	Oregon	10.0
41	North Dakota	9.7
42	South Dakota	9.0
43	Utah	6.2
44	Idaho	5.3
45	Arizona	3.8
46	Montana	3.7
47	New Mexico	3.5
48	Wyoming	2.3
49	Nevada	0.8
	United States	41.3

Finally, in trying to estimate the habitability of a State, one must consider its weather. The following figures were politely supplied by Mr. M. C. Bennett, acting chief of the Climatological Division of the Weather Bureau. The first table shows the average temperatures (Fahrenheit) in 1930:

TABLE NO. 105: AVERAGE TEMPERATURES¹¹

	<i>Annual</i>	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Winter</i>
1 Vermont	38	65	18
2 North Dakota	39	65	8
3 Minnesota	41	66	11
3 Wyoming	41	61	20
5 Montana	42	63	21
6 Maine	43	64	19
7 Colorado	44	63	25
7 Michigan	44	66	24
7 New Hampshire	44	65	20
7 Wisconsin	44	67	16
11 South Dakota	45	69	18
12 Idaho	46	65	27
12 New York	46	67	23
14 Connecticut	48	68	27
14 Iowa	48	72	21
14 Massachusetts	48	67	27
14 Utah	48	68	27
18 Missouri	49	76	32
18 Rhode Island	49	68	31
18 Washington	49	64	34
21 Nevada	50	69	31
21 Oregon	50	64	36
21 Pennsylvania	50	70	28
24 Ohio	51	72	29
25 Illinois	52	74	29
25 New Mexico	52	70	34
27 Indiana	53	73	30
27 Maryland	53	73	33
27 West Virginia	53	71	33
30 Delaware	55	74	32
30 Kansas	55	76	31
30 Nebraska	55	72	25
33 Kentucky	56	75	36
33 Virginia	56	74	36
35 California	57	70	45
35 New Jersey	57	71	31
37 Tennessee	58	76	40
38 North Carolina	59	75	41
39 Oklahoma	60	80	39
40 Arkansas	61	79	42
41 Arizona	62	80	47
42 South Carolina	63	78	46
43 Alabama	64	79	47
43 Georgia	64	79	47
43 Mississippi	64	80	47
46 Texas	66	82	49
47 Louisiana	67	81	51
48 Florida	71	81	60

¹¹ The District of Columbia is missing from this and the following tables. Its temperatures and rainfall, in general, are those of Maryland.

And the following shows the rainfall in inches during the same year:

TABLE NO. 106: RAINFALL

1 Nevada	9.77
2 Montana	12.38
3 New Mexico	14.64
4 Wyoming	14.70
5 North Dakota	14.90
6 Utah	15.14
7 Arizona	15.21
8 Idaho	16.14
9 Colorado	17.32
10 South Dakota	18.11
11 California	18.38
12 Minnesota	22.59
13 Michigan	22.62
14 Oregon	22.73
15 Maryland	23.29
16 Virginia	24.83
17 Wisconsin	25.08
18 West Virginia	25.20
19 Nebraska	25.63
20 Iowa	26.10
21 Kansas	26.87
22 Ohio	27.00
23 Washington	27.28
24 Kentucky	27.86
25 Illinois	27.89
26 Delaware	28.05
27 Pennsylvania	28.82
28 Texas	29.67
29 Indiana	29.70
30 Oklahoma	30.70
31 Missouri	31.27
32 Connecticut	32.02
33 New York	32.18
34 Rhode Island	32.83
35 Vermont	32.88
36 New Hampshire	33.59
37 Massachusetts	33.84
38 New Jersey	35.52
39 Maine	35.66
40 North Carolina	38.04
41 Tennessee	39.80
42 South Carolina	40.15
43 Georgia	46.13
44 Alabama	46.17
45 Arkansas	46.62
46 Mississippi	47.32
47 Louisiana	53.01
48 Florida	60.24
United States	28.87

VI

Such is the record. Many more tables might be added, but they would not give us much additional light. What do the figures show? We think it safe to say that they show Connecticut and Massachusetts to be the most fortunate American States.

Both appear among the first ten in all four columns of Table No. 72, and nothing appears in any of the subsequent tables to dislodge them from that high position. Massachusetts, indeed, is among the first five States in all four columns, and Connecticut is among the first six.

New York follows closely. It is among the first ten in three of the columns, and escapes being among the first ten in the fourth by a single place. Next comes New Jersey. Thereafter come California, the District of Columbia, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois and Oregon, all of them appearing at least twice, and most of them missing three or four showings by only a few places. The only serious aberrations are exhibited by California and Illinois, the first of which is in twentieth place in the public order column, and the second of which is in twenty-fifth place. But it is surely not news that both see more gun-play than is comfortable.

The States at the bottom of Table No. 72 also show a considerable regularity. Mississippi is in last place in three of the four columns, and in next to the last place in the fourth. Alabama is among the last four in all four. Georgia is among the last seven, and Tennessee is among the last nine. Kentucky, North Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas are among the last ten in three out of four. Arkansas escapes being among the last ten in all four by but two places, and Kentucky by but three. Texas, which is missing from the public order column, would probably have a low place if it were there.

These results will probably surprise no one. Most Americans, asked to name the most generally civilized American State, would probably name Massachusetts at once, and nine out of ten would probably nominate Mississippi as the most backward. Massachusetts, save for its fisheries,

has little natural wealth, but it has been settled for more than three centuries, it early accumulated a great deal of capital in trade, and it has led the Union in most cultural matters, including especially education, since the first days. Of late it has been going backward, both in wealth and in culture, and the decline of its manufactures has been accompanied by such unpleasant phenomena as the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the Boston book censorship. But it still shows a high percentage (for the United States) of civilized residents, its native stock (if not its immigrant stock) has shaken off the theological domination that is a cultural handicap in most parts of the United States, and it has a relatively efficient if not very enlightened government.

On all of these counts Mississippi fails. It has few natural resources, and suffers from a bad climate and a backward population. It produces only a fourth as many candidates for "Who's Who in America", relative to its population, as Massachusetts. It has no efficient police, as its lynching record shows, and its government is in the hands of office-seekers of low character. It is also deficient in decent hospitals, colleges, newspapers and libraries.

The Cotton Belt, as Table No. 72 shows plainly, is the least advanced part of the United States, and of all the Cotton States Mississippi is the most unfortunate, for it lacks the coal and iron of Alabama, the oil of Texas and Arkansas, the trading opportunities of Louisiana, and the manufactures of Georgia and the Carolinas. In the midst of its hordes of barbaric peasants there is some native stock of excellent blood. But the young men of this stock, finding few opportunities at home, have to go elsewhere. Altogether, it seems to be without a serious rival to the lamentable preëminence of the Worst American State.

MUSIC

THE BASIS OF MUSICAL PLEASURE

By HENRY COWELL

A FEW years ago it was assumed that certain sorts of melodies and harmonies gave musical pleasure, and that all other possible sorts would be disliked automatically. This conclusion was not reached by any broad survey of the facts, nor did it have the scientific foundation supposed at the time; rather it was the result of an unanalyzed accepted taste, and characteristically, it was taken for granted that this taste was inevitable and eternal. No cognizance was taken of the changes in taste since ancient times, for it was thought that all previous history was only a preparation for that era. This attitude, of course, was quite of a piece with the general conclusions of man, who always finds to be best, himself, his wife, his country, his period, his opinions, his tastes.

Today in music we are in a curious situation. Most of the music heard in concert was written before this century. Although science points to early harmonic conclusions as being unnecessarily narrow and arriving at only a few of many possibilities, most persons assume without knowledge of the subject that the harmonic teaching of the time of the great masters of composition must be correct. Others arrive at the erroneous conclusion that if it be decided that the harmonic theory of the Nineteenth Century was not adequate, the music of the masters of that time is worthless and must be discarded. Some of the Modernists thus put themselves in the

same arrogant position that was occupied by the narrow gentlemen of the past, assuming that all culture other than their own is valueless, and taking interest only in the "latest thing," scorning all art of former times or of other races and, worst of all, measuring them all by the standards of Twentieth Century music.

Formerly the music of races other than our own was regarded only with laughter, or was taken as a sort of undeveloped folk music. Now so much has been learned regarding the general culture of some of the oriental races that their music demands serious consideration, in spite of its great dissimilarity to music composed according to European standards. One reason why it used never to be seriously considered was that, if it were accepted as music, all occidental rules of harmony, melody, and rhythm would have had to be altered, as well as the very idea of what constituted music itself. So the fact that Chinese music gave pleasure to hundreds of millions of people, and that the same music had done so since thousands of years before European music was conceived, did not cause the slightest worry to musicians who decided that they knew exactly what the basis of music was.

But a critical survey of music as a whole, aside from passing considerations, shows that many apparently divergent styles have given and do give musical pleasure. Chinese, Japanese, Hindoo, American Indian, Arabian, African, Ancient Greek, early polyphonic, "classical," "romantic," and "modern" music—each has been ecstatically enjoyed by great numbers of peo-

ple, to say nothing of jazz and a myriad of other sorts of music too numerous to mention.

Considering the foregoing facts, it becomes evident that no one standard of what music consists of, or of musical pleasure, which has so far been developed, is sufficiently broad to include more than one or two of the different styles mentioned. It may be said, therefore, that up to date there has been found no "one and only" basis for musical pleasure. The conventional musician gets around this beautifully by setting up arbitrary standards, such as the consideration of only a few certain combinations of sound as being harmonies, only a few placements of notes one after the other as being melodies, only a few limited time divisions as being rhythm, and blithely says that music based on other elements is not music. But what, if not music, can the art of sound practised by the Orientals from early times be called? Even if a new name should be deliberately invented to cover it, nothing would be materially altered. That which had the new name would still be an art based on pleasurable reactions to sound, and the name music would only be greatly curtailed in its broader meaning.

The difficulty at present is that all people do not react favorably to the same sorts of musical art. Chinese people often have no pleasurable reactions to our music, carefully prepared as it is with its smooth harmonies and melodies, because they have no understanding of these delectable materials, but look for something quite different in music. And what about our reaction to the music of China? Not one out of a thousand Occidentals derives any true pleasure from it at present. I do not believe that this difference in taste is due to unalterable differences of racial psychology, nor do I believe that the fundamental

basis of the two musics is different. If it were to be found that all music was derived from the same broad principles, but that different races at different times had developed special aspects into musics of their own, it might be found that we could safely like more than one kind of music. If those who like a Chinese print may also admire a Rembrandt, why may not a listener like the music of Beethoven from one standpoint, but sympathetically enjoy a Chinese orchestra from quite another?

All music is based on certain fundamental materials. It is only when narrowing definitions of these materials are employed that different schools arise. All music has two fundamental bases: rhythm and tone. These two elements may again be subdivided. Different tones used consecutively form melody; used on different levels simultaneously, harmony. Melodies used together simultaneously on different planes form polyphony. All music of all races makes use of these elements, except when only one musical part is used. Similarly, rhythm can be divided into time, or duration of notes, metre, or stress, and tempo, or rate of speed. Each one of these rhythmical elements may be used consecutively, forming a sort of melody of rhythm, or, simultaneously, forming a harmony of rhythm. The rhythm of all music, no matter how different, is covered by these definitions. Rhythm and tone, then, with their primary subdivisions as designated by these broader definitions, together with certain elements such as dynamics, tone-quality, and noise, may be considered as common to all music, and therefore the basis for all musical pleasure.

In the case of music of different races, each culture has taken some particular type of rhythm and sound and made it a basis for its music. Each different sort of music is a specialized development of some

certain category of musical elements. European music of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries took the stand that pleasurable harmony should be as simple in vibration as possible, and that no interval more complex than a ratio of five against six (a minor third) should be considered as harmony, all more complex intervals being called discords, and used only if resolved to the more simple ones.

The Chinese, who specialize on hearing several melodies at once, have decided that this polyphonic listening is interfered with by harmony simple enough to blend, since that runs the melodies together and makes them more difficult to distinguish apart. For this reason they will not permit any simple combinations of sound, but only combinations sufficiently involved to sound quite separate and independent. Thus there is found a wide gap in ideals between the two musics and, to the casual thinker, a difference impossible to bridge. But if it is understood that, after all, both simple combinations of chords and more complex ones are, in a broader sense, harmony, and that the European specializes on developing one part of the gamut, whereas the Chinese specializes on another part, it can be seen that they are both together forming a wider development, and that both employ harmony, although of different sorts and from different standpoints. So-called "modern" music simply makes use of a range of harmonies more involved in vibration than the older European style permitted, but less involved than those used by the Chinese for thousands of years.

In rhythm also the occidental style has ostracized complexity. It might be supposed that primitive music would be very simple in rhythm and that complexities were developed by our sophisticated civilization. Such, however, is not the case. The

primitive man has specialized on rhythm far more than on the sound elements, and as a result has often an amazing proficiency in the exact rendering of rhythms so involved that we have not even a method of notating them.

At an early period in European history, a rhythm of three was the only one permitted by the church, as that was thought to express the Holy Trinity. This, perhaps, was the arbitrary influence which caused all music of the time to be reduced to an abject simplicity from which we have not yet quite recovered. The rhythm of three was called *perfectum*, and was designated by a circle, the symbol of perfection. Eventually, a group of radicals came into the church and decided to use deliberately and maliciously a rhythm of two (which surely must have been a symbol of the horns of His Majesty!) and these upstarts used a broken circle to represent their rhythms of two and four (*imperfectum*). When it is seen how difficult it was in those stiff early days to introduce even so simple a new rhythm as two or four, one can well see why rhythms of fives and higher odd numbers have not been developed until the present day.

In general, earlier European music used only the simplest rhythms, twos, threes, and their direct multiples, and the "moderns" are developing rhythms of five, seven, eleven, etc., and a few combinations of different rhythms, rather tentatively. But most primitives (several tribes of American Indians that I have heard and Africans, at least) and the Orientals use highly involved fractional rhythms (such as two and a third, three and a fifth, etc.) and also many of their combinations, simultaneously, so that the relative position is the same in rhythm as it is in harmony. All the different methods employ the same general sort of rhythmic ele-

ments, the difference lying in whether they are used in a simple manner or in a more involved one. The basis is fundamentally the same.

The Greeks specialized on melody alone, without accompaniment, and since the melody is much less bound when there are no harmonic considerations, they were able to create melodic lines quite different in quality from those invented since. The next step, in ecclesiastical times, was naturally the combination of different melodies together, forming polyphony, or counterpoint. After that, with the time of Haydn and Mozart, came very simple harmony. Then came the romantic period, in which harmony was emphasized, with somewhat more complex harmony and slightly wider jumps in relationship from one chord to the next.

In modern times there are differences of specialization: for example, Schönberg and Ruggles specialize on placing melodies together, but utilize the more complex harmonic connections which have been developed since the early polyphonic era. Scriabine and Rudhyar specialize on further complexities of harmony, from the standpoint of science and music combined. Strawinsky specialized, in the fine period of his "Sacre" and "Petruschka," on melodies of metre; that is to say, he would place one after the other different metrical signatures, such as 2/8, 5/16, 11/4, etc. Aaron Copland and the jazz writers specialize on cross accents, *i.e.*, the accenting of different notes at different times in different parts, instead of all the parts being accented at the same time, as in classical music. All of these elements are legitimate to develop, and all spring from a central and similar source. It is quite foolish to admire one line of development at the expense of the others. All together form a well-rounded whole.

Tone quality, one of the elements of sound, and closely related to harmony, owing to the fact that the determining quality of each is due to certain identical vibration ratios, is also a great factor in musical pleasure: and in regard to it there are almost exactly the same differences of taste as there are in regard to harmonies. For example, we Occidentals prefer a smooth, rich tone quality. This is produced by the same vibration ratios in the overtones of a single tone as would produce the type of simple harmonies liked by us. The Chinese prefer an acrid, biting tone, which in turn is produced by the more distant overtones, the vibration ratio of which would form the sort of dissonant harmonies used by the Chinese in their combinations. The Occidental modernist stands between the two, using a tone quality more sharp than the orthodox European's and less penetrating than the Oriental's.

An element having to do with both rhythm and sound is dynamics, or the relative softness and loudness of tones. This element has been very much underestimated as a cause of pleasure and displeasure in music. There is much talk of liking concords and disliking discords, but in a very careful test made at the University of California it was found that the average musical person would like discords if they were played softly enough, and would balk at the mildest concords if played loudly enough. The popularity of a majority of our virtuosi is probably largely due to their being masters of shading. I have observed that where nuances are observed auditors are greatly moved and hail the performer as a master of expression. Where the technique and other equipment on the part of another performer are just as good, a lack of dynamic shading causes listeners to remain cold.

Noise, also, is a much maligned musical element; yet no music is possible without its being present in some degree. It is quite customary to refer to music and noise as though they were opposites. This is an unthinking attitude. Noise is formed from irregular vibrations, as opposed to sound, which is made up of regularly recurrent vibrations. Irregular vibrations occur in most music, and undoubtedly enhance its possibilities. Obvious examples are the percussion instruments of the orchestra, such as the bass drum and the like; yet whenever a singer sings a word such as *do*, the initial impulse on the first letter is a noise until the sound begins. Whenever a piano hammer hits the string there is a slight thud, as well as the tone of the string. Serious consideration, therefore, forces the conclusion that noise can be used in the formation of music. A Chinese orchestra includes innumerable noise-producing instruments, and various periods of Chinese musical form are designated by the instruments chiefly used. Thus a main period of the form begins only when the great gong is sounded, and so on. Edgar Varese in some of his works has used many percussion instruments, and discovers a whole world of possibilities in them. When reviewers say of him in derision that he only makes noise, they do not realize that noise is just what he is consciously developing, and that in so doing he makes a serious and fine contribution to music.

It is not within my province to go into the highly interesting psychological and physiological aspects of musical pleasure. The results thus far obtained by those who have made scientific studies of them indicate that there is great constancy in them between races. For example, association gives pleasure in music, and so a Chinaman derives pleasure from Chinese music

through having heard it before, and possibly by connecting it with happenings of his earlier life. We do the same with our music, and are in this respect just the same as the Chinese; but this element of association has not particularly to do with music—the same sort of pleasure from association is obtained from literature, painting, or indeed anything that association can be hung upon. Hence in discussing the part played by it, one is outside the purely musical realm, and whatever pleasure association may be the basis of, it is surely not a musical pleasure.

To sum up: in all musical styles, even in those of the greatest divergence, the same fundamental materials are used, and in the great elements of harmony, melody, and rhythm all of them simply show different aspects of the same thing. Earlier European music uses one set of harmonies; the moderns use another; and the Chinese a more complex variety. With a knowledge of all this, might there not be composed a super-modern music in which all conceivable elements would be employed at will, coördinated by a knowledge of their newly discovered scientific relationships?

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

"LA VALSE."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra
By *Maurice Ravel.* Victor
\$4. 2 12-in. records Camden

Now that the shouting and the tumult over Ravel's "Bolero"—an ordinary composition—have died down, we can listen to his more characteristic work. "La Valse," at first blush, might seem to belong to the category of the "Bolero"—that of a stylized dance in which the virtuosity of the composer is far more important than his invention. "La Valse," however, has character where the "Bolero" has chiefly crescendo. The one is a veritable synthesis of a form; the other is a

tuneful *tour de force*. Dr. Koussevitzky is always to be depended upon to bring out the most in the music of Ravel. The set is eked out by a *danse* of Debussy in Ravel's orchestration, sensitively played by the Boston men.

CONCERTO No. 2 in F-minor, Op. 21.
Piano & Orchestra
By F. F. Chopin. Victor
\$6. Album of 4 12-in. records Camden

The soloist is Arthur Rubinstein; the orchestra is the London Symphony under the leadership of John Barbirolli. This veteran of the concert halls has long since ceased to impress us as great music. True, there are memorable moments, and it is good to hear the concerto at reasonable intervals; it is still sweet and sentimental. But along with much else of Chopin it wears perceptibly thin. It is quite as sure that a lot of Chopin is destined to die as that the man himself will remain immortal. The performance is not without brilliance and poetry, and should give great pleasure to most amateurs of the phonograph.

QUINTETTE in A-major, Op. 81.
For Piano & Strings
By A. Dvorák. Columbia
\$6. Album of 4 12-in. records New York

This is the only piano quintette that Dvorák wrote, some time before his journey to the United States. It is, on the whole, despite its lamentful second movement, a radiant opus, neither rising to heights nor plumbing depths, yet consistently maintaining a delightful character. This work is said to have introduced two terms to musical terminology. The first, *dumka*, is Little Russian for *lament*; it is, in fact, a kind of blues, with the accent more on the melody than on the melancholy. Dvorák calls his scherzo a *furiante*—supposedly a fiery outburst, but in this composition little different from all the other scherzos that we know. The music, unfailingly tuneful, is that of an essentially simple nature. It is often as much German as Czech. It is delightfully played by Messrs. Lener, Smilovits, Roth and Hartman, with Madame Olga Loeser-Lebert at the piano.

SHEET MUSIC

O BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE. (*Cowboy Song*) Voice & Piano
Arranged by David W. Guion. Carl Fischer
50 cents. 9½ x 12; 7 pp. New York
WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL. (*Cowboy Song*) Voice & Piano
Arranged by David W. Guion. Carl Fischer
75 cents. 9½ x 12; 9 pp. New York
THE BELL BOY. Voice & Piano
By Jessie B. Rittenhouse (lyric) & David W. Guion. Carl Fischer
50 cents. 9 x 12; 5 pp. New York
WILD GEESE. Voice & Piano
By Grace Noll Crowell (lyric) & David W. Guion. Carl Fischer
50 cents. 9½ x 12; 7 pp. New York

Mr. Guion's name, as a note on his music informs us, is pronounced Guy-on. It is a name that one has been hearing with increasing frequency over the radio, for its bearer has made a special study of our cowboy songs and has done much to make them better known, especially in the East. The cowboy, like the Negro, has his pathos and his humor; these are not, as in the case of the black, exalted by a haunting religiosity, but they have their compensations in roughness and ribaldry. A ditty such as that about the completion of work in the Fall has even its touch of the macabre. The cowboy is fond of repeating his melody over and over again to varying words, by which token the tune is simply something to carry on the tale. This confronts the composer-arranger with the task of fitting a variety of accompaniment to a monotony of melody. Mr. Guion, without making too great demands upon the pianist, has acquitted himself ably. That the cowboy has become subtly corrupted may be evidenced by such lines as "I'm going back to Dixie, Once more to see them all," and "Yes, I'm going to see my mother."

PRETTY LITTLE GOLDFISH. Words & Music; French & English. Voice & Piano
By Suzanne d'Astoria Jackowska.

The Edward B. Marks Music Company
40 cents. 9¼ x 12; 5 pp. New York

Written for Lily Pons of the Metropolitan Opera House, this is a tuneful, unpre-

tentious little thing that should please all the home canaries. It has a folk-song quality.

NOVEMBER. *Voice & Piano*
By John Cowper Powys (poem) & Harry Van Dyke. Carl Fischer
50 cents. 9 1/8 x 12; 5 pp. New York

The poem is superior to the music, which seems to enter the category of the "art song" and the "semi-classic".

THE AFTERNOON OF A FAUN.

Arrangement for Piano
By C. A. Debussy.
The Edward B. Marks Music Company
\$1. 9 1/4 x 12 1/4; 13 pp. New York

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

Transcription for Piano
By C. A. Debussy.
The Edward B. Marks Music Company
60 cents. 9 1/4 x 12 1/4; 5 pp. New York

BEHOLD SPRING!
Transcription for Piano
By C. A. Debussy.

The Edward B. Marks Music Company
60 cents. 9 1/4 x 12 1/4; 4 pp. New York

MARIONETTES. *Transcription for Piano*
By C. A. Debussy.

The Edward B. Marks Music Company
60 cents. 9 1/4 x 12 1/4; 4 pp. New York

The prelude to "L'Après-Midi D'un Faune" has been arranged by Ladislav Kun; the other transcriptions are by Paolo Gallico. They are intended for pianists of tested competence. The printing and general investiture are clear and attractive.

BOOKS

FAMOUS SONGS & THEIR STORIES.
By James J. Geller. The Macaulay Company
\$250. 7 3/8 x 9 1/2; 248 pp. New York

Mr. Geller has gathered some fifty-five songs out of the musical dark ages of America. He begins with the so-called Sacred Seventies, advances through the Elegant Eighties to the Naughty Nineties and after the turn of the century stops short Before Jazz. Each of his selections is prefaced by the story that has grown up around the sometimes famous song. Our popular song before the ragtime era was

too often a rather fearsome thing; it is preserved today as much for its unconscious humor as for any other quality, and this inheres in the music as much as in the words. One must regard these relics with frank sentimentality in order to recapture their full flavor. Mr. Geller's account in general is interesting, though not always complete or in accord with the latest information. It would not have hurt if he had written more pungently and humorously. In this respect Dr. Spaeth still leads the field. Mr. Geller's book, however, contains material hitherto not accessible in a collection.

THE WOMEN IN WAGNER'S LIFE.

By Julius Kapp. Alfred A. Knopf
\$4. 6 x 8 7/8; 284 pp. New York

"In no artist," summarizes the author of this monograph, "do we find so intimate a connection between his work and his love affairs as in Wagner." There were many women in the composer's life, for the eternal feminine was drawing him ever onward and upward. It may well be that he was in love most of all with himself and that he devoured his women by a species of psychological cannibalism. It is not an accident that his operas ring with the theme of redemption by self-sacrificing womankind. Three, of course, stand out: Minna, his first wife; Mathilde Wesendonk, the inspiring illicit, and Cosima, at once the submissive and the masterful. Mr. Kapp in a measure rehabilitates Minna the misunderstood; the world has too easily scorned her, and will perhaps have a more reasonable attitude after viewing her in the proper perspective. The author very cleverly sums up the relationship of the three women to Wagner in a single line. "One he married, one was his *unsterbliche Geliebte*, and one married him." Each was of imperishable service and they are best remembered not in rivalry but as a triple constellation. The book, translated from the German by Hannah Waller, has a dozen illustrations and an index. The author has enjoyed access—he calls it a "godsend"—to the collection of letters owned by Mrs. Burrell in England. These letters have in some cases put a new construction upon the material.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Hooey from the Orient

THE MYSTERIOUS MADAME, by C. E. Bechofer-Roberts. \$3.50. 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$; 332 pp. New York: *Brewer & Warren*.

THE madame of Mr. Bechofer-Roberts' title is the late Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-91), *geb.* Hahn, founder and for sixteen years grand panjandrum of the Theosophical Society, and now a sort of goddess to all faithful customers of the cult. Her likeness to Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy must strike every connoisseur of the higher mountebankery. Both emerged from obscure and stupid family circles, both invented romantic biographies for themselves, both played heavily with love before giving it up as a bad job, both began their professional careers as conventional magicians and only gradually developed their own arcana, both were copious and shameless plagiarists, both suffered from life-long malaises, both were constantly beset by demons, both loved money and knew how to get it, both suspected their immediate followers of evil designs, and both have been purged *post mortem* of their plentiful blunders and rascalities, and elevated to what amounts substantially to sainthood.

La Eddy, on the whole, must be set down as the more respectable character. Her three marriages are hard to explain, and her stealings from Quimby and other such forerunners defy explanation altogether, but her New England upbringing saved her from the more gross and overt kinds of indecorum. La Blavatsky, a Russian of mixed Slavic and German ancestry, was

a far rougher person. She smoked incessantly in a day when it was simply not done by ladies, she swore like a police lieutenant, and there is sound reason for believing that she once committed bigamy. But these peccadilloes add to her charm almost as much as they take away from her respectability. She was, indeed, a most salty and amusing old haridan, and Mr. Bechofer-Roberts has done a vivid portrait of her—very fairly and even humanely, but without losing anything of her picturesqueness. It well deserves to be put beside E. F. Dakin's recent portrait of Mrs. Eddy.

There seems to be little doubt that the Blavatsky was a fraud pure and unadulterated—a fraud deliberate, unconscionable and unmitigated. Mr. Bechofer-Roberts is disposed to believe that, toward the end, she was deluded by her own hocus-pocus, but I incline to think that his own evidence is against him. She started out in life as a professional spiritualist, and the banal tricks of that amusing trade were always her chief reliances. She materialized the forms of Koot Hoomi and her other preposterous mahatmas precisely as the hard-working mediums in back streets materialize the forms of Wah-Wah the Indian chief. That is to say, she had them confected of stuffed pillows and other such lowly stuff, and then danced them before her dupes in dark rooms. She had a cabinet with a sliding door in the back, and from it she produced letters from Tibet (all written in her own hand, with curious Russified letters) and other such marvels. Her books were all clumsy plagiarisms.

In "Isis Unveiled" a diligent critic discovered 2000 passages borrowed from other treatises on occultism, not to mention 700 blunders "in names, words and numbers" and 600 "mis-statements of fact." She was caught over and over again. Her very assistants exposed her more than once, with exact specifications. But she relied confidently upon the illimitable credulity of her followers, and was not disappointed. Like the patrons of Mrs. Eddy, they were insatiable gluttons for punishment. The more she was exposed, the more firmly they believed in her.

Thousands of them continue to do so to this day. Theosophy has never made the worldly success of Christian Science, but it still has a large following, both in Europe and in America, and every now and then the faithful are worked by some new operator, *e.g.*, the young Hindu who calls himself Krishnamurta, and who was but lately all over the front pages of the New York tabloids. The theosophical tenets are unanimously nonsensical. They are not merely dubious; they are downright insane. In part they are borrowed from the moonie speculations of such European mystics as Jakob Böhme, in part they come from the common claptrap of professional occultists (which is to say, of persons on a level, morally and intellectually, with corn-doctors at county fairs), and in part they are a stale and ignorant rehash of so-called oriental philosophy. This oriental philosophy is the product of Hindus who believe that cows have souls, that adepts can fly through the air without the use of wings or gasoline, and that a man who permits his daughter to go unmarried so much as twenty-four hours beyond the onset of puberty is doomed to Hell. In brief, it is the product of degraded ignoramuses who make India a sewer of superstition.

How does it come that such imbecilities win converts in the West, and are even spoken of respectfully, now and then, by presumably learned men? There are two reasons. The first is that they are embodied in scriptures which also include a great deal of metaphysics—and metaphysics, to certain types of mind, always seems profound, even when it is palpable balderdash. The other is that not a few of the more ancient Indian ideas, working their way westward by way of Persia, Egypt and Greece, were embedded in Christianity by the Early Fathers, and have thus come to have a familiar and pious flavor. But they are just as silly in the Book of Revelation and in the lucubrations of Athanasius, Tertullian and Augustine as they are in the Indian Vedas. To discuss them seriously is to turn one's back upon every intellectual decency. They are precisely equivalent to the philosophizing of phrenologists, chiropractors and Communists.

Mr. Bechofer-Roberts gives only passing attention to them: he devotes nearly all his attention to the racy character of La Blavatsky. It is to be hoped that he devotes another volume to a critical examination of the theosophist doctrine, as she set it forth authoritatively in "Isis Unveiled", "The Secret Doctrine" and "The Stanzas of Dzyan". To be sure, that would be a difficult job, for in large part these books are mere gibberish. Nevertheless, it would be worth undertaking, for thousands of fools accept their brummagem revelations as gospel, and they are thus instructive evidence of the incurable folly of mankind. One Blavatsky, indeed, tells far more about the human race than a whole herd of psychologists. Her works offer massive proof that, even in the midst of what seems to be civilization, Neandertal Man is still with us.

Coroner's Inquest

THE LITTLE GREEN SHUTTER, by Brand Whitlock. \$1.50. 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{7}{8}$; 158 pp. New York: *D. Appleton & Company*.
 BEFORE & AFTER PROHIBITION, by Millard E. Tydings. \$2. 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$; 131 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.
 THE PROHIBITION EXPERIMENT, IN FINLAND, by John H. Wuorinen. \$3.50. 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 6; 251 pp. New York: *The Columbia University Press*.

IF THE American people, throwing off the yoke of theology altogether, ever become really civilized such books as those of Mr. Whitlock and Senator Tydings will amaze and fascinate them as we are now amazed and fascinated by the records of the Salem witch trials. It will seem almost incredible to them that their forebears should have been so idiotic. In the whole history of the Prohibition mania there is scarcely a gleam of rationality. It was set going by fanatics, it was spread by fools, and it is being kept up by scoundrels. Senator Tydings, a very polite man, is disinclined to "impugn the good motives" of those who were fetched by the original propaganda, but that is only excusing them on the ground that they were unintelligent. Certainly he must be well aware that, in his own Maryland Free State, there are very few Prohibitionists at this moment who are entitled to any respect whatsoever. Take away the knavish politicians and the prehensile evangelical clergy on the one side and their obviously sub-normal dupes on the other, and it would be difficult to muster a corporal's guard for the holy cause. It is as bankrupt logically as astrology or theosophy. But still it sticks, and, the American mentality being what it is, it will probably stick for a good while to come.

Both Mr. Whitlock and Senator Tydings believe that the way out is to restore liquor control to the States. They are

thorough-going Liberals of the Jeffersonian tradition, and so they are greatly upset by the Eighteenth Amendment's revolutionary extension of the powers of Congress. But how the restoration to the States is to be achieved neither reveals with any persuasiveness. Mr. Whitlock simply falls back upon the clumsy (and, at bottom, dishonest) device of repealing the Volstead Act, or, if that turns out to be unfeasible, of withholding the money needed to make it effective; Senator Tydings leaves the matter even more vague. I see no reason to believe that restoring the question to the States would get rid of the essential immorality of Prohibition. It would still be possible for the Methodist and Baptist morons of a so-called dry State to invade and make a mock of the inalienable rights of any civilized man living among them—and so long as one man's liberty is worth nothing, then the liberty of none of us is worth anything. Mr. Whitlock himself seems to sense this objection. "If liberty," he demands,

is not personal, of what value is it? What security, what happiness, what life can it bestow? . . . Life is individual; liberty is individual; happiness is individual; and any code or any system that enslaves the individual is vicious because it is destructive of the soul of man.

Mr. Tydings' little book is a capital brief against the Prohibition infamy. It recites the bald facts in a manner that is calm and judicious, but overwhelmingly convincing. Mr. Whitlock, a novelist as well as a publicist, runs rather to psychological theorizing. He attempts to account for the craze by showing how it arose among the hinds of the small Ohio town in which he spent his boyhood. There was drunkenness among them, and it constituted a nuisance, and they were too stupid to find a remedy for it. So they fell easy victims to

traveling exhorters, each with something to sell—first the women, and then the men. Soon the local politicians, led by the town judge, began to succumb, and presently all the rustic areas of the State were aflame. The fact that the cities held back only fanned that flame: the yokels began to reach out eagerly for the chance to harass their betters. Envy was plainly the motive here, for the city saloons were gaudy, and, in the eyes of a peasant, luxurious. The women were moved by even worse envy, for they were barred from saloons altogether.

All this, of course, is old ground. Mr. Whitlock covers it very well, but without adding anything to what has been said before. Nor does he break any new ground by arguing gravely that it is unjust to blame the Puritans for Prohibition—that the Methodists and other such zealots of today are not Puritans at all, but Manichaeans. This argument is blown up by the plain fact, known to every fan of theology, that the Puritans themselves, in the same sense, were also Manichaeans.

Dr. Wuorinen's book makes an admirable supplement to Senator Tydings'. He shows that in Finland the history of Prohibition has been precisely its history in the United States. It is supported after fourteen years of trial by simian clodhoppers and self-seeking politicians, but opposed by the great majority of educated men. It has burdened the courts, demoralized the police, and greatly increased crime. The Finnish government, unable to put down bootlegging, has appealed for help to Germany, Sweden and the Baltic Republics, just as the United States has appealed to Canada. Dr. Wuorinen is himself a Finn, and has thus had access to the vernacular literature of the subject. It simply offers one more proof that Prohibition is lunatic and obscene.

Men of Vision

OKLAHOMA CITY'S YOUNGER LEADERS, by Rex Harlow. 8¼ x 5½; 232 pp. Oklahoma City: *The Rex Publishing Company*.

MR. HARLOW'S lyrical biography of the Hon. Everett Wentworth Hill, former president of Rotary International, and Oklahoma's revered Ice King and premier idealist, was reviewed in this place last December. There was sweet and savory substance in that volume, as there was in the great man it dealt with. In the present tome Mr. Harlow applies his gifts to the twenty-one young men who shine forth most resplendently in Oklahoma City today, and have its future in their keeping.

His method of selecting them was both artful and judicious. First he approached a hundred of the principal dignitaries of the town, regardless of age, and asked them to nominate "the ten, fifteen or twenty-five younger leaders who will likely be the city's major leaders within the next two, five or ten years". Altogether, 162 names appeared on the lists. Some were mentioned only a few times, but one was nominated by every one of the 100 judges. Mr. Harlow thereupon decided to confine himself to those who got at least seventy-five votes. It turned out that there were twenty-one of them, ranging in age from twenty-nine to forty-seven. These he now introduces to the country.

It must be admitted that there are some sterling characters among them. For example, Mr. William Henry Atkinson, a millionaire at thirty-three. Born on a ranch in what was then the Indian Territory, Mr. Atkinson had got but six months of schooling by the time he was sixteen. But he had a cousin who was vice-president of a bank in Oklahoma City, and the example of that eminent man filled

him with a determination to rise. "I will get an education," he swore to himself, "and make a million dollars." The cousin, in fact, presently gave him a lift, and after passing through the Ardmore schools he entered the University of Oklahoma. There "he majored in the difficult subject of geology, minored in chemistry and paleontology, and took some law." Thus equipped, he was ready for a job, and the banker cousin, by now turned oil operator, had it ready for him. "During the day he did surface work, over all kinds of country in a number of States; at night he worked on the logs of drilling wells, and made himself familiar with all kinds of oil-field technique." Salary: \$100 a month. But "never for a moment did he forget his goal—\$1,000,000".

Alas, there came a day of trial for him. The cousin, having acquired oil-wells in Texas, ordered him to go there to look after them, but already he was chained to Oklahoma City the Golden. "At the First Baptist Church was a class of young people which he had built with great care." He asked himself what his duty was—to go to Texas and make that million, or to stay in Oklahoma City and fill those youngsters with the glad juices of the Gospel?

His conscience decided quickly, and he stayed. Whereupon, as might have been expected, the Holy Spirit rushed down from Heaven and lavished upon him a prompt and rich reward. Not only did his pupils rise up to call him blessed; his church elevated him to the high office of trustee, and he became a director of the Y.M.C.A., and its treasurer. And, going into business on his own (the generous cousin staked him with \$10,000, but he used only \$7,500 of it), he had his million so fast that even Oklahoma City, familiar as it is with miracles, was

astounded. Today he is one of its most venerated citizens. "His good works and his love for mankind daily enlarge. He believes that this is the finest age in which man ever lived. . . . Times are hard, he admits, but he considers present conditions as no more than temporary."

The others, each in his separate way, are almost as marvellous as Mr. Atkinson. I point, for example, to F. Wiley Ball, insurance agent extraordinary, who "was born with a love of people"; to Edgar Thompson Bell, trained by an Anti-Saloon League expert and now secretary-treasurer of that great newspaper, the *Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman*; to Leon Dudley Callahan, who got his start with a germicide, married brilliantly, and is now a distinguished realtor; to the eloquent William Paul Canavan, vice-president of the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company, drive manager, Shriner, toastmaster, Lion, and "teacher of the notable Knickerbocker Sunday-school class of St. Luke's M. E. Church South"; to Pastor Hale Virginius Davis, D.D., of Exchange Avenue Baptist Church, with its huge plant of "concrete and stucco construction, with ship-lap flooring and cellotex walls"; to Fred Jones, "one of the most successful Chevrolet dealers in America", who "walks with an elastic spring and an aggressive carriage which seems to say, 'I enjoy life; I have a fine business; I know where I am going and I do not intend to let anything stop me'"; to Lee Bennett Thompson, subtle jurisconsult, and a man of mark at twenty-nine; to William R. Emerson, the owner of "a splendid private library, stocked with many of the masterpieces of literature", and so on.

Mr. Harlow deserves to be encouraged. He is introducing the nation to some very high-toned Oklahomans. Let him give us a third volume as soon as possible.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CHIEF STANDING BEAR *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

HENRY COWELL *was born in Menlo Park, Calif., and was educated at Leland Stanford and the University of California. His musical compositions have been published not only in New York, but also in London, Paris and Moscow. He is the editor and owner of New Music, and is also the director of the New Music Society of California, vice-president of the Pan American Association of Composers, and a member of the board of the League of Composers and of the International Composers' Guild.*

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD *was formerly director of information for the Federal Department of Agriculture. A more detailed account of him appears in Editorial Notes in this issue.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *is the Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.*

NOAH FABRICANT, M.D., *is a Chicago physician, now doing post-graduate work in Vienna.*

MARTHA FOLEY *is an American newspaper correspondent in Vienna. With Whit Burnett, she edits Story, "the only magazine devoted to the short story." It is published in Vienna.*

LOUIS M. HACKER *is a Columbia A.B. and A.M. He was assistant editor, under Frank Moore Colby, of the New International Encyclopedia.*

HENRY M. HYDE, Ph.B. (Beloit), *was born in Northern Illinois, and has been a newspaper man all his adult life. For a number of years he served the Chicago*

Tribune as staff and London correspondent. He is now Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Evening Sun.

ROBERT JEANS *is twenty-five years old. He comes of a theatrical family and is by training and inclination a dramatic actor. Between seasons he has bummed around the country and worked at odd jobs that brought him into contact with the prize-ring, carnivals, race tracks and other rackets.*

ROBERT LITTELL *was born in Wisconsin and educated at Groton and Harvard. He has served as dramatic critic for the New York World and the New York Evening Post, and as a member of the staff of the New Republic. He is the author of "Read America First."*

CARL L. W. MEYER *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

GEORGE MILBURN *is the author of "Oklahoma Town" and "Hobo's Hornbook."*

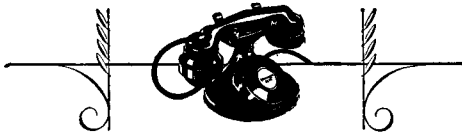
CHARLES POWERS *was born at Houston, Texas, and finished high-school at Pollock, La. He is a practising bricklayer, and has worked at his trade in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Missouri, Arizona, Nevada, Illinois, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Utah and old Mexico. His article in this issue is his first published writing.*

HENRY TETLOW *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

HOWARD WOLF *is an editorial writer and columnist for the Akron, O., Beacon Journal.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

HENRY TETLOW, author of "Rest, Recreation and Comfort" in this issue, has been a frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He sends in the following autobiographical notes:

I was born in Philadelphia in 1893. I got my early formal education at Chestnut Hill, and then went to Yale, where I was



The Phillips Studio

Henry Tetlow

made an A.B. in 1914. Then I joined the family perfumery business in Philadelphia, and remained in it until May 10, 1917, when I was sworn in at the first O.T.C., Fort Niagara, N. Y. I was graduated a first lieutenant, Infantry Reserve Corps,

in August, and assigned to the 314th Infantry, 79th Division. In addition to other duties I served as regimental bayonet instructor for about six months, and I was graduated a division instructor (the highest grading the school gave) in automatic rifles, Infantry School of Arms, Fort Sill. I participated in the capture of Montfaucon, which was the tough spot in the opening phase of the Meuse Argonne, and was evacuated from Nautilois a few days later. I had my choice of returning to troops or duty in the rear, on leaving hospital, but the Armistice was on, so I picked the R. R. & C. service. I was engaged in this service until I was discharged at St. Aignon in May, 1919. I paid my own fare home.

I have been in the perfumery business ever since.

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CHIEF STANDING BEAR, author of "The Tragedy of the Sioux" in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

I was born in the "land of the Lakota", which is now the State of South Dakota, in a "circled village," where all the *tipis* faced the rising sun, my father's, the chief's, being a little apart and somewhat larger than the others. This was about the year 1865, in days when my people still held their camp-fire councils, when the hunters went on huge buffalo hunts and the faithful gathered



Chief Standing Bear

in great numbers for the Sun Dance ritual. My childhood was spent learning all the ways of my people. I learned, when a little boy, to sit quietly in the presence of the wise ones, whether in the family circle or in the councils of the tribe. I learned the lesson that there is wisdom all about; that creatures of fur and feather are speechless but wise; and that bird, animal and man are brothers in a great world of mystery.

I was eleven years of age when I came into contact with the life of the white man, then too late for white influence to instill into me a deriding attitude toward my race. In 1879, the Sioux then being on reservations, some teachers from Carlisle, Penna., came to take some children East to put them in a school at that time being established by General Pratt, who avowed to a doubting public that the American Indian was capable of receiving a white man's education. With eighty other boys and girls I went to Carlisle School and there re-

Continued on page xxviii

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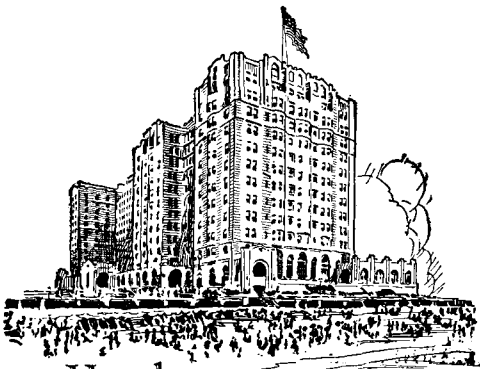
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EDITORIAL NOTES

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mained for three years. I then worked in John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store.

I then returned to the land of my fathers, married and prepared to settle down to reservation life. But living under the arbitrary and set rules of an agent was not easy. I had a short but interesting experience teaching school, and feel that I could have accomplished much along this line had not all Indian teachers been replaced by white teachers. I tried to adopt the Christian faith, and preached for a time at Pine Ridge, but the missionary himself shattered my faith and I went back to farming.

In 1902 I went to England with Buffalo Bill and there remained eleven months. In 1905 I was made chief of the Oglalas. My election took place on the Pine Ridge Agency in Allen District. In 1908 I went to Washington, D.C., and demanded my citizenship and received it. After which I left the reservation and have since not lived there. I started with motion pictures in the early days in New York and remember many who have since become famous stars. Coming to Los Angeles, I continued in pictures at Inceville and still play occasionally. But most of my time now I spend in writing and lecturing, hoping to bring about a more just appraisal of the Sioux people and to relieve them from wardship.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD, who contributes "Goddesses of Learning" to this issue, is the author or co-author of half a dozen books of prose and verse. He has contributed frequently to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. "I was born in South Dakota," he writes of himself,



N. A. Crawford

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back in the woolly days when it was only Dakota Territory. When I was still a school boy my parents moved to Iowa, where I grew up, a bookish child without much practical sense. These qualities, naturally, seemed the marks of divine vocation, and I appeared destined to take Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church. After serving as an acolyte in several Anglo-Catholic parishes and making the acquaintance of many of the clergy, I concluded that my interest was in ceremonial more than anything else in the Church. A sensible old priest clinched my resolution to remain a layman by remarking pertinently, "You know the average American flock is not fed by an exemplification of correct liturgics."

I took a bachelor's degree at the University of Iowa and subsequently a master's degree at the University of Kansas. Since college days I have been constantly in either journalism or teaching—and when I was in the latter field I still was something of a journalist or at least a propagandist. I was head of the department of journalism at Kansas State for ten years.

For three years I was Director of Information for the United States Department of Agriculture, looking after its publications, radio work, and press relations and also acting as editor of the Yearbook of Agriculture. For the fact that many of the department's publications can be read by farmers without the aid of a dictionary and an encyclopædia of agriculture, I take some credit; the result was not accomplished without a struggle with scientists who considered simplicity a sin against whatever is the scholarly equivalent of the Holy Ghost, and with politicians interested in maintaining the fiction that any tiller of the soil, armed with a reading glass and the Methodist Book of Discipline, can read Dr. Einstein and Benedetto Croce as easily as the McGuffey primer.

Since 1928 I have been editor-in-chief of the *Household Magazine* at Topeka, Kan-

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

THE LUXURY CRUISE

MEDITERRANEAN

PALESTINE --- EGYPT

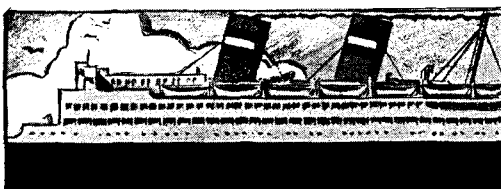
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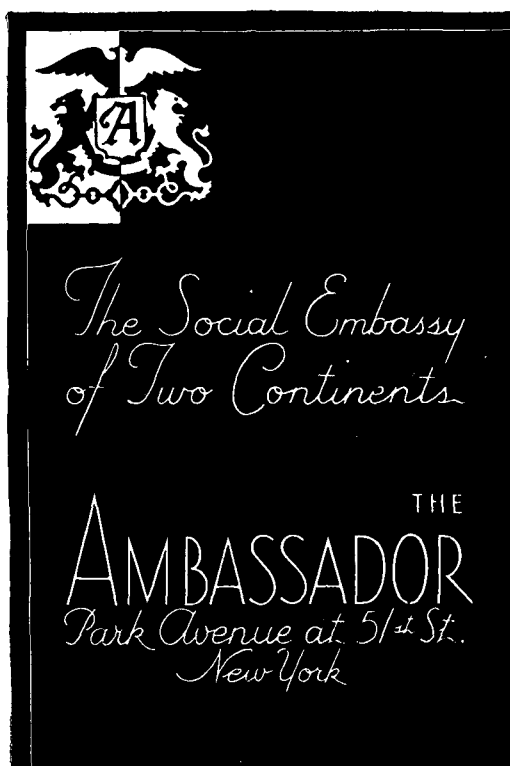
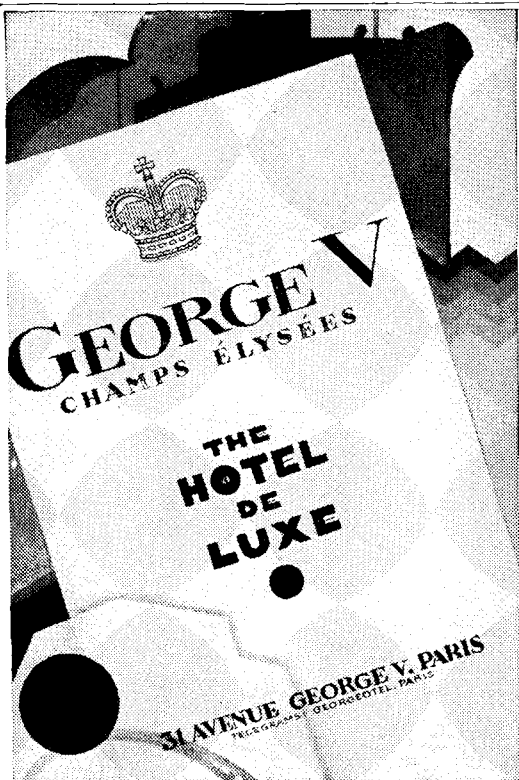


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EDITORIAL NOTES

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sas. My books include two novels, "Unhappy Wind" and "A Man of Learning"; "The Carrying of the Ghost," a book of verse; "The Ethics of Journalism"; and two volumes, "Agricultural Journalism" and "The Healthy-Minded Child," done in collaboration with others. I have articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences, and the Dictionary of American Biography.

CARL L. W. MEYER, who contributes "The Decline of Extraterritorial Jurisdiction" to this issue, was born on September 23, 1880, in Hamburg. He



Carl L. W. Meyer

received his early education at the *Realschule* of his native city and from private tutors. The rigorous discipline to which he was exposed caused him to abandon his studies and to become an apprentice for four years in a Hamburg exporting firm. Having finished his apprenticeship he was seized by the *Wanderlust* and fled to Hannover, where he spent two years. Then came the Army. For nearly a year infinite pains were taken to make a uhlan of him. The attempt was not a success. His father died in 1903, and in the Spring of 1905 he decided to have a further look at the world beyond the confines of Germany. At the end of March of that year he disembarked in New York.

After having been introduced to all the arts incident to the farming profession for about six months he entered the law de-

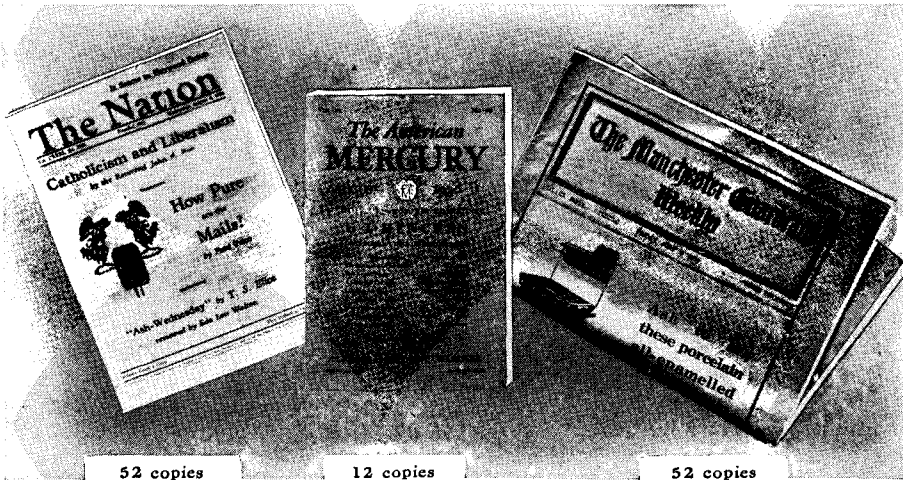
partment of the University of Michigan; and after two semesters of legal study had himself transferred to the literary department of that institution. Here he was graduated in 1910 (A.B.), visited Canada in 1911, entered Columbia University in the Fall of that year, obtained his A.M. degree in 1912, and continued his studies there (in legal history, international law, diplomacy, philosophy, and literature) till 1915, when he became head of the modern language department in Mount Hermon Boys School, Mount Hermon, Mass. (founded by Dwight L. Moody). Here he remained till May, 1917, when he received an appointment as Carnegie lecturer on international law and relations in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee. Since 1919 he has been on the staff of the Library of Congress doing research work and preparing for Congress reports and memoranda, many of which have been published by the government.

He is the author of "Irrigation and Reclamation Laws, etc., of Australia, Canada, Great Britain, India, and South Africa" (1925); the editor of Munroe Smith's "Development of European Law" (1928); and a contributor to various periodicals.

The ninth table in the first part of "The Worst American State" (September, p. 5), showing spendable money income, should have been credited to the business magazine, *Sales Management*. This table was compiled for *Sales Management's* Markets and Media Reference Number, issued September 27, 1930, and is protected by its copyright. It was printed by courtesy of the editors. Credit was inadvertently omitted.

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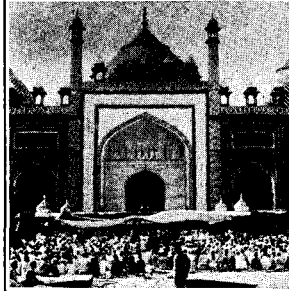
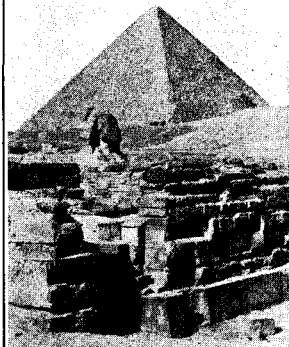
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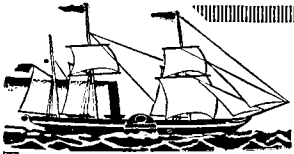
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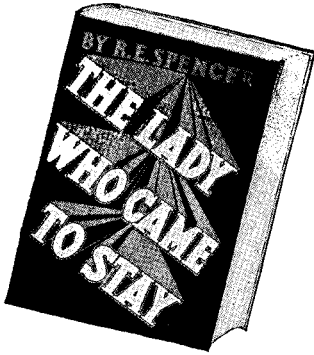


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